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THE CAMPAIGN OF WATERLOO.

By John C. Ropes.

I.

WHILE it is probably true that no campaign that ever was made has been explored and studied so carefully as that which culminated in the battle of Waterloo, it is equally certain that it would be difficult to find elsewhere an instance where national and personal feeling have so plainly influenced historians and affected their criticisms. Were it not for this fact, there would be no excuse for reviewing this almost worn-out subject,—there would be no need for so doing. But to those who are familiar in any degree with the various works on the events of 1815, it must frequently have seemed that a really impartial narrative of the facts and a fair summing up of the criticisms were yet to be looked for. The present papers are submitted as an essay in this direction.

On June 12, 1815, the Emperor left Paris, and that night slept at Laon, where Soult, his chief of staff, had established his headquarters. Orders had already been given for the concentration of the army on the frontier of Belgium near the town of Charleroi. The First Corps, 20,000 strong, under the Count d'Erlon, was marching from Valenciennes; the Second, under Reille, numbering upwards of 24,000 men, from Avesnes; the Third, under Vandamme, from Rocroi, 19,000 strong; the Fourth, under Gérard, about 16,000 strong, from Metz; the Sixth, under the Count de Lobau, numbering over 10,500 men, had already moved from Laon; while the Imperial Guard, counting nearly 21,000 men, which had left Paris some days before, was now marching from Compiègne. Each of the five corps carried with it from 30 to 50 cannon; the Guard nearly 100. Each corps contained a division of cavalry; but there was, besides, the Reserve Corps of Cavalry, under the command of the newly created Marshal Grouchy, containing 13,500 men and horses. The entire army numbered 125,000 men, all veteran troops.

From Charleroi a fine turnpike runs almost due north to Brussels. On the west of this road lay the army of the Duke of Wellington, composed of British, German, Dutch, Belgian, Hanoverian, and other troops,—of whom, exclusive of those required for garrison duty and the like, something over 90,000 men could take the field. On the easterly side of the turnpike was the Prussian army, 120,000 strong, under Marshal Blücher. These two armies were stationed, for the sake of subsistence, in the various towns and villages of Belgium, from Brussels on the north to Charleroi on the south and from Liège on the east to Ostend on the west. Wellington's headquarters were at Brussels,—Blücher's at Namur. Both armies

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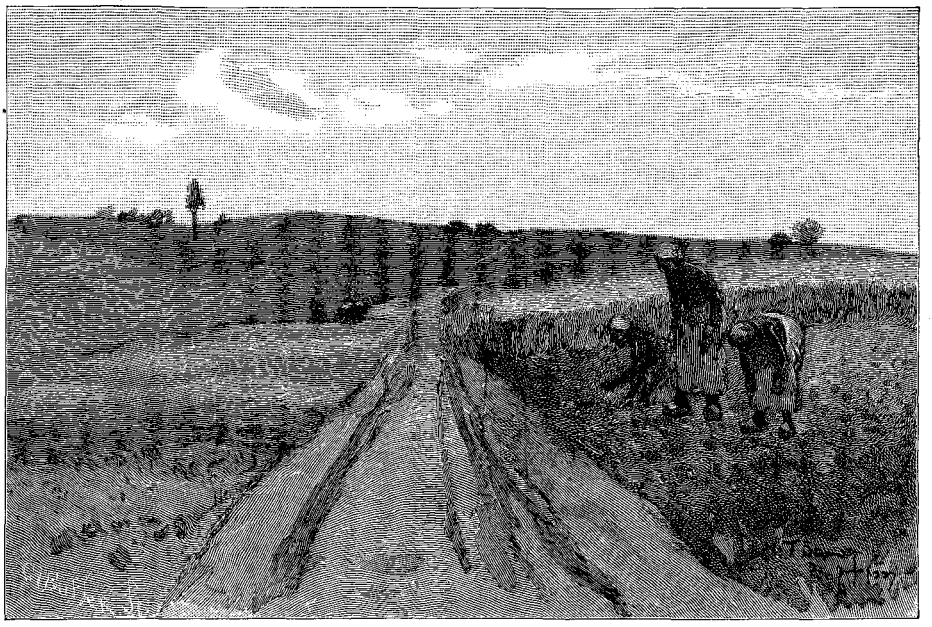

Quatre Bras Road.

were much scattered ; it would require from one to two days to effect a concentration of either of them. Once concentrated and acting in concert, they would be much more than a match for the force which Napoleon was bringing against them ; but neither of them separately could be expected to make a successful stand against the French army. Their bases of supply lay in precisely opposite directions,—that of the English being on the sea, at Ostend and Antwerp ; that of the Prussians on the Rhine, in the direction of Liège and Maestricht. If either army should be so badly defeated as to be forced to retire on its base, it would, therefore, by that movement become definitely separated from the other army.

Napoleon, as has been said, was concentrating his army on the Sambre near Charleroi. He expected that the Prussians would be the first to concentrate, and that they would give battle near the frontier. Blücher's headquarters were at Namur, much farther to the front than Wellington's, which were at Brussels. The fierce and energetic temperament of the old Prussian Marshal was well known, and Napoleon rightly calculated on his being willing and eager to give battle, and exceedingly averse to falling back. Of Wellington's coöperation Napoleon had of course to take his chance, but, relying on the cautious and deliberate policy of the English general, and taking into account also the time which would be necessary to effect a concentration of the miscellaneous force which he commanded, Napoleon expected that he would be able to fight his battle with the Prussians without the interference of the English. Successful in this battle, as he hoped to be,—the Prussian army defeated and retreating on their base in the direction of the Rhine,—Napoleon could now turn his attention to the Duke, secure from any interference on the part of Blücher. If, however, the Prussian army should fail to effect a concentration, or should for any reason decline an engagement, it would, so he calculated, most probably retire in the direction of its base, and leave him comparatively free, for the moment at least, to attack the English if they were willing to give him battle.

It is necessary to fix this plan clearly in the mind, and not to confound it with anything else, as, for instance, with a plan to press on to Brussels between the two armies, if the Charleroi road

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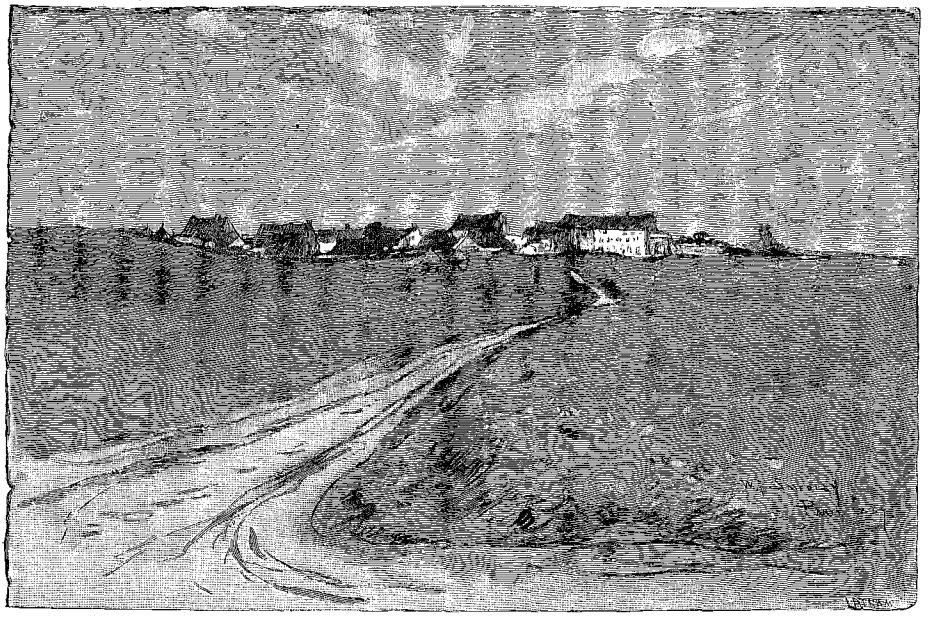

Village of Quatre Bras.

should be found open and undefended,—a plan which some writers have supposed to have been entertained by the French Emperor. Such a movement as this would expose the communications of the French army, between Charleroi and Brussels, to the attacks of either or both of the allied armies. Napoleon's plan was much more practicable than this. It was, let us repeat, founded on his belief that the Prussians would be found in force near the frontier, and would give battle before the English could be ready to assist them ; that in this battle they would be beaten and would have to retire to the eastward towards their base of supplies, leaving him then opposed only by the Duke's army. But if, contrary to his expectation, Blücher should retreat without a battle towards his base of supplies, then, the allied armies being separated, Napoleon could deal with either of them, as he might prefer. His first and definite object, therefore, was to find and attack the Prussian army, if it should be found willing, as he expected it would be, to accept battle. Included in this plan was the detachment of a part of his force to prevent Wellington from giving assistance to his ally.

Accordingly we find him writing to Davout from Avesnes on the 14th : "I shall cross the Sambre to-morrow. If the Prussians do not retire, we shall have a battle." And, on the same day, to Joseph : "To-morrow I shall go to Charleroi, where the Prussian army is, which will give rise to a battle or the retreat of the enemy." It seems quite clear that he was calculating on having to deal only with the Prussian army,—that he felt he could safely leave the Duke's army out of account in the first battle of the campaign. We shall see how these expectations were justified.

The army of Napoleon was composed, as we have said, entirely of veteran troops. It was also in excellent order and condition. It was a homogeneous army ; all the men were Frenchmen. The troops were eager to fight, to retrieve the reputation of the French arms, to recover their lost renown. It was prepared for a desperate struggle. The Emperor in his address to the army, dated at Avesnes on the fourteenth of June, had roused the spirits and determination of the soldiers to their highest pitch. He had reminded them that this was the anniversary of Marengo and of Friedland ; he had pointed out that they

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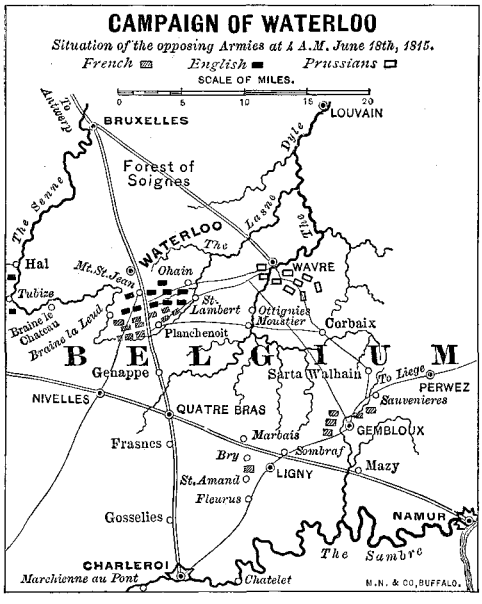
were about to encounter superior numbers; he had told them to conquer or die. Nevertheless it is a mistake to call this army, as many writers have done, the finest which Napoleon ever took into the field. In two points, especially, this army was not the equal of that, for example, which he commanded at Austerlitz. In the first place it had not the inestimable advantage of being led by those brilliant officers, then in the early prime of manhood, who had been brought to the front in the turmoil of the Revolutionary struggle. Of the two who were at Waterloo, Ney and Soult, one, Soult, was performing the functions of chief of staff; Ney was the only one of the Marshals who commanded troops on that fatal field. Not that the corps-commanders lacked experience or devotion. They were unquestionably excellent officers, who had seen many years of faithful service. But Napoleon's earlier exploits had been to a large extent rendered practicable only by the exceptionally able men who were his own contemporaries, —Massena, Lannes, Davout, Murat, and the rest. Secondly, there was in this army of 1815, and there could not but be, a certain amount of distrust, of lack of entire confidence, on the part of the soldiers towards their superiors, the result of the so recent overthrow of the Empire in 1814, which had been associated in their minds with suspicions of treasonable conduct on the part of certain officers of high rank. The abstention from active service, or the voluntary exile, on the return of Napoleon from Elba, of some of their former leaders, puzzled and disquieted the troops. These feelings were aggravated by the desertion of Bourmont and several other officers on the eve of the opening of hostilities. And while the devotion of the soldiers to the Emperor remained unshaken, while it is certain that never in his life was he able to infuse more courage and energy into the men than he succeeded in doing in this short campaign, or to obtain from them more gallant and persistent efforts, yet it is also certain that his corps had often been handled with more enterprise and skill, and it seems probable that the total rout of the army was due in part to the lack of confidence of which we have spoken.



With all these deductions, however, Napoleon's army was decidedly the best of the three. That of the Prussians contained some troops raised in those parts of western Germany which had until lately been connected with France, who were supposed to be more or less disaffected, and many of the soldiers in the old Prussian regiments were young and inexperienced in warfare. Of the four corps-commanders, Ziethen, Pirch, Thielemann and Bülow, the latter only had shown any marked capacity. As for the Duke of Wellington's army, it was, as he himself said, the poorest he had ever commanded. Only about 40,000 were English troops or troops in the pay of England, like the King's German Legion. Of the remainder, Belgians, Hanoverians, Nassauers and Brunswickers, the Duke had but a poor opinion,—perhaps too poor an opinion, for many of them fought well. Still, many of them fought indifferently or not at all. A large part of the army of Wellington consisted of as good troops as there were in the world, but the army, considered as a whole, lacked cohesion. The soldiers did not speak the same language, they did not look up to the same generals;

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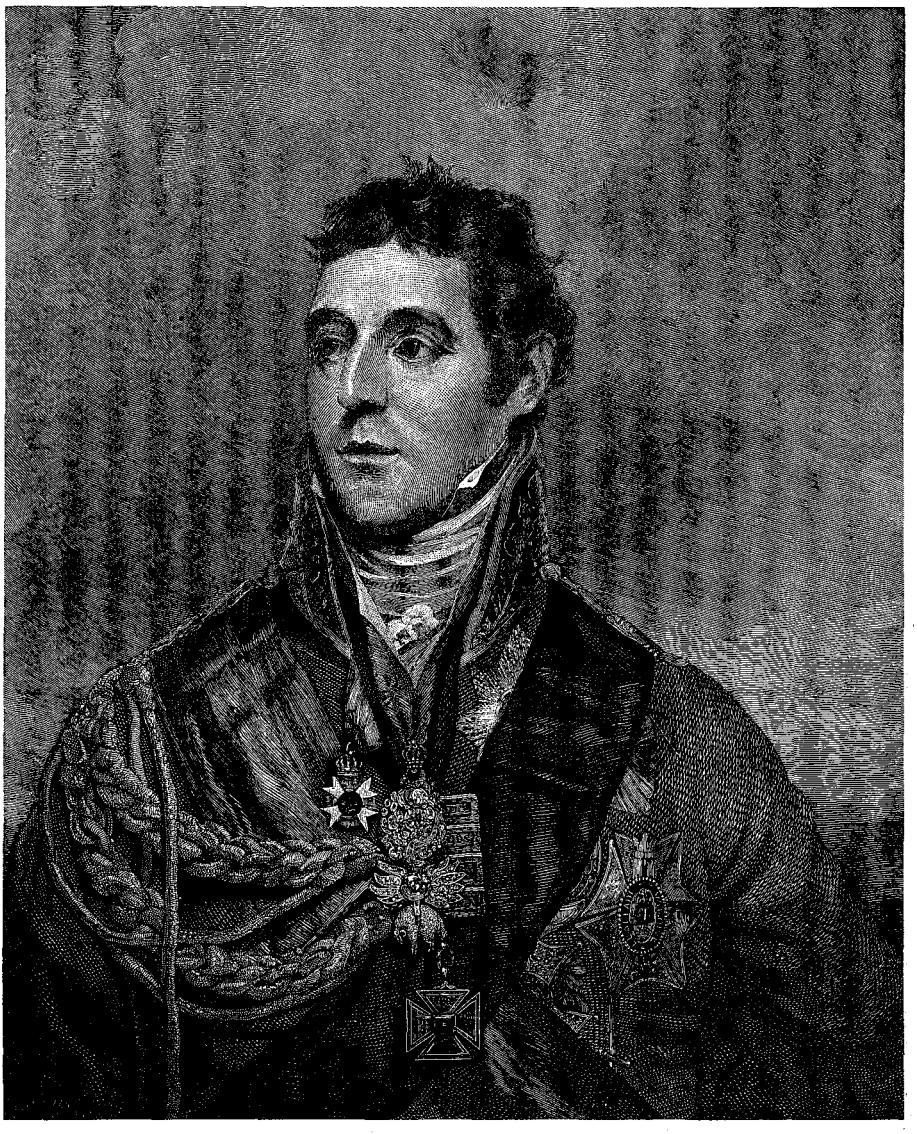

The Duke of Wellington. (From a steel engraving after a portrait by Sir William Beechey, R.A., 1814.)

the only thing that gave this miscellaneous collection of troops any sort of unity was the fact that it was commanded by the famous English general who had in Spain beaten so many of Napoleon's marshals.

Wellington and Blücher regarded a French invasion of Belgium as possible, perhaps probable, but it was obviously out of the question to predict in advance which of the routes available for his purpose Napoleon would choose. He might move to the westward of the Charleroi turnpike, for instance by way of Mons, with the intention of operating upon the communications of the English army with the sea. This was the course which Wellington always thought would have been his wisest course, and which, even after the campaign opened, he thought Napoleon was pursuing. Or, Napoleon might move on Namur or on some point further east, upon the communications of the Prussian army. In either of these

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cases, the course which the allied armies would be obliged to take would be utterly different from that which would be called for should Napoleon choose the other direction. And then he might advance, as he actually did, by the Charleroi and Brussels road, in which case another line of conduct would be demanded. In this event, Blücher had agreed to concentrate his army at Sombref, and Wellington to concentrate his at Quatre Bras, the two places being connected by an excellent road. Meantime, however, the allied commanders deemed it sufficient to remain as they were, their armies widely scattered in their cantonments, until it should be definitely ascertained in which direction the approach of the enemy was to be looked for. The frontier was carefully watched, and it was expected that the real advance of the French, when it came, —if it should come, which, of course, was by no means certain—would without difficulty be detected in season to concert adequate measures of resistance. But there can be little doubt, as many critics, both English and Continental, have said, that it would have been far wiser for the allied generals to concentrate their armies early in June, so as to have them well in hand on the first news of the approach of the French. It is not correct to say that Wellington and Blücher were surprised; but it is impossible not to see that their arrangements for fighting Napoleon in the event of his making, as they thought it very likely he might make, and as he actually did make, a sudden and dangerous attack, were defective, leaving, as they did, the concentration of both their widely scattered armies to be effected after they should have received the news that Napoleon had reached the frontier with a powerful army and was advancing in full force. Moreover, the points selected for the concentration were so close to the frontier, that it was hardly to be expected that the movement could be carried out without the interference of the enemy.

Troops Passing through the Village of Waterloo. (From "An Illustrated Record of Important Events in the Annals of Europe," etc. London, 1817.)

Napoleon's orders for the concentration and forward movement of his army were, as a whole, carried out with reasonable success. Early on the morning of

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Napoleon. (From a portrait in the possession of Franklin B. Rice, Esq., Worcester, Mass.)

the 15th of June the Sambre was crossed at several points, and the Prussian pickets retired on their supports. These troops belonged to the corps of General Ziethen, and that officer has always received great credit for the masterly way in which he handled his corps throughout the day, delaying the advance of the French, and bringing off his troops without serious loss to St. Amand and Ligny, villages near Sombref, where Blücher had, as we have seen, decided to concentrate his army. Orders for Pirch, Thielemann and Bülow to collect their corps and march to the support of Ziethen were at once sent out. Unfortunately the order to Bülow was badly worded, and did not clearly convey the idea that a battle was expected; the consequence of which was that that energetic officer did not arrive in time to take part in the engagement of the next day.

The French marched in three columns. The two on the right, under the Emperor, were chiefly engaged with the Prussians, and their advance, consisting of the Third Corps, under Vandamme, reached the vicinity of the village of Fleurus at evening. The Second Corps, under Reille, formed the head of the left column, and after some skirmishing with the Prussian rear guard, which retired in the direction of its own army, the leading division reached at evening the village of Frasnes on the Charleroi turnpike, about two miles south of Quatre Bras.

There was, as was natural in the march of an army recently organized, and composed of soldiers who had not taken the field for nearly a year, more or less delay. The First and Fourth Corps were not all across the river by nightfall, and the whole Sixth Corps bivouacked on the south side. The corps-commanders seem to have been rather lacking in that energy and activity which the situation demanded. In the middle of the afternoon, Grouchy and Vandamme, who were pushing the Prussians in the direction of Fleurus at the head of the cavalry and the Third Corps respectively, were so impressed by the attitude of the enemy that they halted and sent back to the Emperor for further orders. Napoleon at once rode to the front and directed the attack himself, actually in his impatience sending into the fight the headquarters guard of cavalry. One may fairly suspect that the Emperor was more or less right in the criticisms he so often made at this time about his gen-

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Entrance to the Forest of Soignies, where the Two Roads from Brussels Meet. (From "An Illustrated Record.")

erals,—that they had got too cautious and had lost the enterprise and audacity they had formerly possessed.

Napoleon himself had a hard day of it. From three o'clock in the morning till eight in the evening he had been personally directing one of the most difficult and important of military operations, the crossing of a river by a large army, opposed by a considerable force, well commanded, fighting gallantly, and taking every advantage of position. This was not a case, it must be remembered, where his own army had been concentrated before the crossing began,—as, for instance, was the case with the Army of the Potomac in the Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville campaigns, or with Napoleon's own army when he crossed the Danube just before the battle of Wagram. On the contrary, his corps were converging from distant points, they had been steadily marching for days, they were inevitably more or less fatigued, and, as is always the case at such times, the trains were behind the columns. That he should by the close of the first day have reached with the heads of his two columns the points selected in advance, overcoming the obstinate and skilful resistance of the Prussian general, was perhaps quite as much as, under the circumstances, he had any reason to expect.

Late in the afternoon Napoleon received a notable accession to his forces in the person of Marshal Ney. Why that able officer was not with the army from the first, has never been satisfactorily explained. But he was not sent for until the troops had actually begun to move. As a consequence, he arrived in haste, and attended by only a single aide. Napoleon gave him command of the First and Second Corps, and Ney, after riding to the front at Frasnes, and satisfying himself that nothing further could be attempted in that quarter that evening, returned to seek Napoleon, and had a two hours conference with him at Charleroi between midnight and two o'clock in the morning. He then returned to his command.

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That Ney received from the Emperor during the 15th or at this midnight conference, orders to press on to Quatre Bras, no one now believes. On this point, as in others, Napoleon's Memoirs, written, as they were, at St. Helena, where he could have access neither to the records nor to those who made the campaign with him, are in error. The orders which were given on the 15th were for the Second Corps to march on Gosselies, a village on the Brussels turnpike between four and five miles north of Charleroi, and for the First Corps to march there also to support the Second Corps in an attack on the enemy if he should be encountered. The order to the Count d'Erlon, who commanded the First Corps, which was in rear of the Second, was reiterated, and he was strictly enjoined to join the Second Corps at Gosselies.* The advance of the cavalry and one division of infantry to Frasnes was apparently done on Ney's own responsibility, and was unquestionably a judicious step.

Word was sent to Brussels early in the morning, of the crossing of the Sambre, but for some reason or other Wellington did not receive the news until five in the afternoon. He instantly issued orders for his different divisions to be collected at convenient places and to be ready to move at a moment's notice.

Pasture in the Hollow where Wellington's Reserves Lay During the Battle.

He himself did not leave Brussels, nor is it known that he despatched any officers to the front to ascertain the exact facts. He took no steps for a concentration of the army, except as above stated. Not a single brigade was ordered to Quatre Bras, and the only brigade that was stationed in that neighborhood, along the turnpike, that of Prince Bernhard of Saxe Weimar, was ordered to Nivelles, a town some six or seven miles west of Quatre Bras, to join the other brigade of the division—Bylandt's. What is particularly remarkable is that the Duke seems to have been unmindful of the agreement stated above, by which, in the event of Napoleon's advance being on the Charleroi and Brussels pike, he was to occupy Quatre Bras. If "Nivelles has been attacked, and if it is quite certain," the order reads, "that the enemy's attack is upon the right of the Prussian army and the left of the British army," the third division of British infantry (Alten's) is to be moved from Braine le Comte eastward to Nivelles. But that was all. The reserves, Picton's division and other troops, at and near Brussels, though ordered to be prepared, were not ordered to march.

Ligny.

At ten o'clock that night a despatch from Blücher arrived, announcing the crossing of the river at Charleroi by Napoleon in force. New orders were thereupon issued,—three divisions, one of which was Alten's, were to occupy Nivelles, one was ordered to Braine le Comte, a village seven or eight miles west of Nivelles ; two more divisions of infantry and the great mass of the cavalry

* Chesney is strangely in error as to this, having apparently omitted to notice Orders V. and VI. in the Documents Inédits. Chesney's Waterloo Lectures, 3d ed., pp. 118, 119.

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The Charge through the Streets of Ligny.

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were directed to proceed to Enghien, a town some twenty-five miles northwest of Quatre Bras. Orders were also given for the reserves, consisting of the division of Sir Thomas Picton and other troops, to march south on the Charleroi turnpike as far as Waterloo, where the road to Nivelles branches off to the southwestward, there to halt and await further instructions. After giving these orders, the Duke went to the Duchess of Richmond's ball.

It is plain that these dispositions were made by Wellington in the belief that he was likely to be attacked west of the Charleroi and Brussels road. Had they been actually carried out, Ney would have found Quatre Bras unoccupied on the morning of the sixteenth, the nearest force of the enemy being at Nivelles, six or seven miles away. The Duke could hardly have collected a sufficient force to drive Ney out of Quatre Bras, and, very possibly, would not have attempted to do so. That the combined operation which, two days later, so successfully united the allied armies, would under these circumstances, have been planned, or, if planned, would have been carried out, is certainly very doubtful.

But this piece of good fortune was not to happen to the French Emperor. During the 15th the solitary brigade on the turnpike had been put in position at Quatre Bras by its commander to resist an attack by the French, and in the evening it had a smart brush with Ney's skirmishers. It was determined to reinforce it by the other brigade of the division, Bylandt's, which in the early morning of the 16th arrived at Quatre Bras from Nivelles with the Prince of Orange, who commanded the corps to which these brigades belonged. To him and to his chief of staff, Rebecque, who assumed the responsibility while the Prince was absent in Brussels, to Perponcher who commanded the division, and to Prince Bernhard who so promptly collected his brigade and occupied the cross-roads, is due the credit of maintaining unbroken the communication between the allied armies on the day of the battle of Ligny.

Early on the morning of the 16th the Duke left Brussels, and rode to Quatre Bras, passing on his way thither Picton's division and the other troops who had been, as we have seen, ordered to halt at Waterloo. He arrived at the front between eleven and twelve, and, seeing the posture of affairs, at once sent back for these troops to continue their march. He also sent orders for the troops at Nivelles to proceed to Quatre Bras without delay. He then rode off to see Marshal Blücher.

It is said by some authorities that Blücher accepted battle only on the engagement of Wellington to support him; but this can scarcely be so, inasmuch as he had formed his line of battle before Wellington arrived. The Duke promised him that he would push down the turnpike as soon as he was in sufficient force to do so, and even, at the solicitation of Gneisenau, Blücher's chief of staff, agreed that, if not attacked himself, he would move down the Namur road in rear of the Prussian right. But it is clear that the Marshal had made up his mind to fight a battle, with or without the support of the English army, as Napoleon had calculated he would do—as was pointed out in the beginning of this article. Up to this moment, there had been, since the campaign opened the day before, no sort of coöperation between the allied armies. Had Wellington ridden over to see Blücher on the afternoon of the 15th, he would probably have seen enough to induce him to agree with the Prussian marshal that the main attack of the French was to be looked for on the east of the Charleroi road, and he might in that case have ordered a concentration of his army at Quatre Bras. But, having had no such opportunity for observation or consultation, he was obliged to guess at the probable direction of the French main attack, and he guessed wrong. Hence, at noon of the 16th, only a third of his army was within reach; and Blücher, who had been compelled to rely on his own unaided judgment, had determined, as Wellington found, to fight at Ligny, whether the English were, or were not prepared to support him. The conference over, the Duke returned to Quatre Bras, reaching there about three in the afternoon.

Whether it was that his exertions on the previous day had fatigued him, or, as seems more probable, that he found

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it exceedingly difficult to make up his mind what to do, certain it is that Napoleon did not take advantage of the early morning hours. He made no exertion to get the main body of the army into position until nearly nine o'clock in the morning. Perhaps he thought the troops would be the better for a rest, and, very likely, the army was not all closed up. At any rate, it was half past nine when Gérard, who commanded the Third Corps, and who was still on the river, received his orders to march to the front. It was not until about ten o'clock that the first order to Ney, ordering him to proceed to Quatre Bras, arrived. It is not easy to see the reason for this long delay. At that time of the year, the sun rises in Belgium at four o'clock, and every hour was of advantage to the enemy in giving them knowledge of the situation and time to concentrate their forces.

It is certainly true that Napoleon had at this time lost a good part of the alertness and energy of his earlier years. Men of five and forty, especially when they have become stout, are rarely as active as they were at thirty. The Emperor was also a sufferer from some local maladies which occasioned him a good deal of annoyance, not to say suffering, and considerably diminished his capacity for fatiguing exertion. On this morning of the 16th, for instance, he neglected to verify by personal observation the information sent him by Grouchy at 5 and 6 A.M., that the Prussians were moving large bodies of troops to St. Amand and Ligny. Instead of exerting himself to ascertain the facts, he employed his time in estimating the probabilities and in mapping out for his army a course of action which was, as he was soon to learn, wholly unsuited to the existing situation.

Accordingly, on the morning of the 16th, Napoleon had no definite knowledge of the strength of the Prussian force opposed to him. He estimated it at not over 40,000 men, and he therefore thought that it would in all probability retire on its supports without offering battle. It appears from his letters to Ney and Grouchy, written about eight o'clock that morning, which are evidently the result of much thought and are very clear and full, that he had decided, if this should prove to be the Prussian policy, to follow them up as far as Gembloux, then, leaving his right wing under Grouchy to observe them, to march himself with all speed, at the head of the Sixth Corps and the Guard, to join Ney, in a movement directed against the English in the direction of Brussels, a movement which he strictly enjoined Ney to be all ready to make the moment the order should arrive. In these letters, too, he stated his plan for the management of the army during this campaign, conducted, as it must be, in the face of two opposing armies; he gave to Ney the left wing, consisting of the First and Second Corps, and to Grouchy the right wing consisting of the Third and Fourth Corps, reserving the Sixth Corps and the Guard for his own immediate direction. In his campaign in Germany in the autumn of 1813, the separated armies of the allies had caused him no little embarrassment by the policy which, after the battle of Dresden, they for a while adopted, of falling back before Napoleon in person and giving battle only to his marshals. Some such strategy as this he seems to have suspected might be followed by Blücher in this campaign. And it may well be that he delayed operations that morning in part, at least, because he could not readily make up his mind how far, in such a case, it would be prudent to go in pursuit of the Prussians, leaving his left wing opposed by the whole of Wellington's army.

Finally, however, between nine and ten in the morning, the question solved itself in the way most advantageous to Napoleon. It was ascertained that the Prussians still held their ground at and about Ligny. A battle was now, of course, unavoidable. It was now possible to inflict upon the Prussian army, or upon that part of it which was before him, a defeat close to the Brussels turnpike. It remains to be seen how this opportunity, so favorable to the success of Napoleon's plans, and to which he was indebted solely to the temerity of the Prussian Marshal, was improved.

Before we proceed to the narrative of the battle of Ligny it is necessary to say a few words about Ney and his two corps.

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It will be recollected that the Emperor had, on the 15th, by a dispatch, dated 3 P.M., before Ney had joined him, ordered d'Erlon to march to Gosselies, and support Reille in attacking any force of the enemy they might find there, and that the order to join the Second Corps at Gosselies had been reiterated later in the day. Then, early in the morning of the 16th, the Emperor's chief of staff sends Ney a dispatch, requesting to be informed if the First Corps has executed this movement, and what are the exact positions of the two corps. What answer Marshal Ney returned to this request, we do not know, but it is plain enough that there had been ample time since the middle of the previous afternoon to get the First Corps into position at Gosselies. As soon as Ney got his instructions to march to Quatre Bras, he at once ordered both corps up to Frasnes, where he himself was with the leading division of the Second Corps—Bachelu's. Reille, with the two divisions of this corps, those of Foy and Prince Jerome, which were at Gosselies,—the other division, Girard's, being with the main army,—started shortly before eleven, and marched with such celerity over the broad *chaussée* that his troops were deployed and in line of battle beyond Frasnes before 2 P.M. The distance was from six to six and a half miles. There was nothing to prevent the leading division of the First Corps, Durutte's, from following on the heels of Jerome's division, and it would have arrived at Frasnes certainly before three, had it started as soon as the Second Corps had got out of the way. That it did not start promptly is proved by the fact, as we shall soon see, that a staff officer from headquarters, carrying a dispatch dated Fleurus at a quarter past three, who had five miles to ride before he could strike the Brussels pike, came up with the advance of the leading division of the First Corps before it had arrived at Frasnes. He must have ridden at least ten miles before getting to the head of the column,—that is to say, he could not possibly have given the order to Durutte before half past four o'clock, leaving Fleurus as he did at or soon after a quarter past three. But if Durutte had not made the six or six and a half miles between Gosselies and Frasnes by half-past four o'clock, he certainly could not have started before one o'clock, an hour or more after the last regiments of the Second Corps had left Gosselies.

Returning now to Fleurus: the Emperor, finding that the Prussians remained in force at and about Ligny, ordered the Third and Fourth Corps, and Girard's division of the Second Corps, the Imperial Guard, and the bulk of the cavalry, to take position in front of Fleurus, and, while the movement was going on, he made his customary personal reconnaissance of the enemy's position. Accompanied by an aide or two, he went out on foot to the line of the pickets, he carefully examined the ground, he climbed up into the windmills. He made up his mind that there was a considerable body of troops opposed to him, and he saw enough to decide him as to the way in which the attack should be made; but from the peculiar character of the ground he failed to recognize the presence of such a large force as the Prussians had actually assembled.

Towards noon, the French army, with the exception of the Sixth Corps, which remained near Charleroi, advanced from Fleurus and its vicinity. The Prussians held in strong force the village of St. Amand on their right, and that of Ligny on their centre. It looked as if they were expecting aid from the English,—down the road running from Nivelles through Quatre Bras to Namur. Napoleon directed his principal attack, which was to be made by the corps of Vandamme assisted by the division of Girard, against St. Amand, with the intention of turning the Prussian right, at the same time also assailing their centre at Ligny with Gérard's corps. Shortly before the battle opened,—at two o'clock—he sent a dispatch to Ney, informing him that he was about to attack a Prussian corps posted between Sombreffe and Bry, ordering him to attack whatever force there might be in front of him at Quatre Bras, and, after having vigorously driven that force, to fall back on the main army, and endeavor to surround the Prussian corps with which the main army was engaged. At half-past two

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the Sixth Corps was ordered from Charleroi to Fleurus, a distance of seven miles and a half.

Napoleon's eye, experienced as it was, undoubtedly deceived him in regard to the strength of his antagonist's force. Instead of one corps, the Prussian marshal had three,—instead of 40,000 men, he had very nearly 90,000 men. For the task of inflicting a crushing defeat on an army of this size, Napoleon's preparations were inadequate. We may agree that the force entrusted to Ney was no more than was called for by the duty imposed on him of acquiring and holding Quatre Bras against Wellington's army. But there is really no conceivable reason why Lobau should not have received an order to advance at the same time as Vandamme and Gérard,—why his corps should not have been on the field to render as decisive as possible the success which Napoleon promised himself in his conflict with the third of the Prussian army which he wrongly supposed was all that stood in front of him. It was obviously on the cards that the enemy might receive reinforcements during the action ; hence Napoleon should have had all his available force in hand when the battle opened.

The action began at half-past two, and it was not long before the obstinate resistance experienced by Vandamme and Girard on the left and by Gérard on the centre made it certain that they had before them the main army of Marshal Blücher. At 3.15 P.M. Napoleon sent a second order to Ney, referring to the order of 2 P.M., and urging him to carry out the direction therein given, to manœuvre in such a way as to fall upon the Prussian right and rear, by the heights of Bry and St. Amand.

The battle then went on with great obstinacy and determination. The severity of the French attack on the Prussian right induced Marshal Blücher to strengthen that part of his line at the expense of his centre. Napoleon, seeing this, prepared to throw the Guard upon and to the right of the village of Ligny, thus piercing the centre of the Prussian army. Suddenly, about half-past five, when the blow was about to be struck, word was brought that a large body of troops were seen approaching St. Amand, apparently with the intention of turning the French left. The Emperor, in doubt what troops these might be, unable to think they could be sent by Ney, as they would be looked for on the Prussian right and rear, behind St. Amand and near Bry, and yet unwilling to suppose that they were a detachment from Wellington's army, postponed the contemplated attack and sent to ascertain the facts. It turned out that this body of troops was d'Erlon's corps. Soon afterwards, they were seen to retrace their steps, and to retire in the direction of the *chaussée*. Napoleon resumed the attack ; the Guard, with little difficulty and almost no loss, charged through the village of Ligny, and seized the heights beyond. Some twenty pieces of cannon were taken. The Prussian centre was occupied, their right was forced to retire, and the battle of Ligny was won.

Why Napoleon did not detain the First Corps when he found it approaching him, and order it to execute the same manœuvre which he had prescribed to Marshal Ney, it is not easy to see. He was aware at or before half-past six what corps it was, and there were yet two hours of daylight. Had he directed this body of 20,000 men, of the three arms, upon the Prussian right and rear, his captures might have been, perhaps, enormous. The right wing of the Prussian army would have been well-nigh surrounded. The victory would have been a decisive one ; in all probability there could have been no battle of Waterloo. But Napoleon, ignorant of the cause of the appearance of the First Corps on his left, and of course equally ignorant of the progress of the action at Quatre Bras, probably thought it better not to interfere with the control of Marshal Ney over both the corps which had been entrusted to him. Judging after the fact, there can be no question that he made a great mistake in not availing himself of this unexpected reinforcement.

As it was, the battle of Ligny, though a defeat for the Prussians, neither demoralized nor disintegrated their army. It weakened it by the loss of more than 15,000 men, but after the battle it was practically as able to fight as ever. Nor was it the result of the battle to separ-

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The Farm of Belle Alliance.

ate the Prussian from the English army. On the contrary, there was nothing to prevent the Prussians falling back in the direction of Brussels, if they should be willing for a short time to abandon direct communication with their base of supplies.

Returning now to the left wing. As soon as the two divisions of the Second Corps under Foy and Prince Jerome arrived, shortly before two, Ney attacked the troops in his front, consisting at that time only of Perponcher's division of Dutch-Belgian troops, the brigades of Prince Bernhard and Bylandt, the Prince of Orange being in command. Though making a stout resistance, they were pushed back, and Wellington, on his return from his interview with Blücher, at three o'clock, found the French everywhere advancing. About half-past three, however, Picton's division arrived from Waterloo, where it had been, as we have seen, halted some hours. Soon afterwards other troops, Brunswickers and Hanoverians, came up from Brussels. The combatants were now nearly equal in number, but the French were largely superior in cavalry and artillery, and were decidedly getting the best of it, when, about five o'clock, Alten's British division arrived from Nivelles. All through the first part of the action Ney was momentarily expecting the First Corps to arrive, but, as we have seen, it did not come. For many years the truth in regard to the wanderings of this corps was unknown. Many writers supposed that Napoleon ordered it from Ney to join the main army. But it is now ascertained that the staff officer who carried the 3.15 order to Marshal Ney, mistaking its purport and ignorant of the tenor of the two o'clock dispatch which had preceded it, had the incredible presumption to take it upon himself to turn the column of the First Corps off from the turnpike near Frasnes, and to direct it towards St. Amand, causing, as we have seen, only delay and bewilderment in the army which was fighting at Ligny. Ney, on learning of this accident, at once recalled the corps, but no portion of it returned in season to take part in the action of Quatre Bras. Deprived of the corps of d'Erlon, and reinforced only by the heavy cavalry of Kellermann, Ney made every effort to secure success. But though his troops fought with the greatest dash and persistence, though his cavalry rode down the Brunswick and Belgian horse, and on more than

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one occasion, favored by the tall grain, broke and overwhelmed British regiments, though his guns mowed down the squares in which the fear of his cavalry compelled the enemy's infantry to stand, the continual reinforcements of fresh troops coming up from Nivelles and Brussels just enabled Wellington to hold his ground through the afternoon. But this was all. His Belgian and Hanoverian troops were terribly cut up, and most of them were badly demoralized. His English regiments suffered greatly both in officers and men. His situation was most critical. Had the First Corps arrived to Ney's assistance, or even half of it, Wellington would beyond question have been driven from the field. But, instead of this, Cooke's division, composed of two brigades of the English Guards, came up about half-past six from Nivelles, and Wellington, who had throughout the afternoon maintained himself with wonderful pluck and skill against Ney's formidable assaults, was now able to take the offensive himself. By eight o'clock the French had retired to Frasnes, leaving the allies masters of the field.

Pathway Around Outside of Farm Enclosure.

While too much cannot be said in praise of the Duke's conduct of this desperate action, it is certainly true that his luck stood him in good stead on this bloody field. His mistaken idea of the movements of the French led him, as we have seen, to order his troops anywhere but to Quatre Bras. Even Picton had been halted for several hours at Waterloo, and just arrived in time to prevent the utter rout of Perponcher's division. Some, certainly, of the troops that reached the scene of action came there on their own responsibility, on hearing the firing. The division of the Guards, the arrival of which assured the safety of the army, marched from Braine le Comte to Nivelles without orders; and, had the aide who found it at Nivelles been obliged to ride seven or eight miles farther to Braine le Comte, and had the division been thereupon obliged to march from Braine le Comte to Quatre Bras after receiving the order, it could not have come up in season to be of any use. Captain Mercer, in his most interesting "Journal of the Waterloo Campaign," who marched that day from Strypen to Enghien by orders, and from Enghien to Braine le Comte and thence to Nivelles and Quatre Bras without orders, gives a vivid and exciting picture of the hurried marching to the sound of the cannon that afternoon along the roads leading to Quatre Bras.

In the Village of Wavre.

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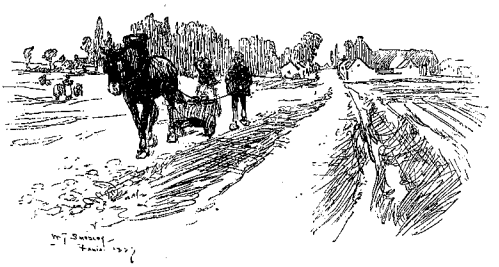
It will be admitted without dispute that Wellington's force at Quatre Bras could not have contended successfully

On the Road from Brussels to Waterloo.

against Ney's two corps. If both these corps had been present at the beginning of the action, Wellington would very likely have retired in the direction of Brussels, and, in that case, he might no doubt have arranged for a junction of the allied armies, such as that which actually took place. But even if the corps of d'Erlon had kept to the turnpike, it could not have been present in full force at the beginning of the action—its different divisions would have come up successively. Hence it is extremely unlikely that Wellington would have fallen back without fighting. Wellington, as we know, clung to the cross-roads with great obstinacy ; he was continually expecting reinforcements himself ; and it

The Approach to Ligny.

is altogether probable that the two rear divisions of the First Corps, when they arrived, which in the natural course of things would have been near five o'clock, would have found the Duke's force so involved that its orderly withdrawal would have been impracticable. In other words, if d'Erlon had come up in due course of time, the motley force under Wellington would not have been merely forced to retire, it would have been routed. The bad effect of the rout of a portion of the Anglo-Hanoverian-Belgian army in the first engagement of the campaign, it is not easy to over estimate. That Wellington, with all his coolness and firmness, would have taken the risk of trusting such an army as his under these circumstances in a battle with the Emperor himself at Waterloo, is extremely unlikely. But if he had not been willing to take this risk, the prospect of any combined operations conducted by his army and that of Marshal Blücher would have practically vanished. Moreover, had Ney routed the English with the aid of the First Corps, he might have been able to send ten or fifteen thousand men by the Namur road



Charleroi Road near Quatre Bras.

in the rear of the Prussians, as the Emperor had directed in the 3.15 order. And it must be remembered that for the delay of the First Corps in starting from Gosselies, without which the Emperor's staff officer could not possibly have found the head of d'Erlon's column on the *chaussée* en route for Frasnes, and for the blunder of that staff officer, Napoleon was in no wise responsible.

We may fairly say, therefore, that while Napoleon's dispositions for and at the battle of Ligny were inadequate to the emergency, and while he might, so far as we can judge, by

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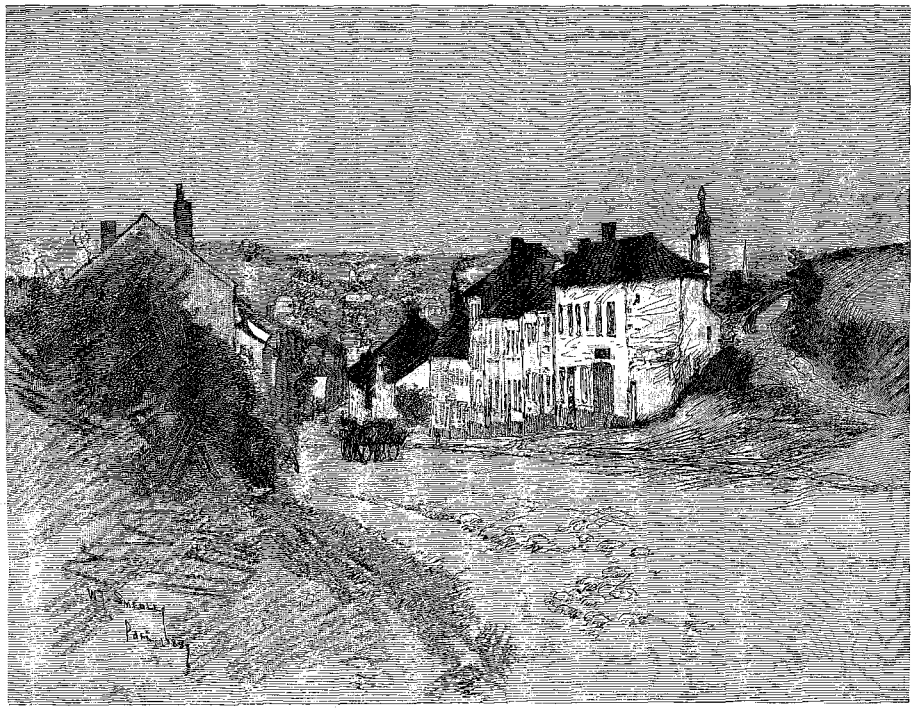

Wavre, from the Gembloux Road.

other dispositions have inflicted a decisive defeat upon the Prussians, who had rashly accepted battle without the assistance of their allies, his arrangements on the left were entirely sufficient for the occasion, and nothing but accident prevented the rout of the fraction of his army which was all that the English general, hampered as he was by the consequences of his erroneous conjecture as to the direction of the French advance, was able to get together at Quatre Bras.

As Blücher towards the close of the battle of Ligny had been unhorsed and injured, his chief of staff, Gneisenau, gave the order in his name for the whole army to fall back upon Wavre, by roads running generally parallel with the Brussels turnpike. From Wavre there are country roads leading to the turnpike, one striking it near the village of Mont St. Jean, and another, just south of the first, at the village of Planchenois. As we have pointed out, there was nothing to prevent the Prussians from retiring in this direction, if they were willing to give up, for the time being, direct communication with their bases of supply; and, trusting that the English would be equally able to fall back in good order on the turnpike to some place where they could accept battle and where the two armies could be united, Gneisenau, instead of retreating on Namur or Liège, withdrew the army to Wavre. The next morning the Prussian staff officers rode over to Quatre Bras, and the plan was definitely settled. The Duke agreed to fall back to Mont St. Jean, to a strong position with which he was perfectly familiar, and Blücher agreed to reinforce him there with all his disposable force. The allied commanders were now at last acting in coöperation; their plan was a feasible one; if it should be carried out as planned, their success would be decisive; and while there was, of course, the danger that Wellington might be defeated before Blücher could get over to his assistance, it was a fair risk to take, and moreover it was the only thing to do, unless Brussels was to be abandoned, and the junction of the two armies effected to the north of that capital.

[Concluding paper in the April number.]

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THE YELLOW ELMS.

By Bessie Chandler.

She lay within her chamber, pale and ill,
Bound to her bed by cruel bonds of pain;
Outside the leaves were falling—all was still
Save for the dripping of the dull, sad rain.

The elms that year were yellow all the way
From tops to those low boughs that fringe and grace
Their tall, straight trunks, like little curls that stray
And cling, caressing, o'er a woman's face.

And through the leaves, as through a yellow pane,
The light shone in, all golden, on her bed,
And every morn, unwitting of the rain,
"Another sunny day," she, smiling, said.

She never knew how gloomy, dark, and gray
Those long days were. In time we came to bless
The elms, that gave her sunshine every day,
And robbed the rain of all its dreariness.

Is the world grown as sunny as I ween?
I cannot see it clearly as of old,
For, like the elms, your love has come between
My life and me, and turned it all to gold!

THE NIXIE.

By Fanny Van de Grift Stevenson.

SNUGLY ensconced in one corner of a first-class railway carriage, an athletic, good-looking young man stretched his long limbs lazily, half opened his eyes, closed them again, yawned mightily, and then sank back into luxurious slumber. He had entered the carriage from a country station, equipped with a trout-basket and fishing-tackle, and was evidently bent on whipping the streams which wound among the neighboring hills. It was very early, and raw and cold with the chill of an English morning. Willoughby, having tipped the guard generously, and his destination being yet some three quarters of an hour distant, shut his eyes with the comfortable assurance that he might finish his morn-

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ing's nap in peace. He had scarcely, however, floated away into that delectable land of "negative gravity" when he was startled into sudden wakefulness by an animal-like shriek of terror so close at hand that it tingled in his ears. The train was passing through a tunnel, and, as often happened at that early hour, the lamp in the roof had been neglected, and the carriage was filled with smoke and darkness; the tunnel was long, but at last a glimmer of light began to penetrate the gloom. It was with a glow of anger against the corruptibility of the guard he had himself bribed, that Willoughby discerned the outlines of a small figure crouched in the opposite bench; a child, he had at first thought, which accounted for the quality of the shriek; and then, with increasing annoyance, a school-girl. Willoughby turned over in his mind the terms of his coming interview with the faithless guard. His privacy, for which he had paid liberally, had been violated, and his comfort destroyed. Sleep, so rudely assaulted, had fled his eyes. He leaned back and gazed sullenly out of the window at the coming day, alas too fair, too clear, belying the promise of a hunting morning.

The sun rose higher, and soon flooded the windows with dazzling light. The young man drew down the blinds, and turned his disapproving gaze upon the pitiful intruder. He wondered idly, as she shrank before him, what mistaken chance had led her into a first-class carriage, from which she must certainly be ousted at the first stoppage, every detail of her appearance being so frankly suggestive of that station in society for the members of which third-class carriages are specially designed. The new, blue cotton gown of ungainly cut, with straight short sleeves; the large, coarse boots, hardly soiled as yet with use; the stiff straw hat scantily trimmed with a mean red ribbon—the hat not a fit, the gown not a fit, the shoes not a fit—marked the girl unmistakably as the recent recruit of some charitable or reformatory institution. To arrive at an explanation of her stealthy entrance and incongruous position, was not difficult; the girl was a runaway. A second glance at her face corroborated the silent confession of her attire. The small dark eyes, darting hither and thither, were scouting for danger, and had the expression of a wood animal troubled with the vague suspicion of instinct at a loss. The shapeless gown hinted here and there of delicately turned contours, but also of the angularities of early girlhood, and possibly of privation and ill-treatment.

Willoughby was young, and the sympathy of youth with rebellion somewhat softened his heart towards the fugitive —fleeing, perhaps, from good to evil; but a fugitive. At every unusual sound or movement, the girl shrank and quivered, recalling to the young man's memory an incident of his boyhood. Once, in his schooldays, when he was hiding in the branches of a tree with an interdicted novel, a hare, hard pressed by the hounds, took refuge in the grass beneath him. Her repressed starts of terror, her wild dilated eyes filled him with pity. But what a hypocrite and time-server is the boy; though he could not betray the hunted thing, when the dogs, followed by the sportsmen, closed in upon her, he shut his eyes with a sick heart, and joined with the others in their loud acclamation.

These reminiscences, and some pointed reflections that were passing through Willoughby's mind, were cut short by the slowing of the train to a station. On the impulse of the moment, he stepped to the door, squaring his shoulders, and spreading his arm as a shield to screen the interior of the carriage. To give countenance to the scrutiny of possible pursuers, he called an old woman carrying an armful of water-lilies, and chaffered for her wares until the train was again in motion. "What a silly unkindness is the kindness of the sentimentalist," he thought, as he threw the moist flowers on the seat beside him; "because I once saw a hare caught by hounds, I aid and abet a workhouse brat to escape from her safest friends; and to what end? Her destination can but be, after an aimless round, the shelter whence she came; or failing that, destruction." He turned to his fellow-traveller.

"Well, my good girl," he began, in the condescending tone of the moralist, "where are you bound for?"

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"I don't know," was the answer he received and expected.

"Why did you run away?"

The girl, who had been casting furtive glances at the bunch of lilies, frowned, then smiled with an expression that startled him with a curious sense of familiarity, and plucking first at the breast of her gown, knocked upon the top of her hard head gear. Frowning again, she suddenly straightened her legs, bringing the heavy leathern boots on a level with Willoughby's knees.

"At least that is better than going barefoot, or having no clothes at all," replied the young man to her pantomimic protest. "I fear you are an ungrateful ——"

A wave of terror swept over the girl's face. "Let me go! Let me go!" she cried, leaping to the opposite window. As Willoughby dragged her back, for in another moment she would have broken the glass and cut her hands, she beat at him savagely. She did not repeat her attempt to escape, but cowered on the seat where he dropped her, regarding him with the stare of a cat at bay.

"I don't wonder," thought Willoughby, "that the death of the hare sticks in my throat, for I feel like a hound. The girl is honestly running away, while I, who presume to lecture her, am fleeing in a sham, half-hearted way, to sneak back, after my few hours of stolen freedom, like a cur with my tail between my legs, to a round of conventions as galling to me as the penitentiary rules are to her."

With a changed voice and manner, he now addressed himself to the task of soothing the girl. As his advances were received with quick alarm, he fell back on his boyish experiences as a trapper, and simulated sleep, watching, meanwhile, the effect through his lashes. The girl gradually ceased panting, and the lurking terror in her eyes gave place to a sly intelligence. For a long time she remained perfectly quiet. Willoughby, tired of his constrained attitude, was about to speak, when she made an abrupt movement, evidently to test the genuineness of his slumber. Once more she made the experiment, and then, to the young man's dismay, darted forth a swift hand, detached one of the lilies, hid it the folds of her gown, and relapsed into quietude. Willoughby was surprised at the shock this gave him. He knew, now, that the flitting resemblance to an intangible image that he could not lay hold of, had been playing odd tricks in some remote corner of his brain, and that he was unconsciously fitting this charity stray upon a pedestal, and arranging her young limbs in a classic pose. With the annoyance one feels at losing a word, or the continuity of a thought however trivial, he racked his mind for the clue which was playing hide and seek with his memory.

But these fruitless excursions into *cul-de-sacs* of the past were abruptly checked. It had been a long run since the last station, and Willoughly found himself at the end of his journey. He was taken unawares, and had no plans. That the girl must come to grief sooner or later, he felt sure, but a coin or two might postpone the evil moment. He hastily gathered his "traps," and tossed into her lap several half-crowns; as they left his hand he saw that he had accidentally included a sovereign with the silver. Gold could only be a questionable and dangerous possession for the girl, and yet an unaccountable shamefacedness prevented his reclaiming it. As a last thought he laid upon her knees the bunch of lilies, which according to all rules, should have been as coals of fire on her head. She accepted them, however, without a blush, and instead of thanking him, lifted the corner of her skirt to show the pilfered flower, smiling in Willoughby's face with a mingled slyness, and frankness, and shyness that again sent his memory flying on a barren quest.

The young man walked musingly a few paces, paused irresolutely, almost with the intention of returning, but the whistle of the engine, and moving wheels decided the question. He had given up his ticket and passed through the gate, when his attention was arrested by the sound of a gruff voice saying "Now you come here! None of that, you know. You must give up your ticket." A hand clasped his. The girl had followed him from the train, and now stood, apparently waiting for his decision with the doubtful confidence of a dog uncertain

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of its master's intentions. The money he had thrown her lay scattered on the ground, but the lilies she held to her breast.

Willoughby, feeling the position a little ridiculous, for the girl, now she stood beside him, was taller and older than he had supposed, gently loosened his hand, and addressed the gate-keeper in a conciliatory tone. "I think," said he, "she has lost her ticket; but you see she has money," picking it up and offering it as he spoke. The man touched his cap, named the fare, pocketed a little more with a "thank you, sir," and "I suppose she's a little——?" tapping his forehead significantly.

"It seems so," said the young man, shifting his fishing implements about uneasily; "look here; take this, and see that she has a ticket on the return train, and look after her, like a good fellow, when it comes."

The leering curiosity of the rustics who hung about the station brought a flush to his cheeks, and he turned with an angry stride towards a green lane which led, as he knew, through thick-growing beeches, skirted a field or two, and finally lost itself in a bit of forest land traversed by one fairly broad, and several narrower streams. The former he meant to follow back to its tributaries in the hills, where the trout cooled their sides in many shadowy pools dear to the fisher's heart. The morning fragrance of grasses, and blossoming weeds, and growing corn, and the exuding gums of trees, rose balmily as with the breath of waking day, and the joy of living thrilled in the air. Willoughby sniffed with expanded nostrils like a young horse, and fell into the long, easy stride of the practiced walker. The girl gave him a few moments' vantage, watching apprehensively over one shoulder and the other, and then, hampered in her movements by the clumsy boots, and the folds of her gown, plodded heavily in his rear.

Willoughby, who was whistling softly to himself, mounted a stile that lay in his way, and from the top turned and looked out over the fair landscape. The figure of the girl, painfully trudging toward him, instantly caught his eye. With an impatient gesture, he sat down and waited for her to overtake him. As she came nearer, he noted with surprise the glow of color that was on her cheeks and lips. The spirit of the morning that had quickened his pulses, had moved even the dull current in the veins of the workhouse waif. Willoughby found something pathetic in the thought. He gave her his hand, and helped her over the stile, checking his steps involuntarily to her limit. He fell into a confused reverie. Before his mind's eye rose a vision of his father's house, now filled with summer visitors; ladies, with their bazaars, their tennis, their "work," and their flirting; dull, urbane old gentlemen; dull young gentlemen whose sullen hearts were gnawed by tedium. In Willoughby's distorted imagination these really estimable persons revolved stupidly, like the spokes of a wheel, round a common centre, Lady Maud Ponsonby. He knew that Lady Maud was his destined bride; she knew it, and their respective parents knew it, though no word had been spoken. It seemed more that it must be, because there was absolutely no reason why it should not be. These meditations, which had somewhat damped the buoyancy of his spirits, were interrupted by a pluck at his sleeve.

"There is a river yonder," said the girl, pointing across the fields; "a river."

"How came you to be taken to the—the institution?" asked Willoughby, irrelevantly, with a start.

"They caught me in a trap, and shut me up, and put these upon me," was the indignant reply, "but they shall not do that again; they cannot catch me now. They catch birds, too," she added; "I cannot understand it; can you?"

"I suppose I can," answered Willoughby. "Look there, at yonder thieving rascal, how he is pecking away at the grapes."

They were passing the end of a walled garden. A gate stood open, and just inside, a hothouse door swung on its hinges. A blackbird, taking advantage of the gardener's negligence, was busy at the amber fruit. In a moment the girl was beside him, adding a couple of bunches and a handful of vine leaves to the lilies she still carried. The bird chirped angrily, but did not move.

"I cannot allow this," said Willough-

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by; "take back those grapes, and shut the door."

"No," said the girl; "I want them, so why should I put them back?"

"You know very well, they are not yours to take."

"Not mine? But you saw me gather them!"

"You know that they belong to the man who planted the roots, and built the glass house," persisted Willoughby, irritated at having this primitive lesson in morality forced from him. Had it been the escapade of a young lady, he knew he should have joined, and found it great sport; but the thought of the workhouse made preaching incumbent on him.

"No, they are not his," said the girl; "the man did not make the root; he could not. And the sun, and the air, and the rain, made the fruit grow upon it. The man shut the root in a prison, and now you say he claims its children. I do not understand that."

"If you think you are justified in helping yourself to whatever you may fancy," asked Willoughby, "why then did you not openly take the lily when we were in the train?"

"Everybody knows," replied the girl, "that there are many dangerous things abroad. A snake under a strawberry plant may not want to eat the berry, but if you do, you must be very cautious in gathering it, or he may strike you. Then the large and more terrible creatures who are greedy like the blackbird, and wish to keep more than they need—with them, one must be wary indeed! I thought you were one of those at first."

"Oh," remarked Willoughby.

"Yes; I was afraid of you, then. I am not, now. You did not really care for my taking the grapes, you only feared some one might see me, and I should be caught in your company."

The girl's unexpected shrewdness of observation, the absence of vulgarity in her speech or manner, coupled with her reformatory dress, began to puzzle Willoughby exceedingly. "Where have you lived all your life?" he asked abruptly.

"There," was the answer, with a wave of the hand that swept half the horizon. There was not much information to be derived from a statement so comprehensive.

Willoughby tried again. "How old are you?"

"Oh—a hundred—a hundred thousand thousand days. And you, how old are you?"

"Just turned my twenty-third year," answered Willoughby, shortly.

"I shouldn't have thought you were so old."

"I suppose, then, I must look younger than I am," said he, not quite pleased that he had given so strong an impression of youth.

"On the contrary, you look very, very old," said the girl; but this assertion was still less to Willoughby's taste.

By the time they reached the forest belt the sun was high, and Willoughby, feeling the fatigue of walking at a pace so much slower than his custom, would have stopped to rest, but the girl pushed on eagerly to the river. Here, Willoughby leaned his rod against a tree, and disembarrassed himself of his trout-basket, which at present contained a packet of sandwiches, and a half bottle of claret. Having arranged these matters to his satisfaction, he turned to resume his conversation with the girl, whose quaint remarks and savage ignorance of the ordinary *convenances* of life, he was beginning, in spite of himself, to find both interesting and amusing. To his amazement, she was apparently disrobing herself. Her hat lay upon the ground, with the ribbon that had bound her hair into a pigtail beside it. The bodice of her gown she was in the act of removing; holding it up, she laughed derisively, and tossed it far out into some brambles.

"Come," she said, beckoning to Willoughby; "we must take care of the lilies first." Gathering them together, she laid several in the crown of the hard hat that had left a mark across her brow, ballasted the hat with pebbles, and sent it floating down the stream. The coarse shoes, one after the other, their respective stockings in their toes, and freighted with lilies, followed the hat.

"I say," cried Willoughby, "you had better stop there! People *do* come this way."

In another second his own "deer-

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stalker" was seized, weighted, filled with the remaining lily pods, and this frail shallop joined the argosy. Shaking the drops from her hair, which had trailed in the water, the girl rose and turned towards the young man. "Do not look so strangely," she said; "they may not live long, but they shall at least die at home."

"Who are you?" cried Willoughby, passing his hand across his eyes. "Who are you?"

"Come," she said; "come and eat, you are tired."

She laid the stolen grapes on a flat stone, and began to fold a vine leaf into the form of a cup. Willoughby, at her bidding, spread his contribution to the feast beside the grapes. The girl raised a warning finger, filled her green cup at the stream, deliberately spilled a portion, murmuring a few inaudible words, and offered the rest to Willoughby.

"Is it—is it a—*libation?*" he asked, incredulously.

"It is," she answered; "and now eat and drink, and rest."

A short time before, Willoughby would not have hesitated to offer the girl stumbling at his side a sip of gin from the mouth of a square bottle; but since she had cast off the clumping boots, and the pinching, dragging bodice of her gown, she moved with an alert grace that even Lady Maud might have envied. The world over, it is the same; beauty in the female develops chivalry in the male. And now Willoughby was abashed by the difficulty of dispensing his wine gracefully. The cork was already loosened; he drew it with his penknife, awkwardly filled the sylvan cup, and offered it to the girl, who had been watching his proceedings with uneasy curiosity. She touched the brim with shrinking lip.

"You have given me blood to drink!" she gasped.

Willoughby snatched the leaf from her hand, and, so strong is the sympathy of imagination, fancied that he, too, tasted blood in the cup. The meal was finished in silence, Willoughby swallowing his sandwiches with an uncomfortable sense of grossness, while the girl fed daintily on grapes. They drank clear water alternately from the same vine leaf, and even Willoughby, who was accounted to have a delicate palate for wine, and had accompanied the butler to the cellar that very morning to make sure of his favorite vintage, began to regard the bottle that stood between them with aversion.

"Let us bury it," suggested the girl.

So they made a hole in the soft ground, digging with the joints of Willoughby's most tenderly cherished rod; and there an excellent half bottle of *La Rose* doubtless lies to-day. As they patted and shaped the tiny grave, the young man's thoughts wandered back to the morning, when, suave and cynically self-possessed, he drank a cup of tea in the grey semi-darkness with Lady Maud, complimenting that placid maiden on her heroism in joining him at such an unconceivable hour, and declaring himself her true knight. She had playfully invested him with the order of the red rose; the rose, once reposing on Lady Maud's chaste breast, was—oh, here, in his trousers pocket, sadly crushed and withered. What, Willoughby wondered, would be Lady Maud's sensations could she behold him now, engaged with all the seriousness of life and death in a child's game, his playfellow, whom he more than suspected to be mad, a half naked girl just escaped from a reformatory?

The crumbs and grapes, the remains of the repast, together with the leafy cup, were left on the stone for the regalement of birds and passing travellers. "One should never destroy," said the girl, "what another may use after him. Yonder, round the turn of the stream, is a boat; the man who made it did not break it up when his day's pleasure was over, but covered it and tied it fast for the next comer."

Willoughby, while he doubted the disinterestedness of the builder's motives, did not question the girl's knowledge of the boat, and in the face of his late platitudes on the subject of theft (which he blushed to remember) proposed to take piratical possession of the craft, and row up the river. The girl, reversing their parts, gave him her hand, and they ran laughing along the green banks like two children. As they went

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further up the stream the features of the landscape changed. The trees grew larger, and in more isolated groups, with open stretches of meadow between them. Breathless with laughter and running, the pair stopped to rest under the shade of a great oak. By this time it was high noon, and the sun was beating straightly down.

"Wait here," said the girl. She came lightly springing back, carrying sprays of broad-leaved water-weeds. Her hair twined about her in dripping tendrils; the coarse chemise, the charity skirt, fresh from the river, clung in wet folds round her slim young body like antique drapery.

"I remember—I remember," cried Willoughby, starting up. She signed him to stoop, but he knelt at her feet instead, while she bound the leaves in a wreath about his head.

"There," she said, studying the effect with satisfaction; "that is much better; that other must have been old and dry from the first."

Willoughby had a moment's difficulty in understanding this remark, which gave him a sudden distaste, not only for the lost "deerstalker," now on its way to sodden destruction, but for his entire wardrobe. The dull blue of the girl's skirt, the unbleached linen of her chemise, harmonized with the tints of tree, and grass, and sky. The young man's correct bilious brown suit became hideous by comparison. No plunge into the river could mould those odious "bags," or the belted jacket, into classic lines. He was saved from heaven knows what folly by the voice of the girl calling him to follow her. *Follow—follow*—her words came echoing back from the opposite shore.

"Hark!" cried Willoughby.

The girl, checked in the very movement of running, slowly raised her hand to her ear, and stood silent as a statue. *Hark!* returned the echo. But it was not to that she was listening. Her head was turned over her shoulder, away from the river, and towards the wood. Willoughby listened intently. The light air moving among leaves, and across lithe twigs, made, now and then, a small, whistling, singing sound, the shadow of a strain as it were, so that he could almost persuade himself that he heard something like a distant, jocund piping.

"Is it the great god Pan?" he asked, softly. His voice broke the spell. The girl started and laid a finger on her lips. Coarse and mundane noises disturbed the musical silence. The loud laughter and chattering of approaching strangers sounded close at hand. Willoughby's first impulse was to secure the boat, which lay near by. He leaped into the stern, unfastened the rope, and pushed a foot or two from the shore. Another boat, awkwardly handled by a couple of Cockney lads and their sweethearts, was coming down the stream. He cast an anxious look about him, but he was apparently alone. The occupants of the boat, flushed, and blowsy, and happy, regarded him with amazement. "Oh," cried one, "he must be crazy! he's got a wreath on his head like the mad woman in the play. Perhaps he's a dangerous lunatic; oh, let us get away!" The young men bent to their oars, the boat lurched round the bend of the river and disappeared amid much splashing and giggling.

The incident jarred on Willoughby's mood. He waited several minutes, gazing abstractedly over the side of the boat, before calling to his companion. What was it, he wondered, that gave him such a new and vivid sense of kinship with the earth, so that he seemed to feel within himself its very essence and component parts? Had something got into his blood, something wild and natural, something with a tang like the sap of trees, and cool, and fresh, like the water of the river? He should scarcely have been surprised had his feet struck root in the ground, or leaves sprouted from his finger-tips. He laughed aloud for simple joyousness when he saw the girl's reflection beside his own. A passing ripple shook the surface of the water, disturbing the mirrored face; the chin and lips quivered, the eyes became blurred, and the picture shattered into a thousand sparkles.

"It is an evil omen," said the girl from over his shoulder. "Let us go far up the river, and never, never return here again."

"Never," repeated Willoughby, absently.

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"There are pools, and waterfalls, and glens up there," continued the girl, "and no hateful creatures to frighten us. How brave you are! You were not afraid; while I—I am trembling—make haste; make haste!"

Willoughby seized the oars and sent the boat out into the middle of the stream. The river ran merrily past them; birds sang in the trees that fringed the banks; the balmy summer air fanned their cheeks with the fragrance of a thousand flowers. Surely it was an enchanted boat carrying them into an enchanted land. Willoughby's sensations became strangely confused; he felt like a man in a dream; a humming was in his ears, and the images before his eyes danced, and changed in hue and form. It caused him no astonishment that the oars became light as thistlé-down, and he seemed to be grasping slippery, moist stalks, while the girl, her hands upon the stern, her feet floating out behind her, pushed the boat smoothly against the current, with eyes shining like glow-worms, and her lips parted in elfish glee. Nor was he surprised when the shyest of woodland birds perched upon his shoulders, or prize trout leaped beside the craftiest angler in England. His voice sounded faint, and sweet, and distant, as though some one else were speaking, as he dreamily recounted ancient tales, mixing naiads, and gods, and water-sprites into a romantic story of the present, where the principal characters were borne by himself and the girl.

It might have been a year, it might have been a day that passed. Shadows thickened, and a cold mist began to creep over the ground. Wild fowl whirred above their nests, calling their broods with plaintive cries. All about there was a scuttling and rustling of birds and beasts hurrying to their precarious homes in tree or earth. Willoughby shivered; the tale turned into unmeaning words on his lips; a weight bore upon his breast, and his head swam. Was his dream turning into a nightmare? The boat rocked; swaying dizzily over its side, he looked straight down into a face that sank deeper and deeper, the smile upon it changing grotesquely through the water from gay mockery to the grieved expression of a sobbing child, until it was lost in blackness.

Willoughby uttered an exclamation of horror. The girl was drowning before his eyes! He leaped after her, and dived again and again, until he was helpless from exhaustion, and cramped by the cold. The boat, meanwhile, half filled with water, drifted heavily away.

When Willoughby recovered consciousness, he found himself lying on the grass, supported against the knee of a stranger, and surrounded by a group of young people whose vulgar faces he vaguely recognized. He tried to speak, but his lips moved without words.

"You are not strong enough yet, wait a little," said a kind voice. "You wonder what has happened, and where you are, I don't doubt. These young men told my gardener that they had seen you with my favorite boat. We came up here to look after my property, and found you instead, and pulled you out of the water where you had been upset, just in the nick of time—what is it? 'Save the girl,' he says. Was there a girl with him?"

"No, sir," replied a Cockney voice. "He was quite alone. He was standing in the boat with a wreath on his head, looking very dangerous, indeed, sir, and it's my belief that it's a sunstroke. I've looked in his pockets, as you directed, sir, and I can't find no card, nor nothing, only this messy old flower."

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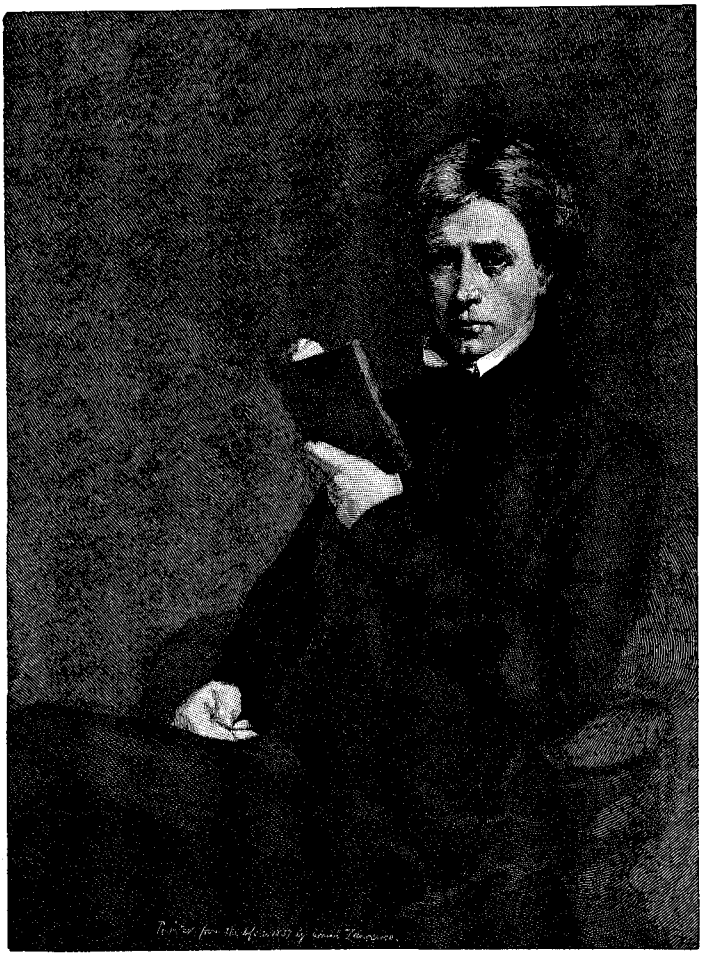

Portrait of Leigh Hunt, by Samuel Laurence.

A SHELF OF OLD BOOKS.

By Mrs. Fields.

Leigh Hunt.

THE private collection of books made by James T. Fields, and still remaining undisturbed in his former home in Charles Street, Boston, overlooking the Charles River Bay, is one which has gained in interest with time; and the excuse, if excuse were needed, for bringing them before the public is the public interest already shown by the many requests from different sources to see these books, or to learn certain details of their character.

Some years ago Mr. Fields himself wrote a paper describing his favorites in this collection, which he called "My Friend's Library;" but at that time he could not fail to be hampered by a sense that he, the living collector and possessor, was too nearly allied to his treasures to write freely about them.

The position of the present writer is one altogether different. Being only a custodian, full of a sense of responsibility as the keeper of a trust, these memorials seem to appeal for wider opportunity of usefulness to a new generation.

In spite of the unusual chances which

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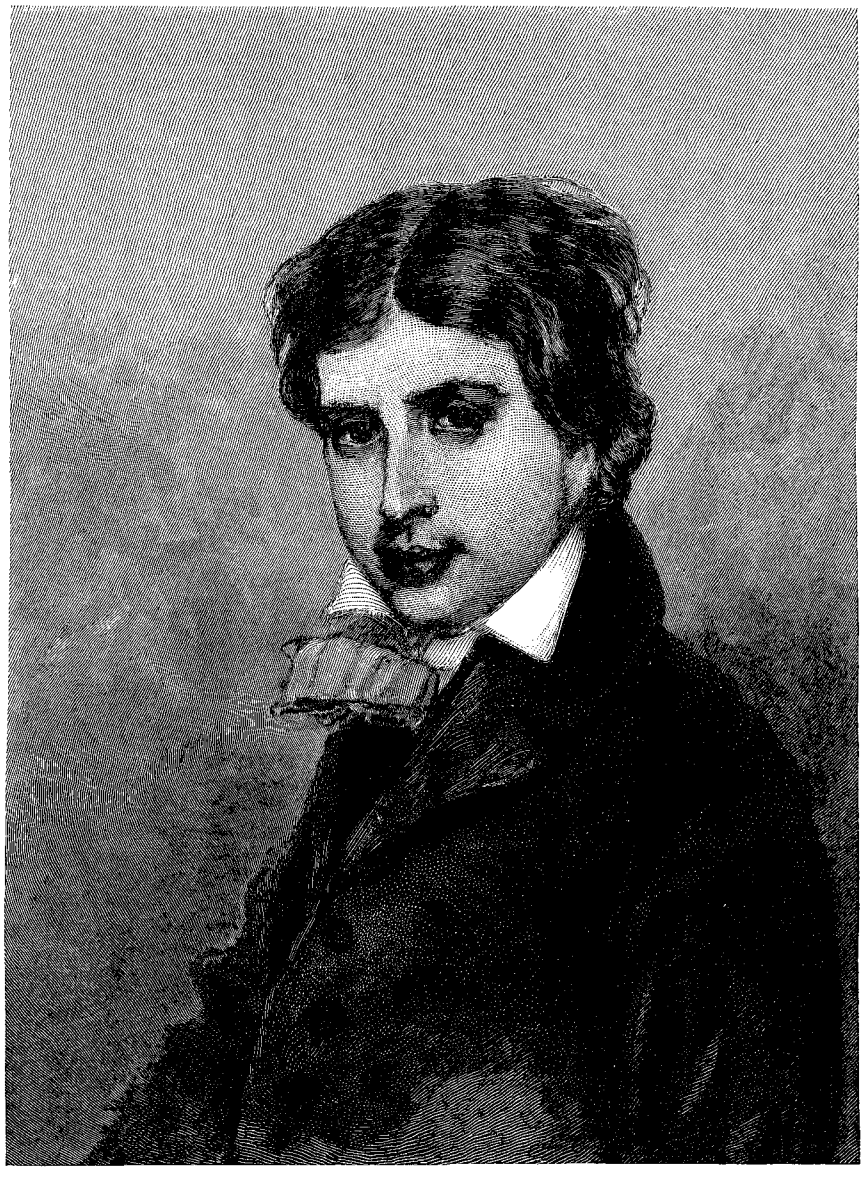

Portrait of Leigh Hunt. (From a drawing made in 1815.)

came to Mr. Fields, only those who have built up a collection of rare books can understand how much time and knowledge are required, under the most advantageous circumstances, to bring such a collection together. But a still more potent factor is that instinctive love and reverence for the teachers and inspirers of men which were essential qualities of his character. No one ever looked upon his treasures who regarded them with greater reverence and love than the collector himself, nor could anyone have a larger faith in their power of helpfulness. A certain sacredness gathers about the belongings of good and great men, which comes not only from a sense of contact, but from the fact that their surroundings express a kinship with others' tastes or necessities;

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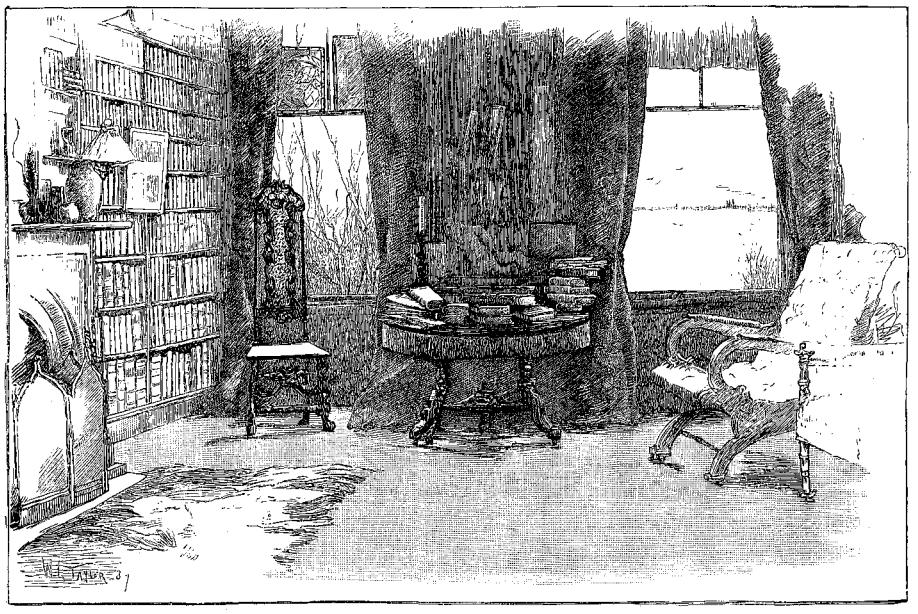

"My Friend's Library."

and how especially valuable, therefore, are their books, which introduce us into their workshop and give us some idea of their own means of education and development.

The influence of Leigh Hunt's surroundings upon John Keats illustrates this idea perfectly. Keats was hardly known even to himself when Leigh Hunt, with his infallible touchstone for discerning literary excellence in others, recognized his sensitive nature and drew him into friendly relations. Charles Cowden Clarke tells us that he went to call on Leigh Hunt one day, in a pretty cottage in the Vale of Health, on Hampstead Heath, soon after he and Keats had left school and gone to London. He carried in his pocket two or three of Keats's sonnets, which he thought were so good for a youth under age that he would venture to show them to Leigh Hunt, but he was not prepared for the prompt admiration with which they were received. The visit ended in a promise that he would soon bring Keats to Hampstead. It was in the library of this cottage, where, one night, a temporary bed had been made up for him on the sofa, that Keats composed the poem on "Sleep and Poetry," inspired by his surroundings. It was a modest room, clothed with such treasures as even a poor man may possess, but none the less there was inspiration in them for a poet's brain.

"It was a poet's home who keeps the keys
Of pleasure's temple—round about were hung
The glorious features of the bards who sung
In other ages—cold and sacred busts
Smiled at each other."

Keats's poem is indeed an exquisite illustration of the way in which our brains and hearts may be touched to finer issues by such surroundings.

As I quote these lines, fearful of some slip of a treacherous memory, I take a small volume of Keats from the shelf of old books. It is a battered little copy in green cloth, with the comfortable aspect of having been abroad with some loving companion in a summer shower. It is the copy long used by Tennyson, and evidently worn in his pocket on many an excursion. He once handed it to Mr. Fields at parting, and it was always cherished by the latter with reverence and affection. Here, in its quiet corner, the little book now awaits the day when some new singer shall be moved to song in memory of

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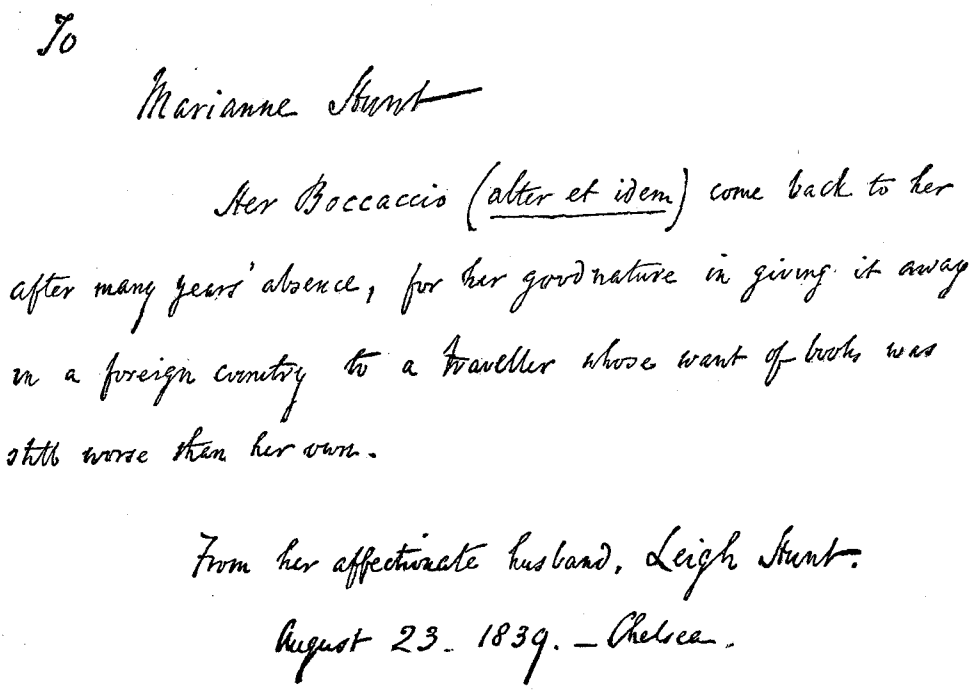
the great poet who loved and treasured it.

Many years ago it was our privilege to see Leigh Hunt in London, and to make a traveller's slight acquaintance with the interior which had inspired Keats. In response to a note of invitation, a portion of which is reproduced on page 303, we drove to Hammersmith, where he was then living. He was an old man with snowy hair, contrasting in this respect with the portrait on page 286, which was taken in the year 1815, at the request of Vincent Novello, just as he was leaving prison. But his eyes were still brilliant, and the fascinating grace of his manner was unimpaired. He was naturally rather tall and of a slender figure, but incessant daily toil at the desk caused him to stoop somewhat, though had long ago moved away from the pretty cottage at Hampstead. He was then living in a small house—one in a block of wooden buildings, if my memory serves me—which presented few external attractions either to a worldly or æsthetic observer; but Leigh Hunt was there, with his elegance and charm, like a prince in hiding. The same treasures were around him, too, which lighted Keats's fire of song. The Greek casts, "Sappho's meek head," "Great Alfred's too," "and Kosciusko's;"

> "Petrarch, outstepping from the shady green,
> Starts at the sight of Laura; nor can wean
> His eyes from her sweet face."

There they were, treasures indeed, when we remember that Keats opened his dreamy eyes upon them and found


To
Marianne Hunt
Her Boccaccio (alter et idem) come back to her after many years' absence, for her good nature in giving it away in a foreign country to a traveller whose want of books was still worse than her own.
From her affectionate husband, Leigh Hunt.
August 23. 1839. — Chelsea.

The Inscription in Marianne Hunt's Copy of Boccaccio.

his son says of him, "he was straight as an arrow and looked slenderer than he really was," but this was in earlier years, before time and toil had left their impress.

At the period of our visit, Leigh Hunt had reached his seventy-fifth year, and in them a fountain for his verse; in themselves they were but a few casts, a few engravings, a few sketches in color, a number of well-worn books, with windows full of flowers, and no heavy draperies to keep away heaven's light. The fresh white muslin curtains swayed in

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From Miss Whitney's Bust of Keats.

the summer breeze as Leigh Hunt talked, and the enchantment of his discourse captivated us as surely as it had done for so many years all those who had come into personal relation with him. We forgot the tea-table and forgot the hours, while he introduced us to his daughters, to his flowers (he called them "his gentle household pets"), and to his latest literary interests and occupations. He wore the dignity and sweetness of a man not only independent of worldly ambitions, but of one dependent upon unworldly satisfactions. There was no sense of defeat because he was a poor man, nor even of inadequacy, except for lack of time and strength to "entertain strangers." He wore the air of a noble laborer—ceaseless, indefatigable; and when we remember that the wolf was driven from his door through so long a life by his busy pen, a pen unarmed with popular force, he might well feel that the struggle had been an honorable one. In referring to his flowers, which were just breaking into clusters of bloom, he fell into a reverie in talk upon the mystery and ministry of beauty in

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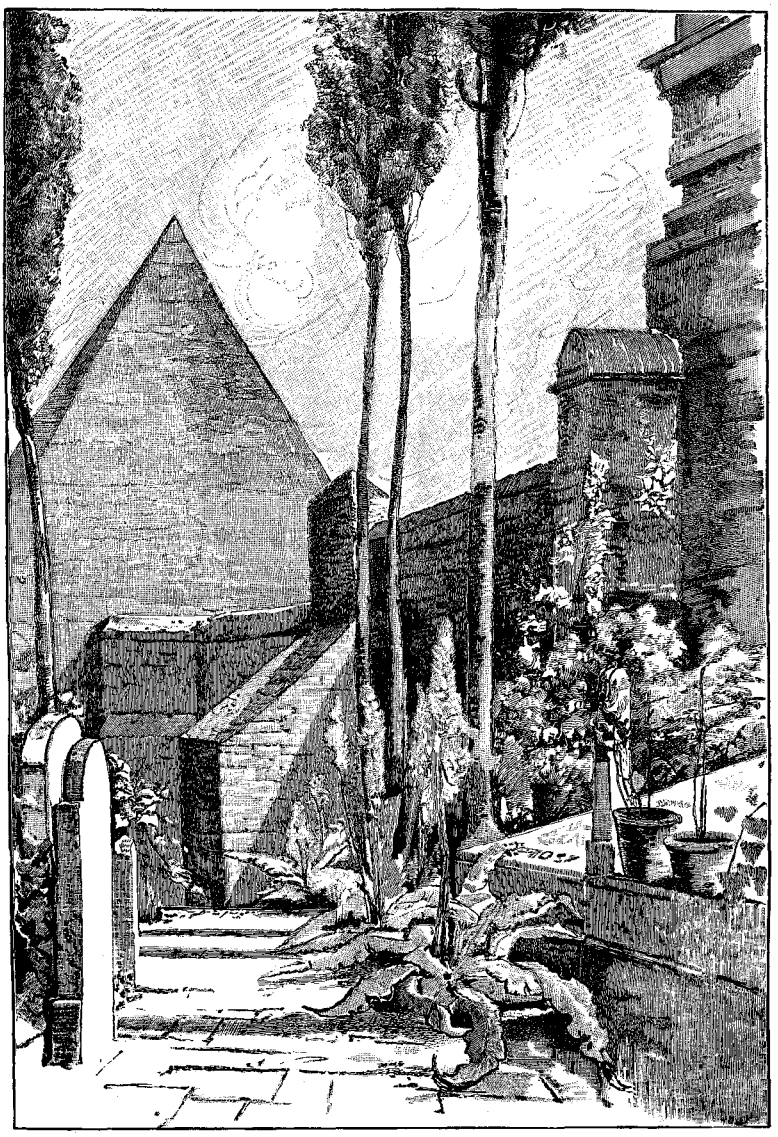

The Grave of Shelley in Rome.

the world, a subject which he has made peculiarly his own ; but he soon strayed into the beloved paths of literature, and then indeed everything else was forgotten. His daughters tried in every way to decoy him to the table, but in vain, until at length they ran off with half his audience, when he soon followed.

Wherever Hunt lived, flowers seem to have been his inseparable companions. Even in those younger days in prison, he papered his walls with a trellis of roses, and caused plants to be put before the barred windows. They were as characteristic companions as his books.

It seemed the most natural thing possible to hear Leigh Hunt talk of Shelley and Keats as if they had just closed the door by which we had entered. There was the very couch, perhaps, where Keats lay down to sleep, after, as he says, straying "in Spenser's halls;" for they

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had no room for him, we remember, and he was made to rest there among the books; and there, when he awoke, were

"Might half slumb'ring on his own right arm,"

and those other mysterious shadows of his poem.

Hunt said, in talking of Shelley, "It was not in him to hate a human being; but I remember being startled once by his saying, 'Hunt, why is it that we all write love-songs; why shouldn't we write hate-songs,' and he said he would some day, poor fellow! I believe, however, that he really did dislike the second Mrs. Godwin, because she was incapable of telling the truth, and he used to say, when he was obliged to dine with her, 'that he would lean back in his chair and languish into hate.'" It was interesting, too, in view of the unsatisfactory portraits and busts of Shelley, to hear Leigh Hunt say that "no one could describe him," and that he always seemed "as if he were just alit from the planet Mercury, bearing a wingèd wand tipped with flame."

Although our visit to Leigh Hunt was within a few months of his death, the native elasticity of his mind and the living grace of his manner were undimmed. He wore no aspect of the coming change, and the wan appearance of the portrait affixed to his Autobiography was so foreign to our memory of him that Mr. Fields has inscribed above it, "I saw Leigh Hunt in 1859, and this portrait bears no resemblance to the poet as I saw him. J. T. F." There is no Leigh Hunt now to enchant, and no Keats to be enchanted among the old books; but, as we stand silently in the corner where they chiefly rest together, watching the interchanging lights thrown through green branches from the shining river beyond, we remember that these causes of inspiration still abide with us, and that other book-lovers are yet to pore over these shelves and gather fresh life from the venerable volumes which stand upon them.

John Sterling said, many years ago, "They only find who know where to look." It was a skilful eye as well as a loving hand that brought this collection of books together. It is not one of the well-equipped libraries of a rich man, and we are sometimes led to think, in these later days of accessible public libraries, that it is a mistake to multiply books, with their attendant care, in private houses; but "My Friend's Library" is a collection of volumes which the collector himself read and loved, interspersed with such treasures as I have hinted at, books which have belonged to other writers, and been loved by readers whose very names are sacred.

Barry Cornwall.

The shelves near which we have been pausing are dedicated especially to Leigh Hunt's books. He was himself the prince of careful readers, enriching the pages as he passed over them with marks and comments which will serve to indicate passages of subtile meaning or noble incentive to all those who follow him while the books remain.

The history of the transfer of these volumes to our shores is easily told. "It is amazing," Dickens used to say, as if he were perceiving something nobody had ever thought of before, "it is amaz-

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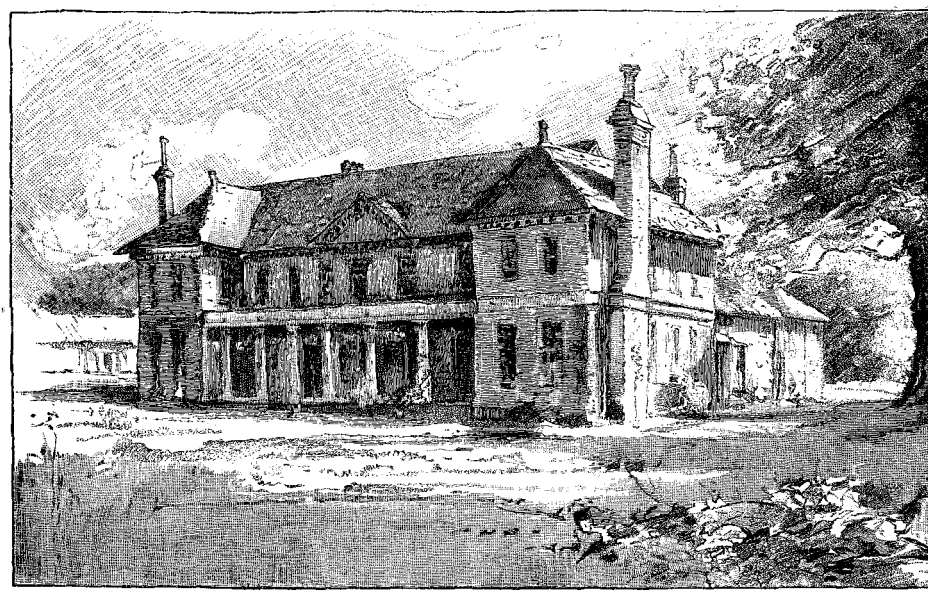

The Birth-place of Shelley.

ing what love can do!" and it was love for Leigh Hunt personally which really brought these books of his to America. Although the best of readers, he was a man who believed in a generous use of books, and he lent and gave them away as if he were almost indifferent to their preservation. Those which were dearest and most useful somehow clung about him, yet the number of broken sets of valuable books among his collection is almost incredible. Such as they were, however, Mr. Fields desired to have them, and they were all despatched to him soon after Leigh Hunt's death. There were about four hundred and fifty volumes altogether, and of these Mr. Fields kept less than two hundred. "I was foolish not to have kept them all," he often said in later years; but at the moment many persons appeared who expressed great enthusiasm about them, and it seemed like a kind of selfishness to keep them all. More than half the collection was scattered, and many have changed hands more than once since that time. We do not like to think of them wandering about homeless, or possibly finding shelter in some second-hand book-shop, gazing helplessly from unloved shelves.

The interest which hangs about this little group, thus snatched as it were from oblivion, is sufficient to detain us in this paper. A happy chance brought us to this shelf; let us not wander just now farther afield.

Leigh Hunt's association with the men of letters of his time was close and single-hearted. No man ever held more firmly to the path he had chosen. He was indefatigably at work. To call a man of his tastes and temperament no lover of pleasure would seem strangely inconsistent; but his pleasures were taken in Shakspeare's forest, in Spenser's palace, in Cowley's garden, in Herbert's church. He need not leave his own fireside for his finest enjoyments, and it was seldom indeed that Lord Holland or anybody else could lure him away from his writing-desk to the dinner-table. He was no diner-out; nevertheless, he became the intimate of the most interesting men of his time. He was the friend and biographer of Byron, he was greatly beloved by Shelley, and we have already seen how much he contributed to the happiness of Keats. He loved Shelley more deeply than the rest, and saw him much more intimately; but Carlyle, Hazlitt, Lamb, and Barry Cornwall, not to mention other famous writers, musicians, and artists of his day, were all upon friendly terms with him.

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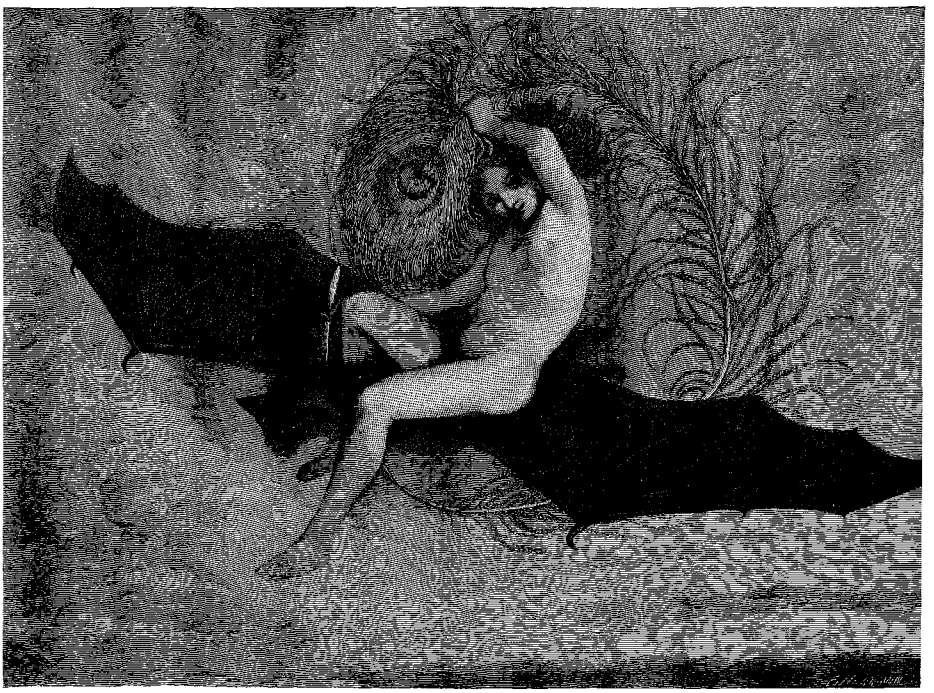
Once only did we meet him at dinner, at Mrs. Procter's. It was a memorable occasion. Adelaide Procter, Hawthorne, Sumner, Kinglake, and other celebrities were present; but Leigh Hunt's winning aspect and delightful talk made the occasion truly sympathetic and agreeable. I can recall, as we left the table, Barry Cornwall putting his arm about Hunt's shoulder, as they went up the stair, with the affectionate look of one who saw his dear friend only too rarely. Indeed we were afterward told it was the last time he dined out in company.

His social spirit is shown by the manner of his reading. He could never keep the good things to himself. He was truly



From Severn's painting, "Ariel on the Bat's Back."

"The Indicator" and "The Seer" for those who were to read after him. Up and down the pages run notes and marks to attract the attention of the unwary. No fine epithet, no delicate allusion, no fitting word were lost upon his sensitive ear. We cannot help touching the pages with veneration which have been read, re-read, and made precious by signs that serve as intellectual guide-posts to the mind.

The books relating to Leigh Hunt in this collection may be divided into two groups; first, those of his own writing; and second, those from which he often drew his inspiration, the books he loved to feed upon, his best companions. It is interesting to stand in this way, as it were, between the student and the author, on the ground between the conception and the finished work. By following his footsteps through the books he loved, we gather new light upon these companions of the mind, and at the same moment we gain fresh appreciation of Hunt's own peculiar talent for making the antique seed-grain bloom again.

In looking over the works of any true poet, and such Leigh Hunt undoubtedly was, we must in justice seek to know him in his poems; for however well a poet may write prose, we must search his poetry to learn his most sincere expression and to discover that capacity, if he have it, for rising above his subject, which is a necessary quality of all good writing.

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In Leigh Hunt's books we can often discover the suggestions and inspirations of his poems. It might be so, perhaps, with many another poet if we could find just such another reader. But he may be called an imprisoned singer, not alone in those years when he was actually shut in prison walls, but by reason of his constant confinement to his desk, because of the necessity for continual toil. Many of these hours, too, in his ripest manhood, were passed in the prosaic labor of a newspaper man's office. He found his refreshment and compensation in books. "The Story of Rimini," redolent as it is of Italy, was written in his London prison, long before Italy was anything but a dream to him. It is far from wonderful that the poem is no better; the wonder is that it has life at all.

Joseph Severn.

Hunt's love of Italy was very early awakened, and we have a delightful glimpse of him as a boy, first learning Italian at Christ's Hospital with his friend Barnes. It was a time of intense enjoyment. "We went shouting the beginning of Metastasio's 'Ode to Venus,'" he says, "as loud as we could bawl, over the Hornsey fields, and I can repeat it to this day from those first lessons."

Here is the large old copy of "The Novels and Tales of the Renowned John Boccaccio, the first Refiner of Italian Prose: containing A Hundred Curious Novels, by Seven Honorable Ladies and Three Noble Gentlemen, Framed in Ten Days." It was printed in London in 1684, and bears upon the first fly-leaf the following inscription [see p. 288]:

"To Marianne Hunt—

"Her Boccaccio (*alter et idem*) come back to her after many years' absence, for her good-nature in giving it away in a foreign country to a traveller whose want of books was still worse than her own.

"From her affectionate husband,

LEIGH HUNT.

"August 23, 1839.—Chelsea."

Boccaccio was one of Leigh Hunt's prime favorites, and there is another copy in different form close at hand. This time it is in two small leather-covered volumes printed "in Venezia," in the year 1542. The autograph inscription on the title-page is as follows:

"These volumes are presented as a slight but heartfelt acknowledgement for the kindnesses received by John Wilson from Leigh Hunt Esqre.

December 3d 1840."

Unhappily Leigh Hunt's copy of Dante is not among the old books; perhaps it never came to America. I only find three volumes of Commentaries on the Poets of Italy, which were evidently useful books to him, and the Memoirs (in English) of Alessandro Tassoni. Near these stand his own two volumes of "Stories from Italian Poets," which are dedicated to Shelley. They are in the form of a summary of the great works by the five principal narrative poets of Italy: Dante, Pulci, Boiardo, Ariosto, and Tasso, and they prove to us at least the careful study he had bestowed upon Italian literature. Many of the most precious of

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Leigh Hunt's old books are associated with that portion of his life passed in Italy; chiefly, in our minds, perhaps, because Shelley and Keats, his dearest friends, died there, and because his friendship for Shelley ripened upon Italian soil. There are three of these books standing in a row, which must be looked upon especially with reverence, I believe, by all lovers of literature. The first is an illustrated copy of Shelley's poems, the one edited by Mrs. Shelley and dedicated to their son, after Shelley's death, in 1839. It bears upon its title-page the following inscription: "To Marianne Hunt on her birthday. Sep. 28. 1844, from her loving husband Leigh Hunt." This edition contains two interesting portraits of Shelley, and a picture of Field Place, in Sussex, where he was born; also an etching of the cottage in which he lived at Marlowe, and two different views of his burial place.

There is also laid between the leaves of this book, at the opening of the "Adonais," a letter from Joseph Severn, of whom Shelley says in his preface to the poem (as all the world forever will remember), "He (Keats) was accompanied to Rome by Mr. Severn, a young artist of the highest promise, who, I have been informed, 'almost risked his own life, and sacrificed every prospect to unwearied attendance upon his dying friend.' Had I known these circumstances before the completion of my poem, I should have been tempted to add my feeble tribute of applause to the more solid recompense which the virtuous man finds in the recollection of his own motives. Mr. Severn can dispense with a reward from 'such stuff as dreams are made of.' His conduct is a golden augury of the success of his future career—may the unextinguished Spirit of his illustrious friend animate the creations of his pencil, and plead against Oblivion for his name!" In Severn's letter, which is addressed to Mr. Fields in 1871, he says: "I confess that I live upon the past." He encloses a photograph of himself (and this also is inserted), taken from a picture made when he was but twenty-seven years old, adding: "my lanthorn jaws I do not send." It is by no means a disappointing face, but one full of gentleness and enthusiasm.

The mention of Severn's name leads me to other unpublished letters from him, containing further particulars of those early days when he was with Keats. To that period also belongs a picture, which hangs near the books, of "Ariel on the Bat's Back" [p. 293], a fanciful and yet realistic bit of painting, giving a good idea of Severn's own ability at his ripest period. We learn the origin of his pa-

From a drawing of Keats by Severn, in the possession of Mrs. Fields.

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Percy Bysshe Shelley.

per on Keats, written for the *Atlantic Monthly*, of April, 1863, in a letter to Mr. Fields. He says, "At last I have performed my promise to you in writing a paper on Keats, which I now enclose. . . . You will be interested by the romantic incident in my Keats paper, of my charming meeting with the poet's sister in Rome, and that we have become like brother and sister. She lives here with her Spanish family; her name is Llanos; she was married to a distinguished Spanish patriot and author, and has two sons and two daughters, one of whom is married to Brockman, the Spanish Director of the Roman railways. . . .

"I am glad you saw my posthumous portrait of Keats. It was an effort to erase his dead figure from my memory and represent my last pleasant sight of him." And in another letter, referring to the drawing of Keats reproduced on page 295, he says: "I am your debtor, for you set me about a task so congenial that when my daughter saw me draw it she de-

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clared it was an inspiration and implored me to do her also a sketch of Keats. I am glad to assure you that it is a good likeness, and gave me delight even in this respect, in calling up his dear image."

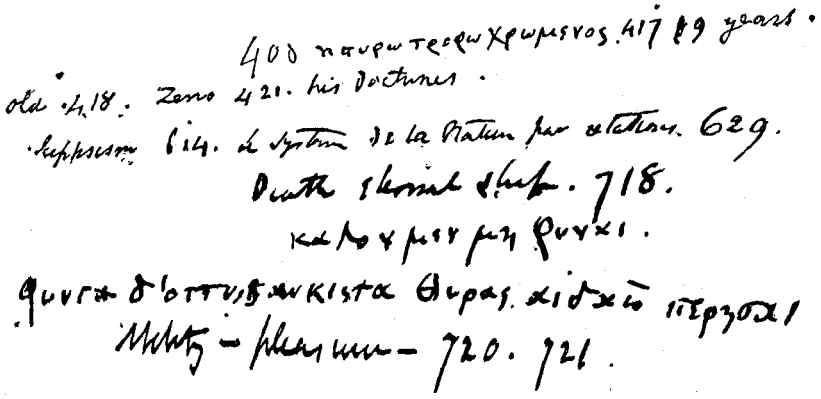
The second of the three interesting books already referred to is an old, brown leather-covered volume, which is more closely associated with Shelley and Leigh Hunt than any of the others. Shelley's generosity was unbounded, and in his eagerness to have Hunt share his enjoyments he would often part for a time even with his most precious books. The names of the two friends stand upon the fly-leaf of this copy of Diogenes Laertius. It is written in Greek and Latin, with double columns, but the notes, which appear to be all written by Shelley, are in Greek and English. Unfortunately they are written in pencil, and are slowly but surely disappearing.

One of the first written is still legible: "*To read Diogenes again and again.*" Mrs. Shelley says of her husband: "His extreme sensibility gave the intensity of passion to his intellectual pursuits;" and we feel, as his eyes ranged over the splendid garden of the ancients which this book spread out before him, how the passion grew and how the light of his spirit vivified the printed lines. He marked page after page for reference; poems rose before his fancy as he read, until at length the lines of Plato shone upon him which now stand as prelude to the "Adonais." They are from an epitaph upon a certain Stella, and may be rendered into English as follows:

"Living, you shone as Lucifer in the morning sky;
Dead, you now shine as Hesperus among the shades."

But why translate them into prose, when Shelley himself has left them crystallized in the heart of an English verse!

"Thou wert the morning star among the living,
Ere thy fair light had fled;—
Now, having died, thou art as Hesperus, giving
New splendor to the dead." *



Inscription on the Fly-leaf of Diogenes Laertius, owned by Shelley and Leigh Hunt.

192 PLATO. Lib. III.

Iamdudum viuis lucebas lucifer, at nunc
Extinctus luces Hesperus Elysiis.

30) In Dionem vero in hunc modum:

Et lacrymas Hecubae, et Troianis fata puellis
Decreuere recens ex genitrice satis.

At tibi post partos praeclaro Marte

From Shelley's Copy of Diogenes Laertius. (The lines prefixed to "Adonais.")

* I found the following translation of this verse among the Greek fragments of that unrivalled translator and poet, Maurice Purcell Fitz-Gerald:

"Star of the morning shinedst thou,
Ere life had fled:
Star of the evening art thou now
Among the dead!"

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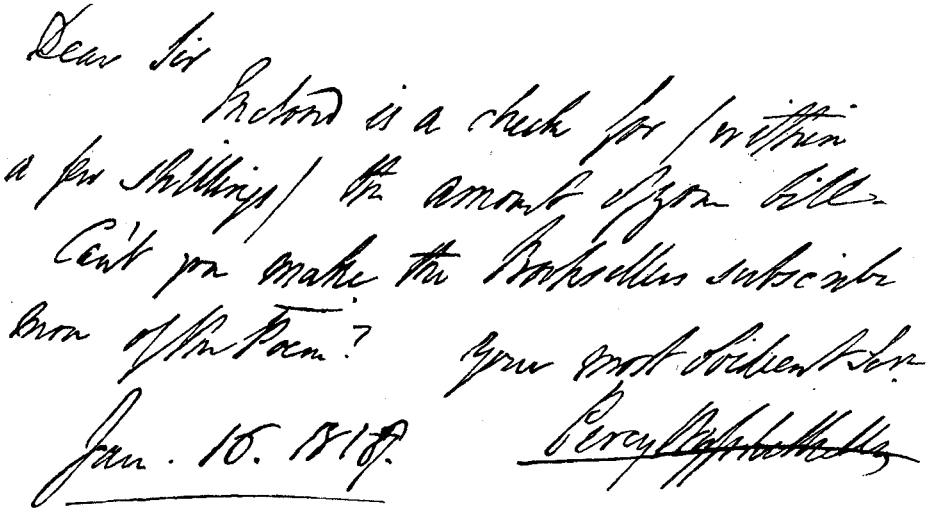
It is no stretch of imagination to see Shelley with this book under the olive-trees on some solitary height, or floating with it as his sole companion in his fateful boat. His love for it was not a passing fancy; he seems to have lived with it for several years, as we find mention of it first in the year 1814, in Professor Dowden's incomparable biography. In that most miserable season when Shelley was in hiding from the bailiffs, Mary writes to him from her solitary lodgings: "Will you be at the door of the Coffee House at five o'clock, as it is disagreeable to go into such places? I shall be there exactly at that time, and we can go into St. Paul's, where we can sit down. I send you Diogenes, as you have no books." Professor Dowden adds in a note: "Probably a translation of Wieland's Diogenes;" but in a list of books read by Mary and Shelley during that year, a few pages further on, it is distinctly set down as "Diogenes Laertius."

Fields writes, "with the two young English poets, and was thumbed by them on the decks of vessels, in the chambers of out-of-the-way inns, and under the olive-trees of Pisa and Genoa."

Now it is at last safely housed, and


Dear Sir
Enclosed is a check for / written
a few Shillings / the amount of your bill.
Can't you make the Booksellers subscribe
soon for the Poem?
Your most obedient Servt
Percy Bysshe Shelley
Jan. 16. 1818.

with its plain brown coat, a hermit thrush among books, stands unsuspected in its quiet corner. By and by will not some other lover in some later age hear the voice again?

Standing next to Diogenes Laertius on the shelf, is the third volume to which we have referred, a book where Coleridge, Shelley, and Keats stand bound together, three in one, with Leigh Hunt's notes sometimes covering the margins. This book was a petted possession both of Hunt and its last owner. It is enriched with autographs of each of the authors, and upon the fly-leaf at the back Leigh Hunt has copied a poem written to him by Keats "On the Story of Rimini." This was sent originally to Hunt inscribed on the first leaf of a presentation copy of Keats's poems.

The pages of this volume also are worn at the edges, and in spite of a second binding, it will afflict no lover of books by too great freshness.

There is a letter from Coleridge laid between its leaves, a feast one comes upon in turning them, as if quite by chance. It is "very characteristic," as catalogues say. There is one also by

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Shelley, a few pages further on, that is brief and at first sight not at all characteristic. He writes :

"Dear Sir, Enclosed is a check for (within a few shillings) the amount of your bill. Can't you make the Booksellers subscribe more of the Poem ?

Your most obedient serv.
PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

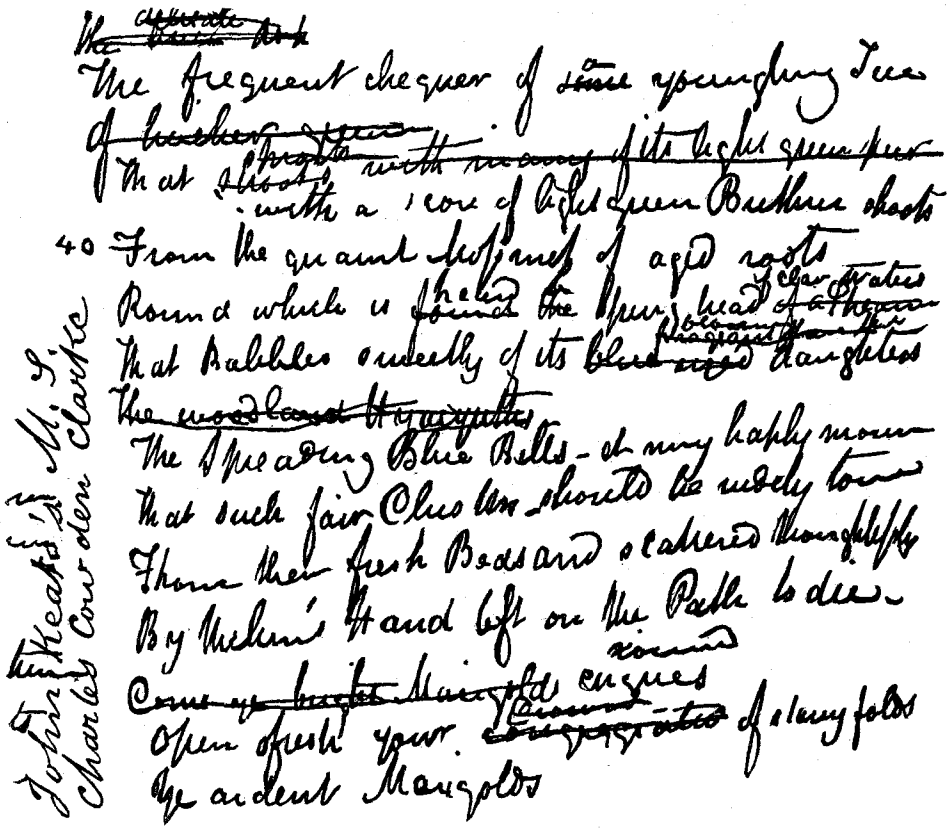
Jan. 16, 1818."

The autograph of Keats in this volume is a part of the first draught of the poem, "I stood tip-toe upon a little hill." school-fellow calls to mind a line from "The Eve of St. Agnes" for which Clarke was responsible. It seems, even in their school-days, Clarke had access to a piano, and in after years, when Keats was one day reading to him from the poem, which was still in manuscript, the line,

"The hall door shuts again, and all the noise is gone."

"That line," he said, "came into my head when I remembered how I used to listen in bed to your music at school."

But Keats's autograph in this volume of the three poets is of unusual value ;



Fac-simile from the Manuscript of Keats's Poem, "I stood tip-toe upon a little hill."

the motto of which poem is a line by Leigh Hunt,

"Places of nestling green for poets made."

The autograph is marked as received by Mr. Fields from his friend Charles Cowden Clarke. The name of Keats's not only because it contains certain lines beloved by all readers of poetry, but because we gain a glimpse into the very workhouse of the poet's brain. The lines now stand,

"Open afresh your round of starry folds,
Ye ardent marigolds!"

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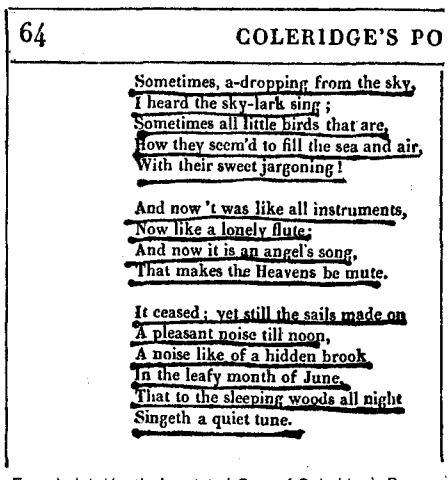
but we see how he toiled after the perfected loveliness of these verses when we study his manuscript. He starts off,

"Come ye bright Marigolds"

and then his impatient pen dashes out the passage, and he begins again. At last the right words came, and he knew them and was content.

Writing of books, Charles Lamb says


64 COLERIDGE'S PO

Sometimes, a-dropping from the sky,
I heard the sky-lark sing;
Sometimes all little birds that are,
How they seem'd to fill the sea and air,
With their sweet jargoning!

And now 't was like all instruments,
Now like a lonely flute;
And now it is an angel's song,
That makes the Heavens be mute.

It ceased; yet still the sails made on
A pleasant noise till noon,
A noise like of a hidden brook
In the leafy month of June,
That to the sleeping woods all night
Singeth a quiet tune.

From Leigh Hunt's Annotated Copy of Coleridge's Poems.

somewhere, "Reader, if haply thou art blessed with a moderate collection, be shy of showing it; or if thy heart overfloweth to lend them, lend thy books; but let it be to such an one as S. T. C. —he will return them (generally anticipating the time appointed) with usury; enriched with annotations tripling their value. I have had experience." In his turn, Coleridge receives in this volume the like tribute of annotation from Leigh Hunt. Line after line is underscored with an emphasis that will not let you turn the page till you have read them. The lovely passages seem to gain at least a double value from his signs of admiration.

It is dangerous to gather flowers in such fields! They rise in crowds about us, and we regret a seeming partiality. When we come to "Kubla Khan" hardly a line escapes Hunt's index; we seem to read certain things with him for the first time, and are startled by their wondrous beauty. "Youth and Age," "A Day Dream," "The Ancient Mariner," and "Christabel" are, of course, especially marked, as if he really could not contain his wonder and his delight.

In returning to Leigh Hunt's own poems, we are still able, as I have said, to trace the origin of many an inspiration back to these old books. Among his productions one of the first in value is certainly that beautiful brief story of Abou Ben Adhem. The matter of this poem lies like an embedded jewel in the *Bibliothèque Orientale*. We have only to read the two or three long prose paragraphs contained therein, giving the history of Abou, to wonder even more than ever at the transmuting power of Hunt's poetic pen. It is dull reading enough, compared with the poem.

The book, however, is a precious one, in spite of its prosaicisms, or perhaps because of them; for not only does it contain the seed-grain of "Abou ben Adhem," but the suggestion of another of Hunt's best poems may be found in its pages. "The Trumpets of Doolkarnein" is a longer poem and far less known than "Abou ben Adhem," but it was Longfellow's favorite among the works of Leigh Hunt. Of his copies of Theocritus, Redi, and Alfieri, all kindred spirits to his own, and inciters in his mind to fresh poetry, there is no room to write. Readers of Leigh Hunt's books will see how unaffectedly he delighted in these authors, and how much he drew from them.

But before closing his volume of poems, we must recall that charming rondeau about Mrs. Carlyle, who was so much more delightful a cause of inspiration than even our old books!

"Jenny kissed me when we met,
Jumping from the chair she sat in;
Time, you thief, who love to get
Sweets into your list, put that in:
Say I'm weary, say I'm sad,
Say that health and wealth have missed me,
Say I'm growing old, but add,
Jenny kiss'd me."

In his Autobiography Leigh Hunt says, speaking of his school-days: "My favorite books out of school-hours were Spenser, Collins, Gray, and the *Arabian Nights*." This last he has italicized, and

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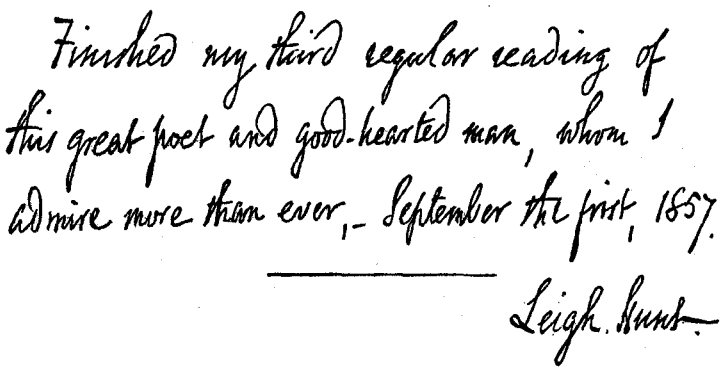
it is a pleasure to find his copy among these volumes; probably not the very same he read at school, but the one presented, as the inscription on the title-page tells us,

"To Vincent Leigh Hunt from his loving Father,"

and the one Leigh Hunt read many times in his later years. It is filled with those delicate strokes of the pen which he loved to draw, not only at the side of a favorite passage, but under every word, until the reader can seem to taste the savor with which he devoured them. The "Arabian Nights" never lost their fascination for him. At the end of the fifth volume he writes the following note:

"Finished another regular reading of these enchanting stories, for I know not what time,—but after 'many a time and *oft*,'—September 26, 1836.

LEIGH HUNT."


Finished my third regular reading of
this great poet and good-hearted man, whom I
admire more than ever,- September the first, 1857.
Leigh Hunt.

Written at the End of Leigh Hunt's Copy of Chaucer.

we feel how the wonder was still a fresh one as he read.

"When *the smoke was all out of the vessel, it reunited, and became a solid body, of which was formed a genie twice as high as the greatest of giants.*"

He evidently disapproves of the editor of this edition (1811) because he is inclined to moralize: "Why can't you let us judge for ourselves," he writes once, almost pettishly, in the margin. Again, when, about midnight, "Maimoune sprung lightly to the mouth of the well, to wander about the world, after her wonted custom," Leigh Hunt writes, with droll gravity, on the leaf: "Fairy princesses, who live in wells, must be of a different order of royalty from those who inhabit subterranean bowers."

Nothing could be more characteristic or bring the poet before us in his true light more clearly than these fascinating notes. He takes it all so seriously, as, for instance, in these comments: "There is a curious mixture of noble and inferior taste in this description. The white pillars and embroideries of white and red roses on cloth of gold are exquisite; and the balconies fitted up like sophas and looking out into gardens are fit for them. Not so the shop-full of roses, the coloured

192 POEMS ATTRIBUTED TO CHAUCER.

This is Chaucer-like

IT falleth for a gentleman
To say the best that he can
Alwaies in mannes absence,
And the sooth in his presence.

IT commeth by kind of gentil blood
To cast away all heavinesse,
And gader togither words good,
The werk of wisdome beareth witnesse.

One of Leigh Hunt's Annotations.

He was then fifty-two years old. His notes in these volumes are extraordinary reading, because the childlikeness of his mind is so apparent in them. When he underlines a passage like the following,

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pebbles, the gilt brass and the fighting birds. There is doubtless, however, a national truth in the picture which has an interest of its own." When the prince in the story "could not forbear expressing in his song that he knew not whether he was going to drink the wine she had presented to him or his own tears," Leigh Hunt's ready sympathy responds, "Graceful passion ! ! !" A serious reader of our commonplace days can hardly repress a smile at this enthusiasm in the man of fifty-two, but perhaps the smile should be a sigh that we are incapable of these festal days of fancy. He holds out well, too, through the six volumes, embroidering them impartially with his notes. He discovers that "the author of these tales and Ariosto both selected China as the country of the most beautiful women in the world ! Angelica was a Chinese ;" and he remarks, busy editor that he was, upon a description of the imprisonment of the Sultan's son : "Books, and an old tower, and quiet, are not the worst things that could have happened to him."

King Bedir says in the tale : "It is not enough to be beautiful ; one's actions ought to correspond. . . ."

"It is curious," says Leigh Hunt, "that this sentiment is so often lost sight of by others who have adventures with the beautiful fairies that figure in so many of these tales. The Eastern beauty seems allowed a certain quantum of rage and cruelty as a sort of moral Pin-money which she may spend without being accountable for it." "This picture," he writes on another page, "is in fine keeping ;—a palace of black marble, a melancholy lady at a window, with torn garments, and a black cannibal for the master of the house."

"An Oone !" he exclaims again. "An addition to one's stock of beings ! Pardon me Oone for forgetting thee. The pleasure of seeming to see thee for the first time ought to procure my forgiveness."

But I must have done with copying these tempting notes, tempting because I seem to see Leigh Hunt again as I knew him in the flesh and heard him speak. For Ali Baba's sake, however, we must be forgiven one more extract.

"Hail, dear old story, in coming to thee again for I know not the whatth time ! But why must our friend the editor, among his other changes (all painful even when right) be so very particular, and contemptuous of old associations, as to think it necessary to convert the word 'thieves' into 'robbers'? 'The Forty Thieves,' that was the good old sound, and for my part I will say Forty Thieves, still, and forever, however I may be prevailed upon to write Alla-adi-Deen for Aladdin and Kummir al Zumman for Camaralzamen ; *and I do not think after all that I will do that.*"

Leigh Hunt's book, "A Jar of Honey from Mount Hybla," is an excellent illustration of the way in which he utilized his reading. In the very first essay of the volume, the one entitled "A Blue Jar from Sicily and a Brass Jar from the 'Arabian Nights ;' and what came out of each," he skilfully draws from the two jars, the one of blue china, which recalled Sicilian seas, and the one of brass, which recalled the ufreet, such an epitome of the spirit of Theocritus and of the "Arabian Nights" that we enter perfectly for the moment into the circle of their delicate illusions.

"In consequence of the word 'Sicilian,' by a certain magical process the inside of our blue jar became enriched beyond its honey. . . . Theocritus rose before us, with all his poetry. . . . Johnson says that Milton and his friend were not 'nursed on the same hill,' as represented in Lycidas ; and that they did not 'feed the same flock.' But they were, and they did ; . . . and very grievous it was for them to be torn asunder, to be deprived by death of their mutual delight in Theocritus, and Virgil, and Spenser." Leigh Hunt found Theocritus to be "a son of Ætna —all peace and luxuriance in ordinary, all fire and wasting fury when he chose it. He was a genius equally potent and universal." In support of his doctrine he brings both virile and lovely things from the blue jar, and quotes enough to persuade us to his belief. There is a translation of "The Feast of Adonis," to which the Syracusan gossips go and listen to the song of a Grecian girl, which shows his poetic hand :

"Go, belov'd Adonis, go
Year by year thus to and fro ;

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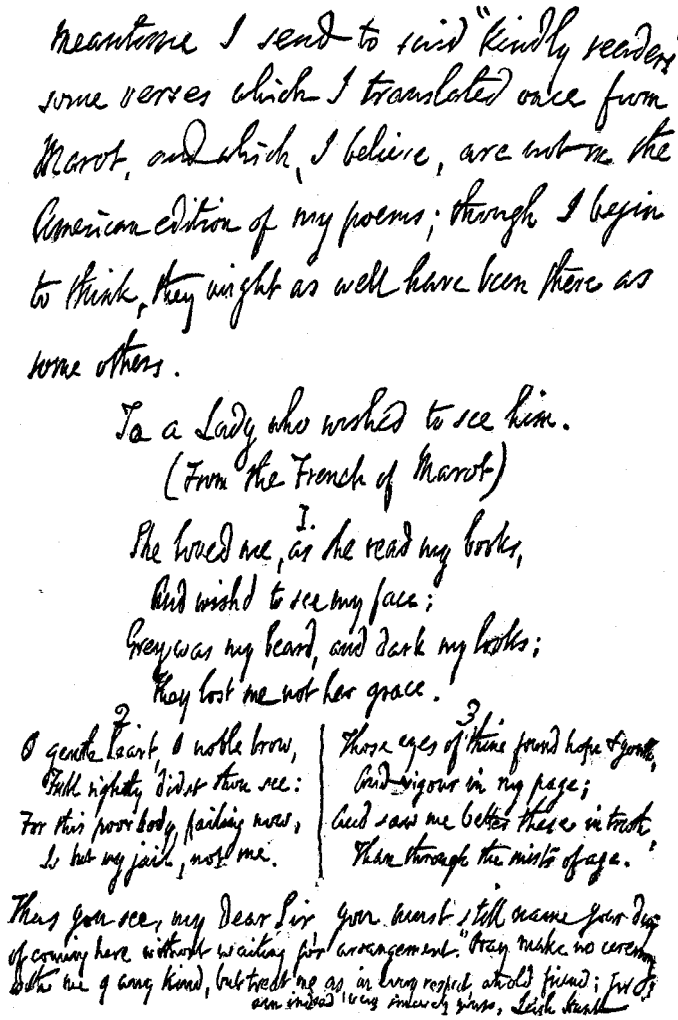

Meantime I send to said "kindly reader" some verses which I translated once from Marot, and which, I believe, are not in the American edition of my poems; though I begin to think they might as well have been there as some others.

To a Lady who wished to see him.
(From the French of Marot)

I.
She loved me, as she read my books,
And wished to see my face;
Grey was my beard, and dark my looks;
They lost me not her grace.

2.
O gentle heart, & noble brow,
Full rightly did ye there see:
For this poor body, failing now,
Is but my jail, not me.

3.
Those eyes of thine found hope & youth,
And vigour in my page;
And saw me better there in truth
Than through the mists of age.

Thus you see, my Dear Sir, your wish & kind offer came too late. I was already engaged to come here without waiting for arrangement. Pray make no excuses both to me & any kind, but tried friend, as in every respect, old friend; just as I am indeed I am ever sincerely yours, Leigh Hunt

Part of a Note of Invitation from Leigh Hunt.

Only privileged demigod;
There was no such open road
For Atrides; nor the great
Ajax, chief infuriate;
Nor for Hector, noblest once
Of his mother's twenty sons;
Nor Patroclus, nor the boy
That returned from taken Troy;
Nor those older buried bones,
Lapiths and Deucalions;
Nor Pelopians, and their boldest;
Nor Pelasgians, Greece's oldest.
Bless us then, Adonis dear,
And bring us joy another year;
Dearly hast thou come again,
And dearly shalt be welcomed then."

With respect to the brass jar, the reader is called upon to remember how "eighteen hundred years after the death of Solomon a certain fisherman, after throwing his nets to no purpose, and beginning to be in despair, succeeded in catching a jar of brass. . . . He took a knife and worked at the tin cover till he had separated it from the jar. Then he shook the jar to tumble out whatever might be in it, and found in it not a thing. So he marvelled with extreme amazement. But presently there came out of the jar a vapour, and it rose up towards the heavens, and reached along the face of the earth; and after this the vapour reached its height, and condensed and became—an Ufreet. . . ." "Here,"

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says Leigh Hunt, "is an Ufreet as high as the clouds, fish that would have delighted Titian (they were blue, white, yellow, and red,) a lady, full dressed, issuing out of a kitchen wall, a king, half-turned to stone by his wife, a throne given to a fisherman, and a half-dozen other phenomena, *all resulting from one poor brazen jar*," with which indeed his own fancy has achieved wonders.

It is by reading after Hunt and observing the way in which his mind played over a variety of subjects, that we recognize the truth of Carlyle's tribute when he called him "A man of genius in a very strict sense of the word, and in all the senses which it bears or implies."

If it were only by the token of his enthusiasm, by the power of lighting his torch at the great shrines and of inspiring others, Leigh Hunt's name should be held in remembrance; and it is with a feeling akin to pity that we see him mentioned in a late life of John Keats as a man of "second-rate powers." We feel pity for a writer who, in unfolding the loveliness of Keats's genius, has allowed his eyes to be blinded towards his friend and contemporary. That Hunt's gifts were second to those of Keats, no one can deny, but that they were second-rate powers in themselves, the record which he has left in his Autobiography and other works must forever disprove.

Among the volumes of the English poets upon our shelf formerly belonging to Leigh Hunt, we find his Chaucer thoroughly marked and annotated. "He was one of my best friends," he said once. At the end of the eighth volume he has written [p. 301]: "Finished my third regular reading of this great poet and good-hearted man, whom I admire more than ever." The Chaucer notes are too full and too minute to be quoted, especially as in his "Specimens of Chaucer," collected in "The Seer," we find much of the material digested and preserved. It is seeing, as it were, the first rush of feeling in which the notes were written which makes them interesting to decipher, but his published essays contain the gist of his recorded thought.

His copy of Ben Jonson is a quaint possession, full of new suggestions. But Ben Jonson with Hunt's notes is sufficient for a paper by itself, and in spite of the temptation to follow his lead in such pleasant pastures, we must pass on; yet we cannot help rejoicing with him over striking passages, as we quickly turn the leaves; for instance where, in the "Masque of Queens," he marks:

> "I last night lay all alone
> On the ground to hear the mandrake groan."

The copy of Boswell's Johnson is also full of valuable comment. On the fly-leaf of the first volume Leigh Hunt has carefully copied two pages of "Holcroft on Boswell," chiefly bearing witness to the latter's inquisitiveness. His own contributions to Johnsoniana are full of wit and wisdom. Hunt was, as I have said, an indefatigable workman. He read and wrote, for weeks together, from the early morning until midnight, and the enormous amount of literary knowledge and skill he acquired was in proportion. However great his sufferings from poverty were, they were not caused by any lack of diligence in himself, but by the terrible responsibility of a large family to be maintained by the point of a pen. The result of these great labors is to the benefit of posterity, and a future edition of Boswell, incorporating his notes, would seem to be the only fit method of reproducing them. I find one profitable bit of Hunt's autobiography on the margin. He says, in reference to a passage describing Johnson's "dejection, gloom, and despair," "I had it myself at the age of 21, not with irritation and fretfulness, but pure gloom and ultra-thoughtfulness, — constant dejection; during which however I could trifle and appear cheerful to others. I got rid of it by horseback, as I did also of a beating of the heart. I had the same hypochondria afterwards for four years and a half together. In both cases I have no doubt that indigestion was at the bottom of the disease, aggravated by a timid ultra-temperance. I never practised the latter again, and the far greater part of my life has been cheerful in the midst of my troubles. I have however not been a great or luxurious feeder, and I have been cheerful on system as well as inclination. My childhood was very cheerful mixed with tenderness;

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and I had many illnesses during infancy. I think I owe my best health to the constant and temperate regimen of Christ Hospital. During both my illnesses the mystery of the universe perplexed me; but I had not one melancholy thought on religion."

When we recall Johnson's criticisms of Milton's poetry, the following note is agreeable to our sense of truth. It is written upon a page where Johnson has been saying that "had Sir Isaac Newton applied himself to poetry he could have made a fine epic poem; *I* could as easily apply to law as to tragic poetry." "Surely the company must have been laughing here," says Leigh Hunt. "Could Johnson, who had no ear, have made a musician? With no eye, a painter?"

But no seductions by the way should lead to the copying of these notes apart from the text, especially while so long a row of books stands unmentioned and beckons us to give them at least a nod of recognition.

Of Leigh Hunt's copy of Milton Mr. Fields writes: "I am pained to observe in my friend's library several broken sets of valuable books. One of her copies of Milton, of which author she has some ten different editions, has a gap in it, which probably will never be filled again. Gone, I fear, forever, is that fourth volume, rich in notes in the handwriting of him who sang of 'Rimini' and 'Abou Ben Adhem.'"

Boston's long-loved teacher, George B. Emerson, used to say to his pupils, "Lending books is a most expensive luxury." In consequence of this indulgent temper, Hunt's Milton stands shorn of the fourth volume, containing a part of "Paradise Lost." The volumes that remain are much interlined and commented, but we miss the first and second books of the great poem all the more because he has so enriched the portions that are left to us. "L'Allegro" and "Il Penseroso" he considers "the happiest of Milton's productions." We can easily understand how congenial their loveliness would be to Leigh Hunt. He especially observes in "L'Allegro" the passage containing the lines:

"While the ploughman near at hand,
Whistles o'er the furrowed land,
And the milkmaid singeth blithe,
And the mower whets his scythe,
And every shepherd tells his tale
Under the hawthorn in the dale."

Warton in a note reminds us that the "late ingenious Mr. Headley suggested that the word *tale* does not here imply stories told by shepherds but that it is a technical term for *numbering* sheep." Leigh Hunt adds: "This explanation would probably be rejected by most young readers at first, as interfering with their Arcadian luxuries; and might even be unkindly regarded by older ones for the same reason: but it will be adopted by every grown reader of poetry at last."

The line,

"Bosom'd high in tufted trees,"

was evidently a favorite; also those,

"Untwisting all the chains that tie
The hidden souls of harmony."

Of "Il Penseroso" he says: "This word ought always to be spelt *pensieroso*, and not in its present way, which is certainly not the common one with Italian writers, and I am told is not to be found in them at all."

Many books still look at us from Leigh Hunt's group, and there are interesting things for book-lovers still to be found among them. There is his copy of Plato's "Republic," of Emerson's "English Traits," the notes in which gave Emerson himself much amusement; Carlyle's "French Revolution" and others. Sadi, and the English poets, and Sterne were all evidently favorite reading. There is a freshness like that of a June rose in Hunt's delight in good books to the very end, and the same freshness is to be found in his own work. We are sorry to think that he is not much read or known by the younger generation, and perhaps if it were understood how little the term "old-fashioned" applies to him, he would be more eagerly sought. Many a young lover of books would sympathize with the writer, if the pages of "Imagination and Fancy" were once opened in a quiet corner.

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THE ELECTRIC MOTOR AND ITS APPLICATIONS.

By Franklin Leonard Pope.

N the morning of December 25, 1821, the young wife of an assistant in the laboratory of the Royal Institution of London, was called by her husband to share his delight at the success of an interesting experiment, the possibility of accomplishing which had occupied his thoughts for many weeks. What the young woman saw, upon entering the laboratory, was this: Upon a table stood a small vessel filled nearly to the brim with mercury; a copper wire was supported in a vertical position, so as to dip into the mercury, while a little bar-magnet floated in the liquid metal as a spar-buoy floats in a tideway, having been anchored by a bit of thread to the bottom of the vessel. The mass of mercury having been connected by a wire to one pole of a voltaic battery, the experimentalist had found that whenever the electric circuit was completed by touching the other battery conductor to the vertical wire, the floating bar would revolve around the latter as a centre. In this simple manner a continuous mechanical motion was, for the first time, produced by the action of an electric current.

The world is even now but just awakening to a conception of the magnificent possibilities of the humble gift which was slipped into its stocking on that Christmas morning by the since world-famous man, who not long before had jocosely described himself as "Michael Faraday, late book-binder's apprentice, now turned philosopher."

In the winter of 1819–20, the Danish philosopher Œrsted had observed that if an electric current was made to traverse a wire in proximity and parallel to a magnetic compass-needle, the needle was deflected, and instead of pointing to the north, tended to place itself at right angles to the wire. The consequences of this discovery, which in truth was nothing less than that of the possibility of converting the energy of an electric current into mechanical power, proved to be far reaching and important. It was at once seized upon by the brilliant and fertile mind of the French academician Ampère, who by a series of masterly analyses, showed that all the observed phenomena were referable to the mutual attractions and repulsions of parallel electric currents, while his *confrère* Arago succeeded in permanently magnetizing a common sewing-needle by surrounding it with a helically coiled wire through which an electric current was made to pass.

These brilliant discoveries inaugurated an era of active research. Faraday, as we have seen, was successful in producing continuous mechanical motion. Barlow, of Woolwich, elaborating Faraday's discovery, made in 1826 his electric spur-wheel, a most ingenious philosophical toy, and, in point of fact, the first organized electric motor. In 1826 Sturgeon devised the electro-magnet. He bent a soft iron rod into a horseshoe form, coated it with varnish and wrapped it with a single helix of bare copper bell-wire. A current passed through the wire rendered the rod magnetic, and caused it to sustain by attraction a soft iron armature of nine pounds weight.

In this country, Professor Dana, of Yale, in his lectures on Natural Philosophy, exhibited Sturgeon's electro-magnet. Among his listeners was Morse, in whose mind was thus early planted the germ which ultimately developed into the electric telegraph. Professor Joseph Henry, then a teacher in the Albany Academy, starting with the feeble electro-magnet of Sturgeon, reconstructed and improved it, and then, by a series of brilliant original discoveries and experimental researches, developed it into an instrumentality of enormous mechanical power, capable of exhibiting a sustaining force of 2,300 pounds, which nevertheless vanished in the twinkling of an eye upon the breaking of the electric current.

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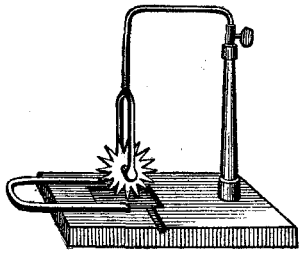
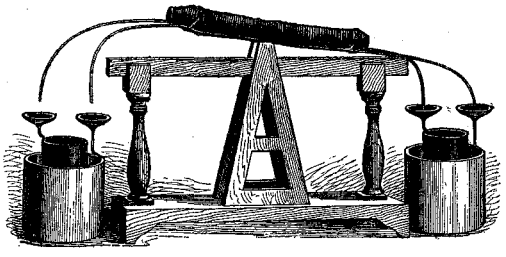
With characteristic sagacity Henry at once foresaw the more important uses to which his improvements were applic-



Barlow's Spur-wheel Motor.

able. He constructed, in 1831, a telegraph in which strokes upon a bell were produced at a distance by the attractive force of the electro-magnet, embodying all the fundamental and necessary mechanism of the electric telegraph of to-day. He also devised and constructed the first electro-magnetic motor. In a letter to Professor Silliman, in 1831, he says: "I have lately succeeded in producing motion by a little machine which I believe has never before been applied in mechanics—by magnetic attraction and repulsion." It was a crude affair and served merely to illustrate the essential principle of such an apparatus. A vibrating or reciprocating electro-magnet was provided with an attachment for controlling the current of the battery by interrupting and reversing it at the proper time. This machine, which is of much historical interest, together with some

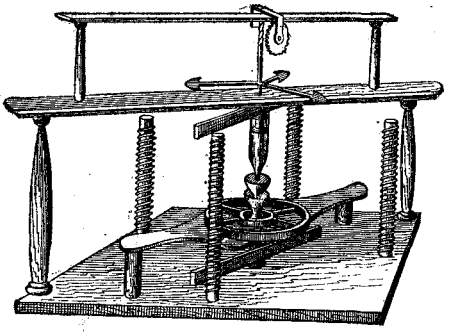


Professor Joseph Henry's Electro-magnetic Motor. (From a photograph of the original.)

of Henry's large electro-magnets, is preserved in the cabinet of Princeton College.

After having thus demonstrated the possibility of constructing an operative electro-magnetic engine, so far from giving way to the natural enthusiasm of the successful inventor, Henry proceeded, with the sobriety of judgment which was perhaps his most prominent characteristic, to forecast the future possibilities of the new motor. He was soon led to see that the power must be derived solely from the oxidation or combustion of zinc in the battery, and hence that the heat-energy required for the original deoxidation of the metal must represent at least an equal amount of power, the inevitable corollary of which was that the fuel required for this purpose might with much more economy be employed directly in performing the required work.

Although thus well assured that elec-



Sturgeon's Electro-magnetic Engine.

tro-magnetism could never hope to compete with, much less supersede steam as a prime motor, he predicted that the electric motor was destined to occupy an extensive field of usefulness, particularly in minor applications where economy of operation was subordinate to other considerations.

This fundamental, and as time has shown, prophetic conception of the legitimate field of the electric motor, failed to impress itself upon the minds of Henry's contemporaries. The problem of the application of electricity as a universal motive power was taken up with great zeal by a host of sanguine inventors. In 1832, Sturgeon constructed a rotary electro-magnetic engine, of which we give an illustration above, a fac-simile of his own drawing, which he

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exhibited before a large audience in London in the spring of 1833. In our own country, perhaps the earliest electric motor was the production of Thomas Davenport, an ingenious Vermont blacksmith, who, having seen a magnet used at the Crown Point mines in 1833 for extracting iron from pulverized ore, was seized with the idea of applying magnetism to the propulsion of machinery. In 1834 he produced a rotary electro-magnetic engine, and in the autumn of 1835 he exhibited in Springfield, Mass., a model of a circular railway and an electro-magnetic locomotive.

Many citizens of New York will recall the erect and handsome figure of a venerable gentleman, dressed with scrupulous neatness in the Continental costume and cocked hat of the period of the revolution, who fifteen years ago was to be seen on Broadway every pleasant day, and whose resemblance to the accepted portraits of Washington was so striking as to at once arrest the attention of the observer. This was Frederick Coombs, who, as the agent of Davenport, visited London in 1838, where he exhibited a locomotive weighing 60 or 70 pounds, propelled around a circular railway track by electric power, which excited the greatest interest in the scientific circles of the metropolis.

In 1840, Davenport printed by an electric motor a sheet entitled the "Electro-Magnet and Machinist's Intelligencer." Meantime others had occupied themselves with similar undertakings. Professor Jacobi, of St. Petersburg, invented a rotary electro-magnetic motor in 1834, and with the financial assistance of the Emperor Nicholas constructed, in 1839, a boat 28 feet long, carrying 14 passengers, which was propelled by an electric motor with a large number of battery cells, at a speed of 3 miles per hour. In 1838–39, Robert Davidson, a Scotchman, experimented with an electric railway car 16 feet long and weighing, including the batteries, 6 tons, which attained a speed of 4 miles per hour.

The limits of this article preclude even the briefest notice of the labors of many ingenious experimenters who occupied themselves in this line of research, but no historical sketch of the electric motor would be complete without some reference to the work of Dr. Charles Grafton Page, for many years occupying an official position in the Patent Office at Washington.

Page, while a medical student in Salem, Mass., entered upon an experimental investigation of the relations between electricity and magnetism, which he continued to prosecute with extraordinary diligence and success during the greater portion of his active life. He particularly distinguished himself by his researches in electrical induction, notably by his invention of the electrostatic coil and circuit-breaker, which has been persistently, but wrongfully, credited to Ruhmkorff. His work in connection with the electric motor, although not so well known, is certainly no less important. Many middle-aged men of to-day will recall the interesting and curious array of apparatus for illustrating electro-magnetic rotation which formed such an important part of the philosophical cabinets of the academies and colleges of the preceding generation, almost every one of which owes its origin to the fertile and ingenious brain of Page. As early as 1845 it had been observed by Alfred Vail, the coadjutor of Professor Morse in the construction of the electric telegraph, that a hollow coil of insulated wire, traversed by an electric current, possessed the curious property of sucking an iron core into itself with considerable force. Upon this phenomenon being shown to Dr. Page, he at once conceived the idea of utilizing it in the operation of an electric motor, and after numerous experiments he succeeded in constructing, in 1850, a motor of this description, which developed over 10 horse-power. Aided by an appropriation from Congress he subsequently constructed an electric locomotive, with which an experimental trip was made from Washington to Bladensburg, on the Washington branch of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, on April 29, 1851, on which occasion a rate of speed was attained, on a nearly level plane, of 19 miles per hour. Of course in this, as in other experiments which have been detailed, the great cost of producing elec-

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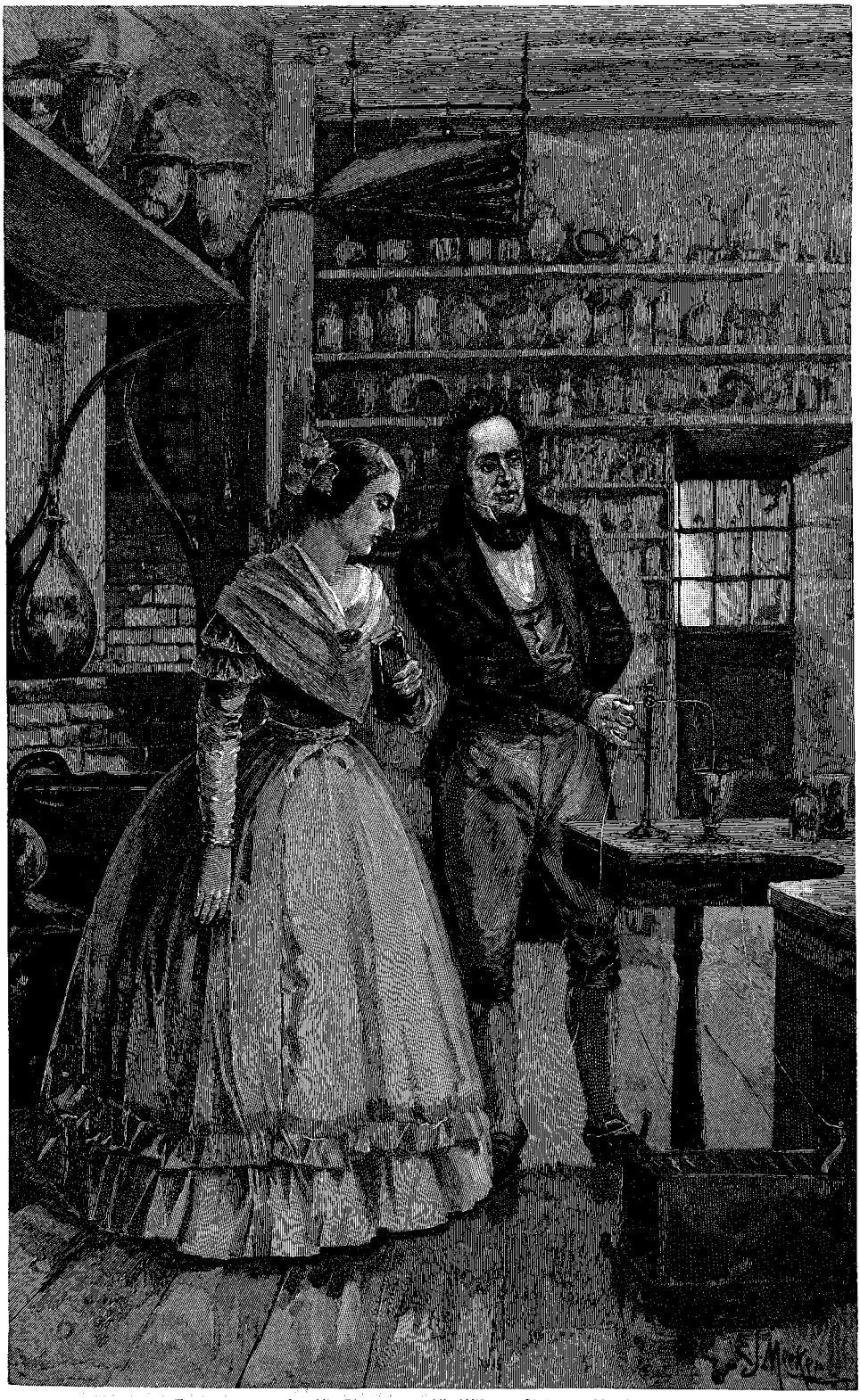

Faraday Announcing His Discovery to His Wife on Christmas Morning, 1821.

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tricity by the consumption of zinc in a battery precluded the possibility of any commercial advantage from the scheme,

Charles Grafton Page.

but the achievement was nevertheless a notable one. Not far from the same time Mr. T. Hall of Boston, who had constructed much of Page's apparatus, made a small model of an electric locomotive and car, which is of interest, as establishing the practicability of conveying the electric current to a car by employing the rails and wheels as conductors, thus dispensing with the necessity of transporting the battery.

One of the most enthusiastic experimentalists with electro-magnetic machinery was Dr. James P. Joule, of Manchester, England, who in a letter written in 1839, said: "I can scarcely doubt that electro-magnetism will eventually be substituted for steam in propelling machinery." Professor Jacobi, too, one of the most eminent philosophers of that day, wrote: "I think I may assert that the superiority of this new mover is placed beyond a doubt as regards the absence of all danger, the simplicity of action, and *the expense attending it.*"

Some years afterward, when Dr. Joule had become older and possibly wiser, he made a series of investigations on the mechanical equivalent of heat and other motors. The results led him to estimate that the consumption of one grain of zinc produced only about one-eighth of the mechanical equivalent of a grain of coal, while its cost is more than twenty times as much. This conclusion, being generally accepted by the scientific world as authoritative, ultimately tended to discourage further efforts to apply electro-magnetism as a prime motor. The question was well summed up by Professor Henry, in these words: "All attempts to substitute electricity or magnetism for coal-power must be unsuccessful, since these powers tend to an equilibrium from which they can only be disturbed by the application of another power, which is the equivalent of that which they can subsequently exhibit. They are, however, with chemical attraction, etc., of great importance *as intermediate agents in the application of the power of heat as derived from combustion.* Science does not indicate in the slightest degree the possibility of the discovery of a new primary power comparable with that of combustion as

Professor Joseph Henry.

exhibited in the burning of coal. . . . We therefore do not hesitate to say that all declarations of the discovery of a new power which is to supersede the use of coal as a motive power have their origin

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in ignorance or deception, and frequently in both."

In the words which have been italicized, Henry accurately foretold the true place, in the domain of industry, of the electric motor. Much confusion of thought exists in the popular mind at the present time in reference to this very point. We continually hear electricity spoken of as a motive power, and the prediction is freely made that it will soon take the place of the steam engine; that it will be employed to propel vessels across the Atlantic, and the like. But such a view of the matter is wholly without scientific basis. Electricity, in its important applications to machinery, is never in itself a source of power. It is merely a convenient and easily manageable form of energy, by which mechanical power is transferable from an ordinary prime motor, as a steam engine or a water-wheel, to a secondary motor which is employed to do the work. It performs an office precisely analogous to that of a belt or line of shafting, which, however useful in conveying power from one point to another, can, under no conceivable circumstances, be capable of originating it.

To properly understand and appreciate this new and important aspect of the mechanical application of electricity, it is necessary to return to the experiments of Faraday. In 1831, after he had become the director of the laboratory of the Royal Institution, he turned his attention to what he called the "evolution of electricity from magnetism." The brilliant generalizations of Ampère, followed by the experimental demonstrations of Arago, Sturgeon, and Henry, to the penetrating mind of Faraday necessarily implied reciprocal action, and he accordingly sought diligently to obtain the electric current from the magnet. On the second day of his experiments he wrote to a friend: "I think I have got hold of a good thing, but cannot say; it may be a weed instead of a fish, which after all my labor I may pull up." On the tenth day, he became fully satisfied that he had hooked a fish. A crucial experiment showed that he had made a grand discovery which may, without injustice, fairly be compared, in point of practical importance, with Newton's immortal discovery of gravitation. The principle upon which this discovery hinges may be explained in a few words. Every magnet is surrounded by a sphere of attraction which gradually diminishes in intensity as the distance from the pole of the magnet increases, and which has received the technical name of the "magnetic field." If an electric conductor be moved through this magnetic field the influence of the field tends to retard or oppose the movement of the conductor;

André Marie Amperè. (After a steel engraving, by Tardieu, in 1825.)

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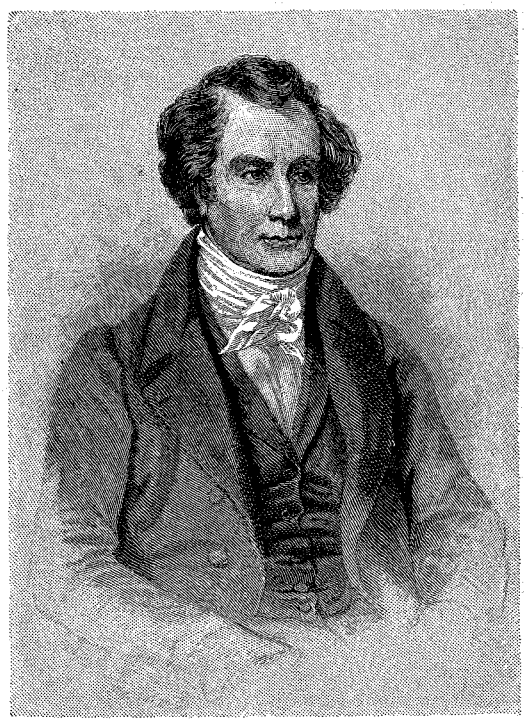
the mechanical force exerted in overcoming this resistance is converted into electrical energy, and appears in the conductor in the form of an electric current. If instead of the magnet we substitute another wire conveying an electric current, this last is surrounded by a magnetic field and similar results are experienced when another wire is made to move within it. The same phenomena occur if the conductor remains stationary and the magnetic field is moved, or its strength increased or diminished. This effect is known by the general name of induction, and the law which governs it was formulated by the Russian philosopher Lenz as long ago as 1833. It may be stated as follows: The currents induced by the relative movements either of two circuits, or of a circuit and a magnet, are always in such directions as to produce mechanical forces tending to stop the motion which produces them.

To Faraday also is due the first experimental machine for the mechanical production of electric currents. But he went no further. He possessed pre-eminently the scientific mind. His pleasure in the pursuit of natural truths was so absorbing that he could never turn away from them for the mere purpose of following up their practical applications. "I have rather been desirous," he writes, "of discovering new facts and new relations dependent on magneto-induction, than of exalting the force of those already obtained, being sure that the latter would find their full development hereafter." In the words of Professor Sylvanus Thompson, "Can any passage be found in the whole range of science, more profoundly prophetic or more characteristically philosophic, than these words with which Faraday closed this section of his Experimental Researches?"

Within a year after the publication of Faraday's experiment, Pixii, a philosophical instrument maker of Paris, constructed an apparatus in which a permanent magnet was made to induce currents in the wire surrounding an electro-magnet; this was called a magneto-electric machine, and was doubtless the first organized appliance for producing an electric current by mechanical power. In 1838 it was materially improved by Saxton, of Philadelphia, whose apparatus will be recognized as the well-known "shocking machine" in which electric currents are produced by turning a crank. A similar device is used for ringing telephone call-bells. For many years the practical applications of the magneto-electric machine were comparatively unimportant, and were principally confined to its employment for actuating certain forms of telegraph apparatus, thereby dispensing with the voltaic battery.

In 1850 Professor Nollet, of Brussels, essayed to make a powerful magneto-



Arago.

electric machine for decomposing water into its constituent elements, oxygen and hydrogen, which were to be used in producing the lime-light. In 1853 a company was organized in Paris, and experiments were made with a large

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machine constructed by Nollet. So far as the lime-light scheme was concerned the experiments were unsuccessful, but subsequently Mr. F. H. Holmes made some alterations in Nollet's machine, and applied it directly to the production of the electric light between carbon points. These experiments induced others to take up the subject both in France and England, which ultimately resulted in the production of the brilliant and beautiful electric arc-light, by which the streets of our principal towns are now nightly illuminated. It has been used in some of the French lighthouses since 1863.

The substitution of the electro for the permanent magnet, first suggested by Wheatstone in 1845, was applied in the construction of large machines by Wilde, of Manchester, who worked at the subject continuously from 1863 to 1867, with results incomparably in advance of all previous attempts to obtain electricity by mechanical power. In 1867 he exhibited a machine which produced the electric arc-light in its utmost magnificence, and was capable of instantly fusing iron rods fifteen inches long and one-fourth of an inch in diameter by the flow of the electric current.

The final step in the development of the magneto-electric generator was an almost simultaneous, although independent discovery by Moses G. Farmer, of Salem, Mass., Alfred Varley and Professor Charles Wheatstone, of England, and Dr. Werner Siemens, of Berlin. This was the idea of employing the current from an electro-magnetic machine to excite its own electro-magnet. The invention of this improved form of apparatus, which received the name of the dynamo-electric machine, gave an extraordinary impetus to the investigation of all branches of electric science. The subject was once more taken up by scores of enthusiastic workers in Europe and America, and innumerable minor improvements were made which have resulted in the exquisitely organized dynamo machine of to-day, a machine which has confessedly reached a state of perfection, leaving but the narrowest margin for any future improvement in its efficiency.

Dr. Werner Siemens.

As we have seen, the earliest field of usefulness for the dynamo-machine was found in electric arc-lighting, which has now become, in the United States at least, an enormous industry. One of the most useful and convenient of these machines was designed by Gramme, of Paris, in 1872, which was capable of giving a constant current resembling in its characteristics that from a battery. At an industrial exhibition in Vienna, in 1873, a number of Gramme machines were being placed in position, in order to exemplify its various uses as an electric generator, on which occasion occurred one of those singularly fortunate accidents which have again and again played so prominent a part in the history of industrial progress. In mak-

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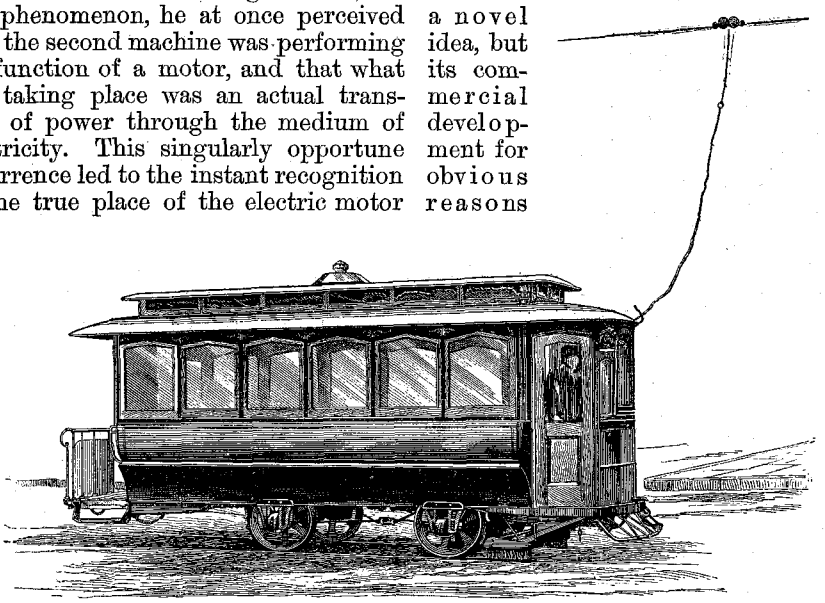
ing the electrical connections to one of these machines which had not as yet been belted to the engine-shaft, a careless workman attached to it a pair of wires which were already connected with another dynamo-machine, which was in rapid motion. To his amazement, the second machine commenced to revolve with great rapidity in a reverse direction. Upon the attention of M. Gramme being directed to this phenomenon, he at once perceived that the second machine was performing the function of a motor, and that what was taking place was an actual transport of power through the medium of electricity. This singularly opportune occurrence led to the instant recognition of the true place of the electric motor in the domain of mechanics. From the date of Page's experiments almost the only practical use to which the electric motor was applied is in the operation of dental apparatus, to which it has been adapted with great ingenuity and success.



A Street-car Propelled by an Electric Motor.

The late Professor James Clerk Maxwell, one of the master minds among the electricians of the new era, expressed the opinion that the reversibility of the Gramme machine was one of the most important discoveries of modern times. While it is true that the circumstance attracted general attention in scientific circles, its application to useful purposes was no doubt deferred for many years by the counter-attraction of electric lighting, which promised to inventors and capitalists larger and more immediate profits. The principle of converting mechanical energy into electric currents and again reconverting these by means of a reversed dynamo-machine into mechanical power, naturally suggested the practicability of transmitting power through electric conductors to any required distance. One of the earliest applications of this character was the revival of the electrically operated railway. This, as we have seen, was by no means a novel idea, but its commercial development for obvious reasons remained in abeyance until generating machinery was available to furnish large quantities of electricity at moderate cost.

One fact of controlling importance in this connection is that electricity is capable of being supplied to a moving motor through frictional or rolling contact, a method of communicating energy impossible of realization by other known means; hence the energy could be supplied by machinery situated at any required distance from the moving train by extending the conductor along the railway, for which, as we have seen, the rails themselves might serve when properly insulated. It is probable that the earliest detailed conception of the modern electric railway was due to Jean Henry Cazal, a French engineer, who proposed, as early as 1864, to utilize the natural powers, such as water and wind, for op-

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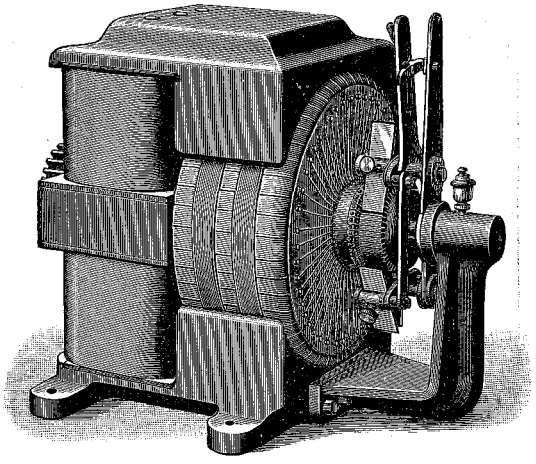
erating railways, by the electrical transmission of power. But this was in the day of small things in electric generators, and hence the practical realization of the ideas of Cazal was only rendered possible by the subsequent development of the dynamo-machine, as heretofore related.

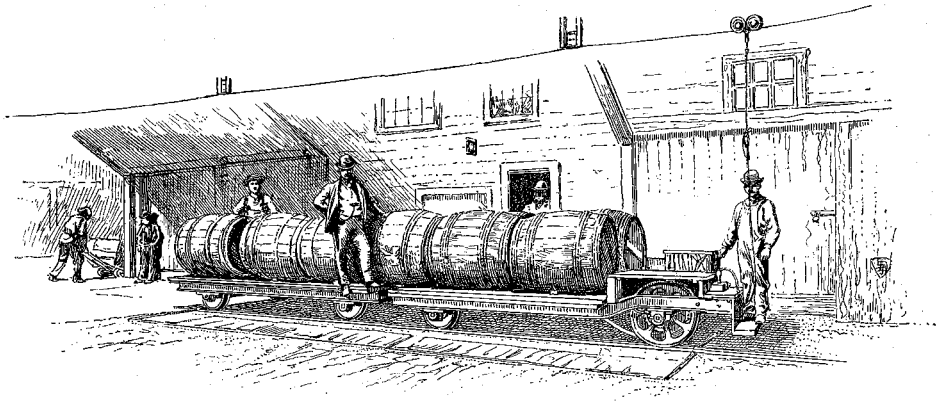
A request by the proprietors of a German colliery to be supplied with an electric locomotive for hauling coal cars in the levels led Dr. Werner Siemens to devise and construct an electric railway, which was exhibited at the Industrial Exhibition in Berlin, in the summer of 1879. This railway was circular, about 1,000 feet in length and of one metre gauge. A dynamo-electric machine driven by a steam engine supplied the current, the expenditure of energy being about five horse-power. One hundred thousand persons were transported over this line, during the period of the exhibition.

Meantime several American inventors were independently at work upon this problem, among them Stephen D. Field, of San Francisco, Dr. Joseph R. Finney, of Pittsburgh, and Thomas A. Edison, of New York. Edison was the first to construct a dynamo-electric railway in America. This was in the spring of 1880, at Menlo Park, N. J., the track being some 80 or 90 rods in length. Field's electric locomotive was first exhibited at the Exposition of Railway Appliances in Chicago, in June, 1883, during the continuance of which nearly 27,000 passengers were transported. Both Field and Edison utilized the rails of the track to convey the current to the motor.



The Van Depoele Electric Motor.

Finney's plan was somewhat different. He suspended an insulated copper wire, about the thickness of a lead pencil, 15 or 20 feet above the line of the railway. A small wheeled trolley, running on this wire as on a track, and connected with the car by a flexible conducting cord, served to convey the electric current



Electric Tramway for Hauling Freight, used in a Sugar Refinery.

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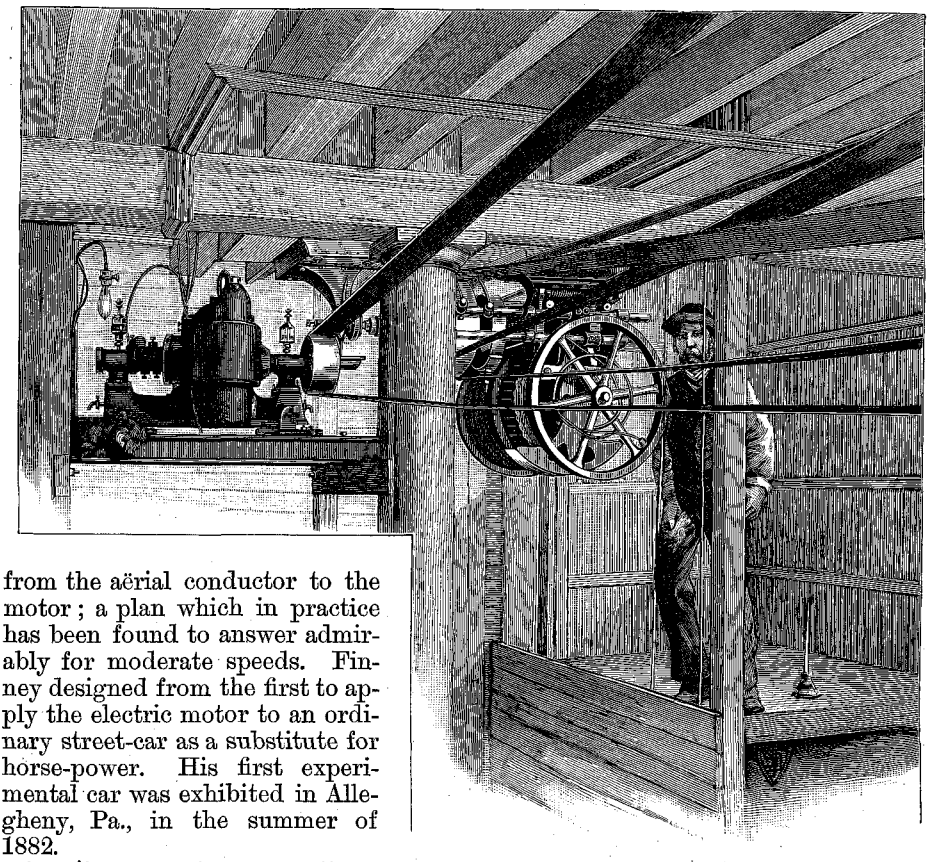

The Sprague Motor Running an Elevator.

from the aërial conductor to the motor; a plan which in practice has been found to answer admirably for moderate speeds. Finney designed from the first to apply the electric motor to an ordinary street-car as a substitute for horse-power. His first experimental car was exhibited in Allegheny, Pa., in the summer of 1882.

The first electric street railway established in America for actual service was on a suburban line two miles in length extending from Baltimore to Hampden, Md. It had previously been operated by animal power, and was cheaply and roughly constructed, having sharp curves, and grades as high as 330 feet per mile. This line has been continuously operated by electricity since September 1, 1885. The electric current is conveyed by an insulated rail fixed to the ties midway between the traffic rails. The electrical machinery was designed and constructed by Leo Daft, of Jersey City, N. J. The results of the change of motive power were highly gratifying to the management, inasmuch as the receipts of the line were largely increased during the first year, while on the other hand, the expense of operation was diminished, and this in spite of the fact that the application was made under exceptionally unfavorable circumstances. The success of this undertaking went far to demonstrate the advantages of electricity as a street-car motor.

Every consideration of humanity, no less than of convenience and economy, unites to urge the substitution of mechanical for animal power upon our numerous street railway lines at the earliest practicable moment,* and hence it is gratifying to know that on the first of January, 1888, there were in daily service, in the United States and Canada, no less than twenty-three street railways operated by electricity, having a total length of about 100 miles, while between twenty and thirty others are in an advanced stage of construction.

One of the most successful examples of an electric street railway is that at

* In the street railway service in large cities, the distance traveled each day by a two-horse team averages about ten miles, so that each animal works only about two hours out of the twenty-four. The cost of stabling, feeding, and replacing horses is $200 per year, each. The active life of a car-horse is only from two to four years.

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Scranton, Pa., designed by Charles J. Van Depoele, of Chicago, which has been in daily operation since December, 1886. It is four and one-half miles in length, of standard gauge, laid with steel rails, and its passenger equipment consists of seven handsomely finished Pullman cars, each propelled by a 15 horse-power electric motor, which stands on the glass-enclosed front platform and is geared to the forward axle by the familiar mechanical device of sprocket-wheels and steel chains. The external appearance of the motor is shown in the illustration on page 315. It stands about two feet high and occupies a space perhaps eighteen inches square. The car, of which an illustration is given on page 314, can be run at a speed of fifteen miles per hour, if required, and in its regular work ascends grades of nearly 350 feet per mile with great facility. The machinery is nearly noiseless and quite unobjectionable in every respect. It is stated that the cost of running at Scranton, using for fuel the waste coal-dust or "culm" from the anthracite mines, which can be had in almost inexhaustible quantity at the nominal price of 10 cents per ton, is about one dollar per car per day, or a trifle over one cent per car mile. The economy over animal power, the cost of which in New York and Boston is reckoned at something over ten cents per car mile, is very apparent.

Similar electric railways are in operation at Appleton, Wis., and St. Catharine, Ontario, which are driven by water power at an almost nominal cost. In many instances natural power may be thus used with the utmost advantage, as it is by no means necessary that the power should be in the vicinity of the line of the railway.

Several of the inventors whose names have been already mentioned in connection with electric railway work have paid much attention to the problem of city and suburban rapid transit, and there is every reason to hope that an early day will witness the successful introduction of electric power upon the elevated railway system in New York, for which it would seem on every account to be peculiarly well adapted.

The pioneer electric street railway in Europe was the Lichterfelde line, in the suburbs of Berlin, constructed under the superintendence of Dr. Siemens, which has been running since the spring of 1881. Several other electric lines have been constructed in Great Britain, Ireland, and on the Continent, but as usual with inventions of this class, our own country quickly placed itself in advance of all others in the extent to which the new system found a practical application.

A considerable number of street-cars have been constructed, both in Europe and America, with the design of deriving the electric energy for propelling each individual car from storage batteries or accumulators carried upon it. An accumulator may be described, in a general way, as a vessel containing acidulated water in which is immersed a pair of leaden plates. The passage of a strong electric current from a dynamo, through the liquid from one plate to the other, produces a chemical action which has the effect of oxidizing one of the plates. After this process has gone on for some hours, the dynamo may be detached, and the two plates joined by a wire. An electric current will now pass through the wire from one plate to the other, as in an ordinary voltaic battery, the effect of which is to undo the work which has been done in charging the battery. Strictly speaking, in a battery of this kind, no electricity is stored; its energy is in fact converted into chemical energy, and this may be reconverted into electric energy at will. Many quite successful experiments have been made with self-propelling motor cars operated by these batteries, and there is little reason to doubt that they will ultimately find an extensive use and application in large cities and other localities where the employment of an overhead conductor for electrical distribution is from any cause objectionable. The most serious objection to their use is the expense of operation, which has thus far proved to be much greater than in the case of direct supply from the dynamo.

Many inventors are endeavoring to find a thoroughly practicable plan of insulating the electric conductor beneath the roadway; and while the problem is unquestionably a far more diffi-

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cult one than would be supposed by a person unfamiliar with the subject, yet there is probably no good reason to doubt that it will in due time receive a practical solution.

The commencement of the general introduction of electric lighting by incandescent lamps supplied from central stations, which may be fairly considered to date from about 1883, had the almost immediate effect of creating a demand for small electric motors. It was at once perceived that the electric lighting conductors, if introduced into every building in a town and supplying a constant electric current, at an expense ordinarily not exceeding 8 or 10 cents per horse-power per hour, could be utilized with great advantage in driving sewing machines, lathes, ventilating apparatus, and innumerable other sorts of machinery for domestic purposes, or for the lighter class of mechanical industries. Quite an assortment of neat little motors of this character, of different patterns, and of capacities ranging from one-tenth to one-half a horse power, were exhibited at the Industrial Electrical Exhibition at Philadelphia, in 1884, for operating sewing machines, and other light work, where they attracted much attention.

One of the most interesting exhibits of this character was made by Lieut. F. J. Sprague, formerly an officer in the U. S. Navy, who showed two or three motors of his own design having a capacity of perhaps five horse-power, which were employed to drive looms and other textile machinery requiring considerable power. Another motor of about two horse-power, built by Mr. Daft, was at work for several weeks during the exhibition, printing the regular weekly issue of an electrical journal, on a power press with a bed 31 by 46 inches. The successful and satisfactory operation of these motors led almost immediately to the establishment of an extensive business, and there are now in New York, Boston, and other cities, systems of electric power-distribution from central stations of considerable importance, employing machines of the types first exhibited at Philadelphia on the occasion just referred to.

It is a very difficult matter to ascertain even approximately the extent to which this business of electric power-distribution has already attained in this country, but a somewhat cursory investigation has shown that it is greatly in excess of what might have been anticipated. One central power station in Boston operates nearly one hundred motors of a capacity ranging from 15 down to one-half a horse-power, the greater number used being from 5 to 10 horse-power. The supply conductors are carried underneath the pavement of the streets. A single corporation of the dozen or more actively engaged in this manufacture has sold within three years over 1,000 motors aggregating more than 5,000 horse-power, and the demand is increasing daily. It would be almost impossible to catalogue the number and variety of purposes for which the electric motor is now in daily use. Some of the most usual applications are for printing presses, sewing machines, elevators, ventilating fans, and machinist's lathes. At the present time every indication unmistakably points to the probability that within a very few years nearly all mechanical work in large cities, especially in cases in which the power required does not exceed say 50 horse-power, will be performed by the agency of the electric motor. It is an ideal motor, absolutely free from vibration or noise, perfectly manageable, entirely safe, and with the most ordinary care seldom if ever gets out of order. Indeed there is no reason to suppose that the limit of 50 horse-power will not be very largely exceeded within a comparatively short period, when it is remembered that scarcely five years ago the production of a successful 10 horse-power motor was considered quite a noteworthy achievement.

An extremely useful application of the electric motor, which is likely to be widely extended, is in connection with large manufacturing establishments, already supplied with incandescent electric lighting apparatus. It is a very simple matter, by means of a current derived from the same dynamo, to operate elevators, hoists, presses, pumps, trucks, tramway-cars, and many similar appliances, which are now worked at greater expense, and with far less convenience, by hand, animal, or indepen-

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dent steam power. We give an illustration of this description of tramway work at a sugar refinery in East Boston, Mass. [p. 315]. The electric motor is geared to the axle of a low platform car, and serves to propel it, together with a second car, along the track, the whole being operated by a current from the incandescent dynamo used for lighting the premises. This little freight train makes a round trip every five minutes under the management of an ordinary laborer, hauling an average load of ten tons of raw sugar from the wharf to the refinery at each trip, at an inconsiderable expense.

Another very important service to which the electric motor is especially well adapted is that of a substitute for belts, shafting, and gearing, in the transmission of power from the prime motor in large manufacturing establishments. A New England cotton-mill engineer of high repute has ascertained, from actual measurement of a number of modern mills fitted with first-class shafting, that over thirty per cent. of the gross power of the engines is absorbed in driving the various lines of shafting alone, before the delivery of any power whatever for actual work. Numerous tests demonstrate that it is entirely within the truth to estimate the loss of conversion, transmission, and reconversion in well-designed electrical machinery, under like conditions, at less than thirty per cent., so that in the use of the electric motor for this class of work, we have at once an actual saving over the loss experienced in the direct mechanical transmission of power, with the further and in most cases controlling consideration, that in the case of the electrical system this loss affects only such portions of the machinery as are actually at work, while under the ordinary conditions, the entire system of belting and shafting must be kept in continuous operation, entailing a constant loss, irrespective of the number of machines which may be actually in use at any given time. The advantages of having every individual machine driven by its own independently controlled power, and at any required speed, are so obvious that it is scarcely necessary to mention them.

The conditions of electrical power transmission have been thoroughly studied, by competent engineers, and are now so well understood, that those conversant with the practical aspects of the subject are well assured that within a few years even the smallest towns and villages will supply themselves with electric light and power plants. In such places a plant of 50 horse-power, or even less, will be quite sufficient to furnish a good profit on the moderate investment of capital required. The establishment of a power centre, even in a rural village, cannot fail to attract a greater or less number of small though by no means unprofitable industrial enterprises, and the mere fact that such power can be had will in itself tend to rapidly increase the demand. The management of an electric power plant requires no unusual scientific knowledge. Once the station has been established it can be carried on by the ordinarily intelligent class of mechanics and workmen who are to be found in every village. It is computed by statisticians, that the average price at which power is sold in the United States, approximates $110 per horse-power per annum. A 50 horse-power electrical plant, including the station building, engines, boilers, dynamos, distributing wires, and fixtures, can be erected, at present prices, at an expense not much exceeding $150 per horse-power, and the gross cost of operating such a plant may be fairly estimated at about $4,000 per year. Experience has shown, that in consequence of the intermittent demand for power by a group of miscellaneous consumers, it is entirely safe to contract to supply a quantity considerably in excess of the actual capacity of the station, so that indeed as much as 70 horse-power might be sold from a 50 horse-power plant, thus bringing in a yearly gross revenue of $7,000 or more and leaving a net profit of some $3,000. Where a good water-power is available at a moderate outlay, the profits might be even more than we have estimated, while it will be readily understood that in all such cases, the proportionate profits are rapidly augmented as the capacity of the plant is increased.

A somewhat startling proposition in

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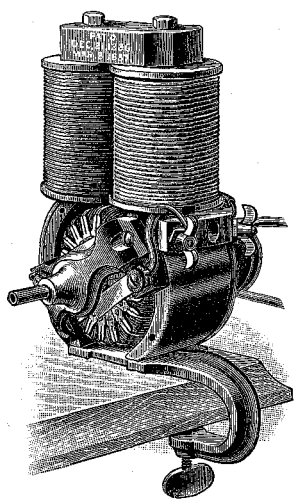
connection with the general subject of the transmission of energy to a distance by electricity was advanced by that eminent engineer, the late Charles W. Siemens, of London, who, in 1877, expressed his conviction that by this means the enormous energy of the falling water at Niagara might be transferred to New York City, and there utilized for mechanical purposes. In 1879, Sir William Thomson, the electrician, publicly asserted his belief in the possibility, by means of an insulated copper wire, half an inch in diameter, of taking 26,000 horse-power from water-wheels driven by the falls, and of delivering 21,000 horse-power at a distance of 300 statute miles. He estimated that the cost of copper for the line would be less than 15 dollars per horse-power of energy actually delivered at the remote station. While Sir William may be regarded as somewhat of an enthusiast, and has occasionally manifested a tendency to present matters of this kind in a sensational light, yet it cannot be looked upon as especially improbable that the realization of this apparently chimerical project will be witnessed by persons now living.



C. and C. Motor Running a Sewing Machine.

A series of extensive and costly experiments of this character have been zealously prosecuted within the last few years by M. Marcel Deprez, a French electrical engineer, who was fortunate enough to obtain the financial assistance of the Rothschilds. The results attained have been much criticised by the profession in other countries, but it seems indisputable that on at least one occasion more than 35 horse-power was delivered at the terminal of a conductor 70 miles in length, 62 horse-power having been applied to drive the generator, showing a total loss of energy approximating 43 per cent., a result which cannot be looked upon as unsatisfactory. The whole question turns upon the practicability of employing high electric pressures, and hence the further development of this branch of the subject must await the march of progress in general electric science.

The experiment of Jacobi, who was the first to propel a vessel by electricity, has already been noticed. The records of electric navigation are a blank from that time until the commencement of the experiments of the ingenious and versatile Trouvè of Paris, who exhibited a small boat on the Seine in 1881, the electricity for which was supplied by a primary battery. Four or five passengers were carried at a speed of about three miles per hour. Between 1882 and 1886 quite a number of experimental launches were built in England and France, propelled by electric motors, and supplied with electricity by accumulators stowed in the bottom of the boat, which served also as ballast. The most noteworthy achievement of this character was the launch Volta, which in September, 1886, performed the trip from Dover to Calais and back, with ease and safety, the batteries being charged but once for the double journey. Seven passengers were carried on this occasion, and a speed of over twelve miles per hour was reached. The Volta was 37 feet long, seven feet beam and three and a half feet deep.

Quite recently a New York establishment, which manufactures small motors, one of which is shown in the accompanying illustration as applied to a sewing machine and deriving its power from a primary battery, has adapted a similar motor to the propulsion of a light canoe. The dimensions of the motor designed for this craft are so small that at first sight it seems almost absurdly inadequate for its intended purpose. But its performance is nevertheless excellent, and a considerable demand has sprung up for these neat and ingenious little vessels.

It would be impossible, within the

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limited space at command, to attempt to enumerate the various future applications of the electric motor which suggest themselves to the enterprising electro-mechanician, but, in conclusion, the writer cannot refrain from expressing his conviction that the day is not far distant when rapid transit between the principal cities of America will be effected to an extent which to persons unfamiliar with the developments of electricity must seem utterly visionary and chimerical. Once admit, as we must do, the possibility of applying almost limitless electric power to each axle of a train, with the possibility of laying a track almost as straight as the crow flies from city to city, rising and falling as the topography of the country may require, and the complete solution of the problem becomes little more than a matter of detail. Not that such detail is unimportant, nor that the innumerable minor difficulties can be overcome without much experiment and study, but it may nevertheless safely be affirmed that the ultimate result is already distinctly foreshadowed, and that we may expect within a few years to be transported between New York and Boston in less than two hours, not by the enchanted carpet of the Arabian Nights, but by the potent agency of the modern electric motor.

NATURAL SELECTION.

A ROMANCE OF CHELSEA VILLAGE AND EAST HAMPTON TOWN.

By H. C. Bunner.

PART III.

DORINDA threw herself upon the task of preparing Celia for the fray with a zeal and ardor that brought only dismay to her younger sister's breast. It having been decided that the victim of society must have some new gowns, Dorinda at once planned a wardrobe of variegated brilliancy. Celia strove with all her tact for a more modest working, but she had to stand up and do battle-royal for her own standards when Dorinda wanted her to purchase a certain "Dame Trot" garment, of a pattern which was at the time exciting the irreverent attention of the press. They came to an open rupture. Celia finally appealed to the head of the house, who decided, with masculine justice, that she was entitled to choose her clothes for herself. Dorinda writhed; but came back to the fascinating employment more in sorrow than in anger.

When the little trunk was at last packed, Dorinda's verdict on the contents was that they were good enough, but had no sort of style about them. Celia, doubtful of their possessing any merits at all, took a negative comfort from this. Ah! if she could only gather an idea of Mrs. Wykoff's likes from Dorinda's dislikes!

The day came when Mrs. Wykoff's maid was to convey her charge to the further shore of Long Island. This relegation of Celia to a menial's care had somewhat troubled the family conclave; but it had been decided that, in view of the differences in social ethics revealed by past dealings with the Wykoff family, it would be fair to assume that the lady's intent was respectful, however much her course was open to the criticism of the right minded. The sun was shining on the mid-day dinner when the carriage

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was announced; Celia had finished a nervous attempt at a meal, and was ready for the ordeal. Five napkins fell to the ground, and amid a storm of caresses and tears, Celia was hustled to the door. Even Alonzo shook her hand with a stern cordiality which hinted that, un-

der favorable circumstances, all might yet be forgiven. Her father kissed her brow and in a minute she was in the carriage—the Wykoff carriage—with Parker.

Parker was a Briton, and she stood by her colors. Long years before, when her firm but kindly rule over Mrs. Wykoff was just beginning, her employer made one single effort to treat her as an American.

"Your name is Jane, I believe?" she said: "I will call you Jane, I think, hereafter, instead of Parker."

Jane Parker dropped an old-world curtsey, and set her thin lips.

"Indeed, mum, I would not be that disrespectful to my betters; and I 'ope, mum, you will not insist." Mrs. Wykoff did not insist, and Parker remained Parker.

The carriage rolled away, and Celia leaned back in her corner and felt a delicious glow of yearning fright and mysterious hope. Opposite her sat Parker, bolt upright, an eminently respectable guide to the gates of Elysium. Beyond her, through the windows, Celia saw the silver W tossing on the rounded flanks of the Wykoff horses. At the railroad station—or the corral called by that name—Stephen met them, Mrs. Wykoff's aged but efficient butler and general manager—the masculine equivalent of Parker. Here they were taken under the wing of that vigilance of which an accomplished servitor like Stephen makes a pride. Celia did nothing for herself, she was not even sure that she had used her own means of locomotion when she found herself seated in the best seat in the car, Parker close behind her, her light wrap and little satchel on the seat by her side, and a monthly magazine on her lap.

She had not thought of taking a book with her, and she did not even know that for this delicate attention she was indebted to Stephen's own inspiration. Later she learned of the conscientious care he had given to the selection. He felt it his duty to report his exercise of discretion to Mrs. Wykoff:

"Seeing her unprovided, ma'am," he explained, "I felt that I might go so far. I would not take the responsibility of choosing what a young lady should read, but I had see that particular paper here on your own table, ma'am, and I run through it on the news-stand to see that there was no nudity pictures nor anything that you could object to, ma'am."

Celia hardly glanced at her magazine. She was too full of a new and sweet content to care to read any other woman's love-story. She looked out of the window, and was interested in the landscape. Perhaps no one else ever cared to look at that dull, flat country, divided between swampiness and aridity; but Celia gazed at it with an indulgence that had in it a touch of proprietorship. Most of the time, however, it pleased her to lean back in her seat and *sense* the guardianship of her lover's emissaries. It was as though the ægis of her Prince of the Golden World was stretched out over her. She had discovered Stephen sitting unobtrusively at the furthest end of the car, watching her with a steady eye that took in all her surroundings, her every movement. She half lifted her hand toward the window—he was at her side in an instant, and had raised the sash. She drew back a little from the draft—Parker silently slipped her wrap over her shoulders. At one of the stations a tall, handsome young man entered and wandered down

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the aisle, looking for a seat. His eye fell on the empty place next to hers—then, as if lured by some strange magnetism, that youthful masculine eye was attracted to Stephen's, sitting weazened and bent in the far corner of the car; and the young man passed on his way. Celia felt sure that if he had hesitated in the least, he would have been snatched up and wafted into the most distant car on the train. Surely such service was sweet.

It was dusk when they arrived at the station nearest to the Wykoffs' place—a summery dusk, yet chill and damp. Randolph was waiting, with his mother's victoria. He did not kiss her; he only pressed her hand and murmured "Dearest!" in stately confidence. There were people all about them; it could not be otherwise, and Celia knew it: yet somehow she felt a little disappointed—a trifle chilled.

The carriage went swiftly over the sandy roads, while Randolph talked to his betrothed in low, deep tones—talked of such things only as Parker, sitting on the box, might hear. They passed under dim trees, and through pigmy forests of underbrush, the cool gloom growing deeper and deeper. Celia listened almost in silence. An indefinable loneliness and a joyous, fluttering expectancy struggled within her. She was trying to adjust her consciousness to a sudden change in her surroundings. She felt she was more than the length of the longest railroad from Chelsea Village and Popper Leete's mid-day dinner.

"We didn't expect to have anyone at the house except my cousins," she heard Randolph saying, as her mind tried to picture the life that already seemed to have slipped far behind her; "but I've got an old college chum of mine down here for a month or two—Jack Claggett. He's an artist, and he is doing some of the decorative work on the Co-operative Buildings. That is only one end of his cleverness. Claggett is going to be a great man some day. And then, just for to-night, we have old Jedby at dinner. He invited himself—he lives with his brother six or seven miles down the road—near Sag Harbor. He's a jolly old gossip, and used to be a friend of my father's. He's a sort of tame cat with us. But you'll see nobody else except my mother and the girls."

"The girls?" queried Celia.

"Yes, my cousins. And you've got to fall in love with them, you know. They're dear good girls. I've known them ever since they were little mites. We used to play together. Laura is uncommonly clever, and no end of fun. She's the eldest. Annette is the pretty one; but she isn't as bright as Laura. But mind, you must admire them both."

"I will if they will let me," said Celia, meekly.

"Let you!" exclaimed her lover; "they will worship you—see if they don't!" And then, catching sight of Parker's back, he became silent.

They swung through a gateway in a long stone wall, and the wheels crashed up a graveled drive. Red windows flashed out through the trees, a flood of warm light came from a broad open door, and presently Celia was standing on the veranda, receiving a motherly kiss from Mrs. Wykoff, and furtively examining two tall, pretty and very talkative girls who had a number of unimportant things to say with bird-like volubility.

"Parker will take you to your room, my dear," said Mrs. Wykoff; "and she will help you to change your dress, or you shall come to dinner just as you are, whichever pleases you. Are you tired? You *are* a little pale."

"I—I have a headache, I think," faltered Celia, truly enough, for the strong, sharp sea-air had struck hard on her nerves.

"You shall have your dinner in your own room," declared Mrs. Wykoff; but Celia would not consent. It was only the ghost of a headache, and it would go away of itself.

She found it very awkward to be helped by Parker, and when Parker opened her trunk and took out the contents she watched Parker's eye with uneasiness in her soul. She might as well have tried to read the eye of the sphinx.

"Which dress, mum?" inquired her assistant.

"The gray one, I think," said Celia, naming the garment on which she placed her main reliance, as being what women call "*always* nice." It was a dark gray silk, so made as to fall, to Celia's appre-

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hension, just about at the vanishing point or horizon-line between the heaven of full dress and the lowly simplicity of work-a-day attire—a compromise gown, in fact. And truly, the modest square-cut corsage with pretty lace (the first real lace Celia had ever bought) at the neck was a proper garb as you shall see a pretty maid in.

But when Celia saw that gray dress come out of the trunk, the kindly current of her blood flew back to her heart's chill core. Down the front in an arabesque pattern, over the back in simulation of impossible festoons, nay, down the skirt in a mad cascade of color ran a ribbon of two shades of arsenical green, occasionally exhibiting a reverse side of pale yellow. Dorinda had done good by stealth, and had violated the sanctity of the trunk after it had been packed. Dorinda had always said that that dress lacked style.

"No, not that one," Celia said to the immovable Parker: "that is a—a mistake. There's a black silk dress there—I'll get it."

Celia blessed her mother's peculiar fancy, that was responsible for the existence of the black silk dress. "Mrs. Wykoff bein' in mournin'," Mrs. Leete had speculated, "she might like to see you in black of a Sunday. It looks more considerate."

Ten minutes after the appearance of the black silk, Celia had begun to live her dream: she sat at her lover's table; whatever this life might be for which she had yearned, she was in the midst of it. She had wished a wish, and the wish had come true, as in a fairy tale.

A dream she thought it, at first. She sank into her great leather chair with a pleasant sense of physical fatigue. She saw everything in the rosy dazzle of the crimson-shaded candles. She had a vague, diffused perception of luxurious comfort. The table spread before her, a glittering, snowy plain. She heard the murmur of gentle voices all about her; even the soft laughter was musical to her ears.

It was only a moment of dreamy ecstasy. She lifted a spoonful of soup to her lips, and awoke herself to observe, to study, to learn. Eve ate of the fruit of knowledge, and the glories of uncomprehended Paradise began the slow process of resolving themselves in so much land and so much water, so many trees, so many shrubs, and so many spotted, speckled and striped birds and beasts and creeping things.

She sat at her hostess's right hand, and at the distant end of the table she saw Randolph, and saw him for the first time in all the grandeur of what he would have called his "war paint." She accepted him as a revelation, and wondered whether she had ever sufficiently revered him. When Alonzo got into evening dress, he always looked as though he might break in the middle if he were carelessly handled. Nothing of this painful effect was observable in Randolph. To her right was Mr. Jedby, an ancient beau, who had begun to wax his moustache in the Presidency of the late Louis Napoleon, but whose juvenility was otherwise carefully conserved, save in the matter of his collar, which was as high as the prevailing style required, yet, in pattern, warped somewhat by memories of an older fashion. Mr. Jedby was pouring into the ear of Miss Laura Curtis a monotonous stream of gossip, confined between walls of elegant diction. Mr. Jedby rounded his sentences as though each one was to be taken down for publication in the "Autobiography of a Diner-Out," or the "Literary and Anecdotic Remains of Mr. Richard Jedby, edited, with a Preface, by ——."

The Lisles, Celia learnt, were at Vevey; the Oakleys at Bonn. Where the De la Hunts were he should know by the next European mail. (Mr. Jedby kept up a correspondence—a sort of gossip exchange—with all the idle widows and busy old maids of his acquaintance.) Yes, the Carroll party was in the Riviera, and they were talking, at last accounts, of a trip through the South of Italy and the Mediterranean Isles; but Mr. Jedby did not believe the plan would be carried out. Mortimer Faxon was with them, and Jack Ludlow's widow, and Mr. Jedby did not believe *she* would let *him* get too far from a legation.

"Opportunity, my dear young lady," said Mr. Jedby, "opportunity is elusive, and should be seized with promptitude and alacrity."

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It was all a foreign language to Celia. Do you remember your first day at school, when you sat waiting for your assignment of lessons, and listened to the elder classes reciting Greek verbs? Some day, you knew, you would do the same thing; but what a world of unintelligibility lay before you!

Mr. Jedby had done no more than acknowledge his introduction to Miss Leete in the drawing room, and he could not even pay attention to his dinner until he had made an end of his recital to Laura Curtis. Thus Celia was left to the ministrations of Mrs. Wykoff, who asked after each member of the Leete family in turn. Celia answered her almost mechanically, and quietly studied Mr. Claggett, opposite her.

She did not, perhaps, formulate the idea; but she felt that Mr. Claggett did not altogether harmonize with his surroundings. It was not only that he was tall, gaunt, and breezily Western in all his ways and manners; it was not only that he was a carelessly picturesque figure in a trim and decorous picture: in some way that she did not attempt to define he differed from the types about him. She was destined to receive more light upon the subject.

Claggett was, as Randolph Wykoff frequently had occasion to assert, a good fellow. He was also a promising young artist—in his friend's eye the most promising young artist of the day. Randolph had—like most young men of his serious and earnest temperament, a circle of youthful friends who were setting out to revolutionize everything in Art, Science, Literature, and Religion, and Claggett was the coming apostle of Art. But what Harvard College had done for Mr. Claggett and what Nature had done for him were two widely different things, and out of the conflict between Nature and Education came a side-issue unpleasant for Celia.

It happened that five or six wine-glasses by her plate and a number of courses presented to her in various styles and shapes somewhat puzzled this poor novice in the ways of the Golden World. She had been trying hard to recollect what she had learned at boarding-school of the technicalities of the social board; but unfamiliar problems arrived; and some exhibition of hesitation or indecision attracted Mr. Claggett's attention. Now it was not many years since Mr. Claggett had wondered what terrapin might be, and had boggled at croquettes and bouchées. This fact ought to have made him charitable, and given him a kindly sympathy for others in such sad condition; but the experience had, in truth, embittered the young man. Why is the "tenderfoot" ill-treated in the far West? Because the "old settler" was a new settler but yesterday. The lust of torturing awoke in Claggett's breast.

The little confabs of two or three that

began a dinner had broken up. Conversation crossed and criss-crossed the table. Mr. Claggett addressed himself to Miss Leete, and began to ply her with questions in gastronomy, designed for her confusion. What were her views on the cooking of terrapin? Did she agree with a Baltimore friend of his who thought that canvas-back duck should be cooked fifty seconds to the pound?

Mrs. Wykoff, talking across the board to Mr. Jedby, noticed nothing. The Curtis girls did notice, and made one or two ineffectual diversions in Celia's behalf. Randolph had some notion that his friend was conversing in a strain foreign to the normal Claggett taste, and good-naturedly told him not to be absurd. But the baiting continued until Annette Curtis said under her breath—her face flushing hotly—"Mr. Claggett!"

Claggett, like most people who have gone too far, went a little farther.

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"I was only trying to take a rise out of our young friend," he explained, aside.

He lowered his voice, as he spoke; but Celia heard him, and the Curtis girls knew that she had heard. Probably no one else at the table would have known the significance of that piece of slang. But slang is a part of the modern girl's education, and Randolph's cousins were none the worse for recognizing the phrase and catching the rude allusion. They became Celia Leete's champions on the instant.

Celia's eye flashed; but she said nothing. Mr. Claggett looked at Miss Annette Curtis's face, and was silent. The dinner was ended in peace and calm.

The good old fashion prevailed in the Wykoff household, and the gentlemen had their hour of tobacco and chartreuse. In the drawing-room Annette sang a song or two, and when the men appeared, she and Randolph set themselves to sorting out piles of sheet-music. Claggett, anxious to reëstablish himself, began a little monologue on farm-life in Wisconsin. He was a sharp observer of externals; and he told his tale with some cleverness, and he was really getting on very well when it occurred to him to inquire of Celia, with the best intentions in the world, but with an unfortunate inflection:

"Were you ever in the West, Miss Leete?"

"No," said Celia, "we have too much of the West here, as it is."

There was silence in that place for the space of a minute after this speech was uttered. An expression of puzzled surprise on Mr. Claggett's features slowly lost itself in a broad smile; but there was no smile on any other face. Annette Curtis, at the piano, let her hands wander over the keys, struck a chord or two, and said:

"Ah! that's it. Don't you want to try that anthem over with me, Laura?—*la la la la—la la!*"

Late that night Mrs. Wykoff tapped at Celia's door. Celia was sitting up, ripping the party-colored ribbon from her gray dress, and removing other superfluities, in conformity with suggestions gathered from her observation during the evening. She went guiltily to the door, and opened it half way.

"I saw the light in your room," said Mrs. Wykoff, "and I was afraid you might be ill?"

"Oh, no!" said Celia, very red and nervous, "I'm feeling much better—I think I'll go to bed now."

"I hope," Mrs. Wykoff continued, her brows contracted in an anxious way, "I hope you didn't mind—that Mr. Claggett did not say anything—anything that might——"

"Oh, no," Celia interrupted.

"He is peculiar. He is not exactly—Randolph is very fond of him, and he is a young man of many excellent qualities; but his sense of humor sometimes runs away with him, I'm afraid."

"I didn't mind him the least little bit," said Celia.

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The next day there was tennis in the morning, at which Celia looked on; then a drive to the beach in the afternoon, and again Celia sat with Mrs. Wykoff and saw a quartette of athletes making merry. Randolph and Claggett and the two girls all swam until Celia shivered in wasted sympathy.

At twilight, she took a little walk with Annette Curtis, and their walk brought them through a neighboring country-place, a spacious old house, almost the mate of the Wykoff homestead.

"That is our place," said Annette: "or, at least, it used to be, before Papa —had troubles. We used to live here when Randolph was a little boy. I don't remember much about it, because I was

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the baby, you know; but Laura and Randolph played together all the time. The neighbors used to call them 'the twins.' They're almost of an age—Randolph's just one week older. One day they went out in a boat together, and the boat struck a rock and sunk, and Randolph couldn't swim then, and Laura swam ashore with him. That's reversing the usual story, isn't it? And do you know? he was so angry with her for being able to swim, when he couldn't, that he wouldn't speak to her for ever so long?"

Thus began a summer of country life. One day was like another. Randolph was as affectionate in private, as delicately attentive in the presence of others as his sense of the proprieties of the situation permitted him to be. Celia's status was anomalous, yet she was not uncomfortable. Although her engagement to Randolph was never hinted at, she knew that all in the house were in the secret, and that their discretion was to be trusted. There were few visitors; Mr. Jedby made rare appearances, and if Mr. Jedby knew why she was under the Wykoff roof, he gave no sign.

Claggett alone enlivened the calm monotony of Celia's days. He followed up his declaration of war with a series of attacks, in which he generally got fully the equivalent of what he gave. This warfare was carried on without the knowledge of Mrs. Wykoff. Both the combatants feared her disapprobation. Randolph, from his infinite height, saw something of it, and it annoyed him. But, in so far as it touched his own interests, he dismissed it with the reflection in which young men who are betrothed sometimes indulge themselves, that he would have to make some alterations in the character of his affianced, after the wedding. The Curtis girls saw and heard, and talked much between themselves.

And Randolph himself could not long remain in his position of uninterested superiority. There came an occasion when he was forced to see and act.

The young people were off for a day's sail, with an incidental crabbing expedition, in Randolph's cat-boat; and toward the end of the homeward trip, Celia was out of temper.

She had come down to the boat in the morning attired in what she had purchased for a "sailor costume." There was much white braid about it, and a stiff little white collar, that later was limp. Then she had found the Curtis girls in old blue flannel gowns, with water-stained silk handkerchiefs knotted loosely at their throats. Randolph had looked at her dress—put on for the first time—with as near an approach to frank surprise as he was capable of. Then she had been sea-sick, in a feeble, doubtful way, through all the outward sail. Then the crabbing came, to crush her with astonishment and disappointment. How could anyone like such a disgusting employment? She sat in the dirty flat-bottomed boat they had hired of the neighboring fisherman; she was rowed about the glaring waters of a little cove; she gazed with abhorrence upon the squirming, uncanny crabs, the grinning fish-heads, the livid strings of soaked raw meat, and she marveled how they could laugh and chatter and enjoy it all. She was glad Dorinda could not see her at the moment. "They" she thought—her "They" was the Wykoffs, this time; not her own family—"may be awfully swell, and we mayn't be—but I know none of *us* would think this was *nice*."

It was on the sail home that Celia exhibited the cumulative effect of these annoyances. A bushel-basket full of crabs had been spilt in the cockpit, and Claggett was restoring the scuttling wretches to their prison. Celia lay on the seat, trying not to be sea-sick. A fold of the white-braided dress hung down to the deck.

"*Do* keep those nasty things away from my skirt, Mr. Claggett!" she said, with asperity.

"Do not be too harsh with the crabs, Miss Leete," responded Claggett, unperturbed; "they are simple, humble, semi-marine creatures, and they have never seen a dress like that before. They merely wish to admire its gorgeousness. Give them a chance to make some approach to taste and fashion."

"Well," Celia returned, "they do seem to be getting away from *you* as hard as they can."

Randolph, who was at the tiller, heard this. A moment later he was

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called forward to the halliards, and he did not know that Celia, cheered up by her own triumph of witticism, forgot her qualms, and engaged merrily in a prolonged contest of wit with the young man from the West.

Randolph waited until he and Claggett were left to put the boat to rights for the night; and then he unburdened his mind.

"Look here, Jack," he said, kindly but firmly; "I wish you wouldn't talk to Miss Leete in the way you were talking down in the cockpit. It's all very well, you know, between fellows, and at college, and all that sort of thing—but I think it's out of place with ladies."

"Has Miss Leete said anything to you about it?" Claggett inquired, looking up quickly from his work.

"She has not."

"I thought not. You take things too seriously, old man. She likes it, and so would you, if you had any sense of humor. It's all pure fun and nonsense, and she's quite well able to take care of herself."

"I do not wish," said Randolph, coldly, "that Miss Leete should be obliged to take care of herself. I am the best judge in such matters; and I suppose that you understand the situation."

"No," said Claggett, standing up straight, and looking his friend in the eye: "I do *not* understand the situation."

"I am—" Randolph hesitated—"Miss Leete and I are engaged."

Unfortunately for Randolph, he could never rid himself of the idea that there was a special sanctity attaching to his private and personal affairs. When he was obliged to make even the most indirect mention of them, he assumed the tone which the boy at college tries to assume when you speak to him of his "secret society." It is the tone of stern, self-conscious dignity which some people take on in speaking of the unspeakable things of life. I knew one man, once upon a time, who used this tone whenever he had occasion to talk of a cold in the head. The members of his family seemed to be peculiarly afflicted with this ailment; and, somehow, I got the idea that they were not "proper" people. Perhaps Mr. Claggett had similar associations with that peculiar tone, for he smiled in a way that greatly irritated Mr. Wykoff. And then he dealt a blow which left his friend paralyzed and dumb with inexpressible indignation.

"Well," Mr. Claggett said, "I don't know of any man more peculiarly fitted to make her unhappy."

He shouldered the sweeps, and walked off to the boathouse. Wykoff stood still for a minute, nearly, and his soul boiled within him. He wanted to do to Claggett many things which he could not do, under the social conditions of our age. Perhaps he came near to attempting some of them. But he checked himself. Instead, he walked for half an hour on the sands, and thought it all over. It may be that he communed with the spirit of his father, for a glimmering of John Wykoff's good sense visited his excited brain. He resolved to wreak no vengeance on the irreverent Claggett, but to establish for him a suitable "place" in the social scale; to put him there, and to keep him there. He carried out his programme to the letter. He put Claggett in his "place" at once, and he kept him there. There was only one limitation to his satisfaction. Claggett never seemed to know what had happened to him.

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Celia had accommodated herself to her surroundings—how thoroughly she did not know until a little thing set her to thinking.

Old habit led her to rise early, when only the servants were stirring. The mail of the previous night was brought in from the distant post-office early in the morning, and was spread out on a table in the hall. It was a week after her arrival that Celia came down and found a letter from Dorinda awaiting her—a letter in an envelope of pink, bordered with pale blue, stamped with a huge initial L, and scented. She snatched it up with an involuntary movement of concealment; checked herself, and then walked out into the clear sunshine with a guilty and troubled heart. Was she ashamed of her own people? Or was it only that she was rightly ashamed of her people's ways? Where was she drifting—where had she drifted? Had she turned her back on the little frame house in Chelsea Village? What lay before her here in the house of strangers?

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Poor little Eve! she had to look around Paradise, and ask herself how she liked it. And she had to confess to herself that only as a mystery was it wholly delightful.

Personalities were not the staple of conversation in the Wykoff household; yet personalities there must be, and these were still Greek to Celia. And even in the employments of every day she found herself set apart from all the others. She tried to play tennis, and gave it up, after a little while. Her muscles were flaccid; her heart rebelled at the least strain; flushing and palpitating, she went to sit with Mrs. Wykoff, an uninterested spectator. It was the same at the afternoon swim—she could not overcome her dread of the pounding surf. She tried to walk with the Curtis girls, and three miles in an hour sent her to bed sore and tired. Indeed, she reflected, she had not come there to bat tennis-balls, to swim, to tramp over sandy roads. These things had no charm for her. Perhaps the pleasantest time of all the day was when she leaned back in Mrs. Wykoff's victoria and rolled gently through the streets of the village, when the summer boarders sat on the verandas and stared hard at the plump horses and the carriage.

In August the Curtis girls went to join their mother in the Catskills. Laura went to Celia's room to bid her good-bye. She put her arms around Celia's neck. "Be good to him, my dear," she said.

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It was dull after they went. Mrs. Wykoff seemed to be anxious and apprehensive. Randolph was grave. Claggett was moody and cynical. Celia showed depression of spirits in her dull silence.

"I wonder if Claggett annoys her in any way," Randolph said to his mother, who only shook her head.

He saw her grow more listless day by day; but he loyally waited for the appointed hour. When it came, he sought her out, and found her in a far corner of the old-fashioned garden.

"Celia," he said, "it is time to announce our engagement."

An hour later he walked into his mother's room, very pale; but collected, as became a Harvard man.

"It is all over, mother," he said; "and I am going away on Saturday. I think I shall go to California. I think I can do something there. I have an idea of providing proper homes for the farm-laborers."

He was John Wykoff's son, and there was no arguing with him. Mrs. Wykoff listened to all he would tell her, and then went to find Celia. Celia was in her room, packing up her clothes in hysterical haste. Mrs. Wykoff took her in her arms.

"I can't help it!" Celia sobbed; "I feel mean and wicked, but I can't do anything else. I *did* love him, and I *do* think he's the best man in the world—he's just as good and noble as he can be—but I couldn't be happy this way, Mrs. Wykoff! I don't like it—I couldn't get along at all. I've made a mistake—I've made a mistake right from the first; but I won't make any more mistakes, and I won't make his life miserable because I've spoiled my own. Oh, don't be so good to me, Mrs. Wykoff—I don't deserve it—I'm a wretched girl! Just let me go home—that's where I belong!"

Mrs. Wykoff was as gentle as only a wise, kindly, worldly woman can be. She soothed poor Celia, and made her under-

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stand that, for the sake of appearances, at least, she must outstay the broken-hearted philanthropist bound for California. Celia stayed. Randolph made his preparations and went, hopelessly gloomy, but punctiliously courteous and considerate to the last.

After a quick fortnight, Celia knocked at Mrs. Wykoff's room to say good-bye. She tried, with a full heart, to give some measure of thanks for the kindness that was the one real thing to her in the world she was quitting. When she had made her timorous attempt, she blushed and trembled, and grew more timorous yet.

"There's something—something you ought to know," she said, huskily; "I—I—I know it seems queer—but—but I couldn't help it. While Randolph—while Mr. Wykoff—while he was *here*, you know, I wouldn't listen to it; I wouldn't let him—I mean—I wouldn't have let anybody say anything to me, although we both—" Celia's voice was all but inaudible—"understood—how we felt. But now, it's different, you know; and—and—Mrs. Wykoff, I'm not a wicked girl, but—I'm going to marry Mr. Claggett!"

FINIS

STORM AND CALM.

By C. P. Cranch.

All day the angry southwind roaring past
With warm, tumultuous showers of fitful rain,
Rattled upon my streaming window-pane,
And through the autumn woodlands driving fast,
Stripped off and whirled into the air the last
Few withered leaves. On the wide misty plain
The bell, the whistle, and the rumbling train
Were silenced in the thunder of the blast.
Now all is still. A few faint wandering sighs
Alone. The patient trees, though robbed and shorn,
Lift their bare arms and greet the sunset light
Flashing on spires and windows, while the skies
Glow with the promise of a starlit night,
And the calm sunrise of a radiant morn.

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MENDELSSOHN'S LETTERS TO MOSCHELES.

FROM THE MANUSCRIPTS IN THE POSSESSION OF FELIX MOSCHELES.

By William F. Apthorp.

II.

THE influence exerted by Mendelssohn upon the musical world at large, and especially upon the musical doings, the modes of musical thought, in a word, the whole musical point of view of the Anglo-Saxon race in particular, has probably been more potent, more far-reaching and, upon the whole, more fruitful in good results than that exerted by any single musician of modern times. His charming gift of melody, his perfect clarity of style, and perhaps also his freedom from all obtrusive musical transcendentalism, made him the man of all others to appeal immediately and lastingly to the English, and, through them, to us Americans. If it was his melodic gift, his lucid and vivacious style, that first attracted the general public, the stoutness of his musical workmanship, his complete mastery over musical form, insured stability and depth to the impression made by his music. Hans von Bülow has called him the most complete master of musical form since Mozart; and, if we except perhaps Cherubini, this is strictly true; nor has there arisen any composer since his day who can fairly claim to stand beside him in this. This perfection of musical technique he owed partly, no doubt, to the natural bent of his genius, but largely also to the rare excellence and thoroughness of his professional education; an education which the singular precocity of his talent enabled him to complete at an age when most composers have hardly made up their minds as to their real vocation. Mendelssohn's musical majority dates from the string octet, opus 20, written when he was sixteen! Schumann was already married and past thirty when a friend, coming in for an evening call, found him and his wife seated at a table, "studying Cherubini's counterpoint *for the first time!*" To be sure, what Mendelssohn did as a composer has influenced the public at large far more potently than it has the musical production of the world since his day. His influence upon the art of composition in general, upon other composers, although quite marked during a certain period, has proved short-lived and evanescent, upon the whole. In a sense, he may be called the head of a school; the force of his example, and reflections of his style are distinctly to be traced in the works of men like Hiller, Rietz, the Lachners, not to speak of Sterndale Bennett and many of the prominent English writers of to-day. But what was truly original in him did not tend in the direction the main current of musical thought was destined to take in our time; in following his lead, composers travelled a path which led to a region in which they found themselves more and more solitary, more and more distant from the real foci of musical growth in subsequent years. Whatever opinion one may hold as to the intrinsic rightness of his artistic point of view, of the impeccable example he set in his works, the fact still remains that this example has led other composers into no-thoroughfares mainly; and it may be said, upon the whole, that, much as he was, at one time, looked upon as the Coming Man in music, it was really Schumann, and not he, who held in his hand the key that was to unlock the future of the art. It is not in Mendelssohn, but in Schumann and Berlioz—widely different as were the two in all save in artistic sincerity—that we find the germs of all the most characteristic developments in music during the last fifty years.

But if Mendelssohn's influence, as a

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composer, upon the art of composition has proved itself to be comparatively ephemeral, his influence upon the public at large has been immense. There is probably no composer in all the annals of music whose works have been such widely efficacious educators of the popular musical taste as his. His finely-wrought, clear, and melodious style has attracted people who would otherwise never have been drawn to listen to the higher forms of music. His works have been the portals through which most of us have passed on to the understanding and appreciation of the great older masters. Not even his untiring exertions in reviving the works of Sebastian Bach, and bringing them before the public, could do as much to promote the general appreciation of the grand old master as Mendelssohn's own works have done, in which we find, as a certain critic once said, "*Bach mis à la portée de tout le monde*" (Bach brought within everybody's reach).

But it was not as a composer only that Mendelssohn influenced the musical world around him; his whole life, as performer, conductor, and man, was one unintermittent struggle to promote the welfare of all that was purest and most without reproach in music. No man ever had a higher ideal of what an artist should be, and few have lived up to that ideal with such inexorable conscientiousness. There was nothing of the pedant in him, although some of his maxims may sound a little overstrict in our easy-going times. For instance, it was one of the articles of his artistic faith that a truly great artist should not busy himself with the public performance of music to which inferior men could do all-sufficient justice. He followed out this maxim very pertinaciously in his own public life. "*Ich bin ein en-gros Spieler!*" he used to say—"I am a wholesale pianist!"—and could rarely be persuaded to play even his own minor compositions in public. But his artistic conscience was not so straitlaced as to stand, for a moment, in the way of his doing all in his power to help a friend, if he only saw in that friend sincerity of artistic purpose and a high aim. He abhorred Berlioz's music, but this did not prevent his doing the work of three men to help Berlioz get up his concerts in Leipzig.* By example, by precept and advice, by the most untiring labor, he was ever ready to do more than his share toward advancing the good cause he had at heart. The musical influence he personally exerted over all with whom he came in contact was of the most genial and salutary kind, and few musicians could have much to do with him without feeling its effects. It was in Leipzig—whither he was called in 1835 to assume the conductorship of the Gewandhaus concerts, and which was virtually his headquarters for the rest of his life—that Mendelssohn's personal influence upon music and musicians reached its culminating efficacy; both the place and his professional duties there were particularly congenial to him, and it may truly be said that, for some years, he was its very musical heart and soul.

In his letters to Moscheles we find an occasional passage or two to shed a little light upon the musical conditions in Leipzig in his day—as when he writes:

"We have quite an English congress here just now. Mrs. Shaw has made many friends by her beautiful singing, and the public is looking forward with great interest to Bennett's new things. Clara Novello has been here too; she gave a concert, which was well attended. On this occasion all manner of artistic rivalries and petty bickerings came to light, which would much better have remained in the dark. No, really, when those dear musicians begin abusing one another, and indulge in invective and back-biting, I would forswear all music, or rather all musicians. It does make me feel so cobblerlike. And yet such seems to be the fashion. I used to think it was only so among the hacks of the profession, but the others are no better, and it takes a decent fellow with decent principles to resist the pernicious influence. Well—on the other hand all this serves to show up what is good, and, by way of contrast, one doubly appreciates good art, good artists, letters from you,

* Berlioz's glowing gratitude to Mendelssohn on this occasion is well set forth in a letter to Stephen Heller. *Vide* Berlioz: "Mémoires," p. 259, or translation of the same in "Hector Berlioz," by W. F. A., p. 123.

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and—after all, this world of ours is not so bad." *

And again:

"Chorley seems to have been much pleased with our concerts, and, the fact is, we might do something really grand if there were just a little more money to spend. That blessed money pulls us up at every step, and we do not get on half as well as we should like to. On the one hand stand the Philistines, who believe Leipzig is Paris, and everything perfection, and that, if our musicians were not starved, it would no longer be Leipzig; on the other stand the musicians, or rather they run as soon as they see a chance, and I even back them up with letters to help them out of their misery. A pretty business it would have been if you had kept our David; † I should just, once for all, have got stuck in the mud, and should never have got on to decent orchestra legs again. His violin alone is worth ten good ones, and, with that, he is such a good musician; besides, really, now he leads quite an agreeable life here, and is petted and beloved by the public. No—him we positively cannot spare." ‡

Here is a passage which shows the practical artistic side of the man in a characteristic light:

"I declined to give anything to Pott in furtherance of his scheme, nor would you have done so, had you known of their doings and dealings in Germany with regard to monuments. They speculate on the names of great men with a view to making themselves great names. They do a deal of trumpeting in the papers, and treat us to ever so much bad music with real trumpets. If they will honor Handel in Halle, Mozart in Frankfurt and Salzburg, Beethoven in Bonn by founding good orchestras and performing their works well and intelligently, I am their man; but I don't care for their stones and blocks as long as their orchestras are only stumbling blocks, nor for their conservatories in which there is nothing worth conserving. Our present hobby is the improving of our poor orchestra. After no end of letter writing, soliciting and importuning, I have succeeded in getting their salaries raised by 500 Thalers, and, before I leave them, I mean to get double that amount for them. If that is granted, I won't mind setting a monument to Sebastian Bach in front of the St. Thomas Schools. But first, mind you, the grant. You see I am a regular small-beer Leipziger. But, really, you would be touched if you could see and hear for yourself how my good fellows put heart and soul into their work, and strive to do their best." §

The following speaks for itself:

"We have had an interesting musical time of it this winter: Dreyschock, Prume, Madame Pleyel, Hiller, Ernst, and now to wind up, Liszt. Our Subscription Concerts, and the six quartet evenings, were more crowded than ever, and, with their close, the time has come when one longs for home music and no concerts. Liszt has been here for the last six days. He has given one concert, and announces another for next Tuesday, after which he goes, first to Dresden and then to Paris, where he means to play; afterward to London for the season, and then to Russia to spend the winter. His playing, which is quite masterly, and the subtileness of his musical feeling, that finds its way to the very tips of his fingers, truly delight me. His rapidity and subtileness, above all his playing at sight, his memory, and his thorough musical insight, are qualities quite unique in their way, and that I have never seen surpassed. With that you find in him, when once you have penetrated beyond the surface of modern French polish, a good fellow and a true artist, and you cannot help liking him, even if you disagree with him. The one thing which seems to be wanting in him is true talent for composition, real original ideas. The things he played to me did strike me as very incomplete, even when judged from his own point of view, which, to my mind, is not the right one. That explains why Thalberg would meet with more success in many places, in England, for instance, if I am not mistaken. In his way, he is just as perfect, he plays the pieces he has mastered, and there he stops;

* Dated Leipzig, Oct. 28, 1838.

† Ferdinand David, the noted violinist, afterward professor of the violin at the Leipzig Conservatory, and whom Berlioz calls "Mendelssohn's *fidus Achates*."

‡ Dated Leipzig, Nov. 30, 1839.

§ Dated Leipzig, Nov. 30, 1839.

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whereas Liszt's whole peformance is as unpremeditated, as wild and impetuous, as you would expect it of a genius; but then I miss those genuine original ideas which, above all, I expect from a genius. A mere pianist he is not, nor does he give himself out as such, and that perhaps makes him appear less perfect than others whose talent cannot be compared to his. We are together the greater part of the day, and seem to be mutually attracted. His appreciation of you, and the cordial way in which he expresses it, have drawn me still nearer to him. It is regrettable that he should have been saddled with a manager and secretary, who, between them, succeeded in so thoroughly mismanaging things that the public were up in arms, and we had the greatest trouble to smooth matters to some extent for the second concert. The advertisements and subsequent modifications, the prices and the programme, in fact everything that Liszt had not done himself was objectionable, and consequently the mildest of Leipzigers were in a rage. By this time, however, they seemed to have calmed down again." *

But Mendelssohn's interest in Leipzig was not only in the Gewandhaus concerts; it centred in the Conservatory, of which he was the real founder. It was he who persuaded the King of Saxony to appropriate to this music school the sum of 20,000 Thalers,† bequeathed by one Hofkriegsrath Blümner "for the purposes of art and science." The permission was obtained in November, 1842, and the Conservatory opened in the Gewandhaus on April 1, 1843. Of the great names that have been intimately associated with this famous music school, that of Moscheles deserves to be placed next to Mendelssohn's. That the latter may have had, even at the outset, some hopes of ultimately securing Moscheles's services as professor at the institution is not unlikely. As early as 1838, he knew that Moscheles was beginning to tire of his London life, and was looking about him to find some acceptable position in Germany. Of course, at this early date, all plans for the Conservatory were too much in embryo for Mendelssohn to think of trying to interest his friend in the scheme. Still, any plan that should succeed in bringing Moscheles back to Germany would naturally be greeted by him with joy; to have such a sterling musical influence active once more in any part of the Fatherland could not but be welcome to him. How earnestly he felt what an advantage to Germany Moscheles's return thither would be, is shown in the following:

"But now to the most important part of your letter, that which refers to Weimar. Upon my word it is not an easy matter to give you a proper answer to your questions. When I think of your life in London, your independent position at the head of the musical profession, and of your never ceasing activity in public, and then again of Weimar, with its petty court and its still pettier 'Hofmarschall,' and 'Intendanz' that superintends nothing, when I think of the littleness that pervades everything, it would be madness to advise you to go. When I remember, on the other hand, your telling me that you had never wished to remain all your life in England, but rather to return to your own country, and to devote yourself to your art and to your friends (and I believe, in your place, I should feel as you do), and when I take into account that in Germany one town is about as good as another, all small but sociable, that the appointment is one of the best of its kind, that to you it would be an acquisition to have an orchestra at your disposal, to us to have a man like you to take Hummel's place, and to secure a musician of your standing for Germany —then I cannot help being in favor of Weimar. As far as I know, social resources are very limited there. The court circle is the best, not to say the only one; there you still meet with intelligence and culture, the inheritance of former days. But that, too, is on the decline, and whether your wife would like it seems to me very doubtful. On the other hand, the orchestra is said to be excellent, and the singers of the opera good. The Grand Duchess is a stanch friend to anyone she has enlisted and likes, and, with that, fairly musical herself. Not very much to do, but enough opportunity to do much

* Dated Leipzig, March 21, 1840.

† $15,000.

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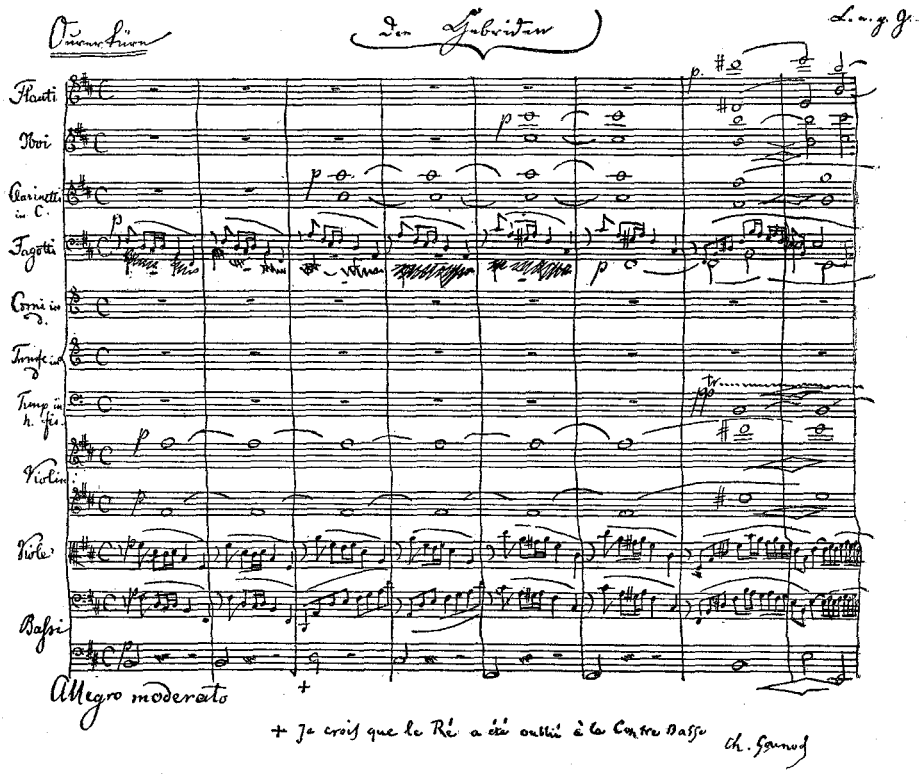
good, just what would suit you. It is quite difficult to put it impartially, you see; it would be glorious to have a musician like you among us, giving his best work to Germany; but it seems so selfish to press you, yet not to press you is decidedly too unselfish. Would it not be best if you came over and looked into the whole matter yourself? In a week you would get a clear insight into everything, the town, society, and the orchestra; you could make your own conditions, or take theirs into consideration; in a word, you could thoroughly sift the matter. Could you not manage that? If only for the present you do not send an absolute refusal, so much would be gained. Do write me soon on this subject which touches me so nearly." *

But the Weimar proposals never came to anything, and Moscheles's plans remained in a wholly undecided state for eight years more. The following letter, the date of which, it should be noted, falls nearly together with that of Mendelssohn's obtaining the hoped-for grant of money from the King, is the beginning of a four-years' correspondence which led up to Moscheles's finally determining to settle in Leipzig. All that is important on Mendelssohn's side of this correspondence is given here, without further comment:

LEIPZIG, Nov. 18, 1842.

MY DEAREST FRIEND,—

How busy I have been lately you can gather from the fact of my only answering your delightful letter of the 20th today, but my chief reason for delay was, that I wished to answer with due care and full consideration that part of your letter which once more mentions your intention of returning to Germany. This is a matter of so much importance

First Page of the Original Score of Mendelssohn's Overture to the "Isles of Fingal," given to Moscheles. On perusing it fifty years later, Gounod made the note appended.

* Dated Dec. 10, 1838.

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to all of us, and I am so immensely delighted at the prospect, that I at first could not bring myself to think of it quietly and impartially. Now I have looked at it in every light, and of nothing else will I write to-day. If you really mean to leave England, and, from what you say, I can no longer doubt you are in earnest, this is the best time you could select, particularly if you thought of giving Berlin the preference. It appears to me, just now, when the King* is so unmistakably anxious to secure for his kingdom artists of great reputation, a mere hint from you would suffice to elicit the most acceptable offers from that quarter. Such a hint is necessary, as, without it, nobody would believe, any more than I did at first, that you are really inclined to give up your position in England. Now you have the very man in London to whom you might casually drop a word. You are on a confidential footing with him, and while, on the one hand, he has the warmest friendship and esteem for you, on the other, his suggestions and counsels have the greatest weight with the King of Prussia. To be sure, I mean Bunsen. If you were to speak to him, mentioning in a general way your intention of returning to Germany, I am sure a few words would suffice, and he would do his very best to secure to the King and to Berlin the honor of possessing you; for as an honor, any town of Germany you may select will look upon it. That perhaps you do not know, but then I do with all the more certainty. To be sure there is no official position—I mean no regular programme of musical duties suitable for you, any more than there is for me, or any musician whose heart is in his work; so my departure from Berlin would leave no place vacant for another to occupy. The very fact that no such place exists is the cause of my hesitating.

Now, however, it is decided that I am to have nothing to do with the Berlin public, but only with the King, whose qualities of head and heart I value so highly that they weigh heavier in the scale than half a dozen Berlin publics. Whether I am there or not, an excellent and honorable position would be open to you, but just think how delightful it would be if I did return, and we lived in the same place and saw our old dreams, that seemed so unattainable, actually realized. But that is a picture I will not attempt to draw in this letter. That I may have to return to Berlin you see from the above, probably it may be next year.

But suppose now the thing you thought feasible in Berlin should take shape in Leipzig! Not that I should think of offering you the post I have held here merely as conductor of the Subscription Concerts, but there is every reason to believe that that office would be supplemented by the directorship of a musical school, which will probably be called into existence within the next twelvemonth. Might not a combination of that kind suit you? The salary would scarcely be more than 1,200 Thalers, to start with, but I believe the venture would soon improve in every respect. The King of Saxony will probably grant the funds requisite for founding the institution, and, considering the influential and central position of Leipzig, I have no doubt, excellent results might be anticipated. The principal outlines of the scheme are to be settled before the end of the year. I am bound up with it heart and soul; but then, the first and most important question arises: who is to be at the head of it? Now just see how all difficulties would be at once solved if, in answer to that question, we could put your name. Regular lessons there would scarcely be any to give, only the general supervision of the institution to undertake. You would have Hauptmann, who is at the head of the St. Thomas choir, David, Becker, etc., to work with you. And there would be twenty Subscription Concerts to conduct. Now what do you think of it? Just turn it over in your mind, and let me know the result very soon. I fancy these will not be the only letters we shall exchange on the subject. The matter is of importance, not only to yourself, but to all Germany, and the former consideration, you know, would be quite enough for me.

So now give me your views candidly, as I have given you mine, and let me thank you a thousand times, and tell

* *i.e.* of Prussia.

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you how proud I am of being taken into your confidence. I do hope and trust we Germans shall get you back among us.

If you do not like to mention the matter to Bunsen, I shall, with the greatest pleasure, look about for another opening, but Bunsen is the right man, I feel sure of that. However, first of all, tell us what you think of the two different plans.

Kindest remembrances to your wife. I will try to fit the orchestra dress on to the Broadley piece, and, if I succeed, I will send it to you without delay. For the present I am still without books or music, and have composed nothing but a sonata with violoncello; however, the books arrived yesterday; to-morrow we unpack them, and then we will set to work in good earnest.

Remain ever my friend as I am yours.

F. M.

Mendelssohn.

LEIPZIG, April 15, 1843.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—

Thanks for your letter of Mar. 10, which was anything but a business memorandum, as it announced itself, but one of those kind and friendly letters, which I always most heartily welcome. But now do tell me what can have given you the idea that I was appointed director of the Leipzig Music School, and that "all plans of our living together in Germany would vanish into thin air," etc., etc. I am not appointed, and am as anxious to have you here as ever, and confidently trust our plans will not prove castles in the air. You must have taken some newspaper paragraph for Gospel truth, and you know I maintain they have been known to fall very short of that. These are really the facts:

Three years ago I endeavored to found a Musical Academy in Leipzig, and after endless interviews and exchanges of letters with some prominent men here, and also with the King, I felt, on my return from Berlin, that there was no time to be lost, and that it was a case of now or never. My engagements in Berlin did not allow of my accepting a prominent appointment here, but I took the matter in hand last

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November, and having got the necessary funds together, the school was opened, and I engaged to act as one of the teachers during the time I should remain here. I wrote to you then, and expressed my ardent desire to see you eventually at the head of the institution. Nothing has changed in my desire since, only what was then a long cherished plan, four weeks ago became a reality, and promises to bear good fruit.

Cécile, the Wife of Mendelssohn.

Now if we could only persuade you to come! Whether I am here or not, it would be equally desirable to have you at the head of the institution. So far, the Board of Directors is composed only of five gentlemen, none of whom are musicians. The six teachers are subordinate to them, but, among themselves, they are on an equal footing. But I believe that, later on, when the institution develops, as seems very likely to be the case, a change will be necessary, and a musical man will have to join the directors, or even to take the lead independently. And that is the position which, in connection with the Subscription Concerts, would be worthy of your acceptance. The difficulty remaining is to get them to make you a definite proposal, both from a business and from a musical point of view. To be sure, they would all like to have you here, but the liking, and wishing, and thinking alone will not do it; and how absolutely necessary it is to come to a clear understanding in such matters, I should have learned during the course of my negotiations in Berlin, had I not already been aware of the fact. Have you received an offer from Prague to take the directorship of the Conservatory there? Spohr's name was mentioned in connection with it, and so was yours. That he was asked, and that he refused, I know for a fact. I am anxious to hear whether there is any foundation for the rumor connecting your name with it. I do not know what the appointment is like, but, at any rate, I am enough of a patriot to wish that you lived in Germany rather than in England. The paper is at an end, so good-bye.

Yrs. ever,

F. M.

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BERLIN, Nov. 13, 1845.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—

There is a rumor afloat in Leipzig, and I have met with it more than once since my return, that you might possibly take up your abode there, and devote yourself chiefly to the Conservatory, thus carrying out to the advantage of the Leipzigers your old plan of settling in Germany. I must say that I did not put much faith in the report. The difference between London and Leipzig is so great that I could scarcely fancy that you could make up your mind to leave the former for the latter. But the other day I heard it asserted positively, at an evening party, that you had said that you were disposed to settle in Leipzig. Some one had the news from Hamburg. Unlikely as it seems, I cannot help writing to ask whether there might possibly be some foundation for the rumor, and secondly, whether I could do anything to convert such possibility into a certainty. I need not tell you how anxious I am to know, and how *important the matter is, not* only to me, but to all true lovers of music in Germany. So pray write as soon as possible how it really stands, and tell me point blank what steps should be taken to persuade you, if you are to be persuaded at all. Or, if you are only thinking of it in a general way, and as a possible contingency, just give me an outline of your ideas in an equally general way.

Nothing would be better and simpler, to be sure (if you really were inclined to decide for Leipzig), than to go straight there, and to settle all details personally. But, for the present, my only question is, whether there is any truth at all in the report, or whether it is all idle talk, such as often gets about without any foundation whatever. I believe, if you wrote to say there was a remote chance, the Leipzig town council would petition you in a body, the Burgomaster at their head. Of my personal joy I say nothing to-day; I merely write as a Leipziger. When I heard the report, the other day, I was suddenly seized with patriotic feelings for Leipzig; and I said to myself: "If I could but do something to bring this about."

Good bye; I have been here for the last three weeks to conduct performances of my Athalia, Œdipus, and some other things.

Medallion of Mendelssohn. Modelled by Knauer, of Leipzig, soon after the composer's death, and presented to the directors of the Gewandhaus.

Yrs. ever,

F. M.

LEIPZIG, Dec. 20, 1845.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—

I most gladly take up the pen to-day, for I believe and trust that this letter may be instrumental in bringing about a realization of a wish which we Leipzigers, and more especially I personally, have long had at heart, remote as seemed the possibility of its fulfilment.

Yesterday I learned that the directors of the Conservatory were about to write

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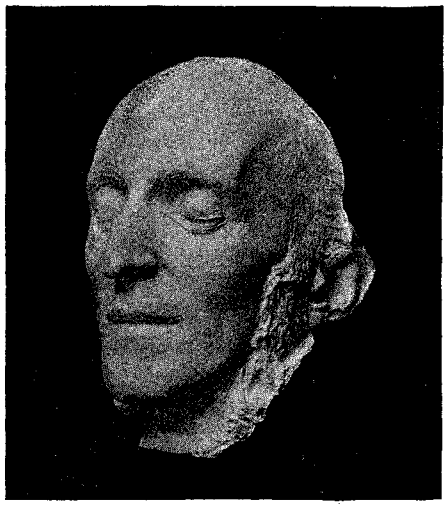
to you officially; their offers, which will be in your hands in a few days, will at least prove to you how fully they appreciate the desirability of securing your services for Leipzig. I hear they have based their proposals on the suggestion you made in your letter to me, which I submitted to them on my return. The salary they offer you is more than double that of any other professor; they agree to the leave of absence, and in fact accede to one and all of your wishes. When you come to consider that they are ready to draw to the fullest extent on the means at their disposal, further, that it would be hard to find elsewhere as influential and independent a position, I trust you will be disposed to accept their proposals. I feel all the more confident of the result, knowing, as I do, your ideas on the state of things here, as compared to that in England, and remembering how much in earnest you were when we last talked the subject over.

The sum which is to be offered to you (if my information is correct) is small, according to English notions, but not so, measured by a German standard. Nor is it small, when you take into consideration that it represents a fixed salary for only two or three lessons daily, and when you make allowance for the time of ten weeks' leave of absence; so, if you choose to give two or three private lessons besides, you will be in a more remunerative position than most musical men in this country, and yet not have to give more than four or five lessons daily. That would be light work for you, accustomed as you are to the incredible exertions of London life; you would have leisure enough and to spare, and what splendid fruit that might bear for art, and for your friends! I cannot, for a moment, doubt that, under the circumstances, you will appreciate the change, and I must say that from what I hear of the petty doings over there, and from what I experienced myself eighteen months ago, I can fully understand that every year brings you fresh cause for dissatisfaction, and a growing desire to turn your back on it all. And really the position you are asked to occupy is not unworthy of your acceptance. One point I must answer to correct a misapprehension. I am not, and shall never be a Director of the School. I stand precisely in the same kind of position that it is hoped you may occupy. The duties of my department are the reading of compositions, etc., and as I was one of the founders of the School, and am acquainted with its weak points, I lend a hand here and there until we are more firmly established. I look upon it as an element of stability that we should have no musical director placed in authority above the professors, head-masters as we call them. These, Hauptmann, Becker, David, and myself—may I soon be able to add your name—form a committee of management on all musical matters, subordinate to the directors only, inasmuch as these select the teachers, manage the business, and are generally the representatives of the institute. But all musical matters are submitted to the committee of teachers, or to the special professor whom they may concern. So, for instance, any question relating to harmony would be referred to Hauptmann, while Becker would deal with what concerns the organ. The board of Directors consists exclusively of prominent citizens, non-musicians, who give their services gratuitously.



From a Death Mask of Mendelssohn in the Possession of Laurence Hutton, Esq.

And now let me request that, if there is anything you do not wish to mention

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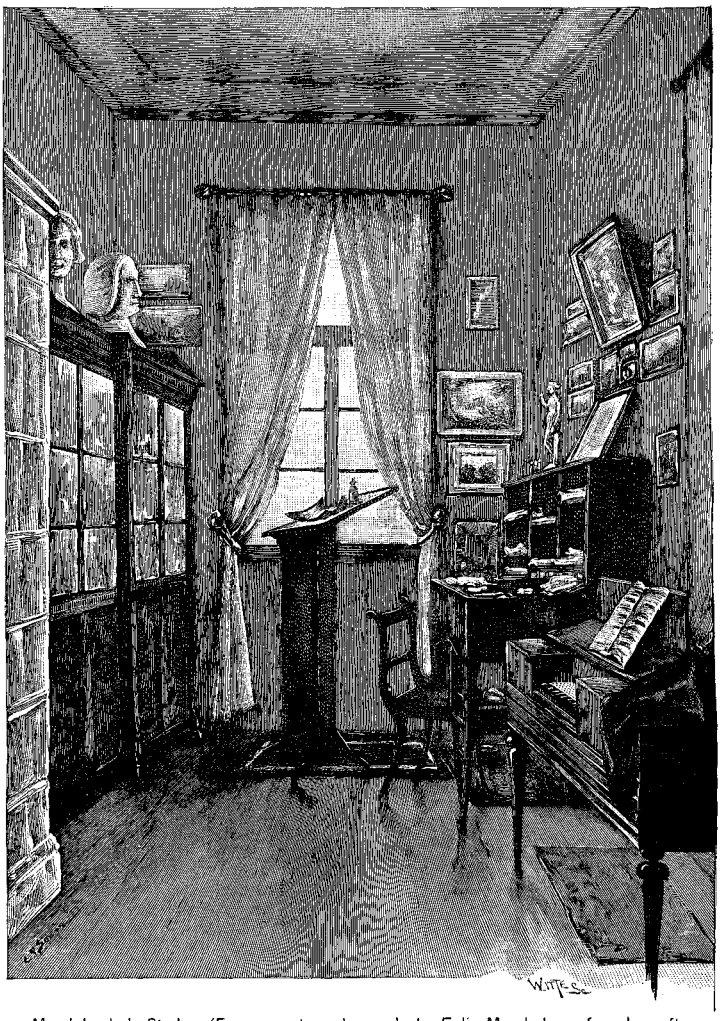
officially, you will inform me, and give me an opportunity of contributing to the success of a negotiation, which may prove more fruitful in its results than any we have hitherto undertaken in the interests of music.

"I scarcely venture to hope, so much do I wish it," says your wife, and I, with a better right, echo her words; for if you both only wish it one half as much as I do, I fancy I may venture to hope. And now best thanks for your letter from Paris, that crossed mine on the road, and my congratulations on your success, and the dedication in Saint-Cloud. As regards the sonata* itself, it is of no use putting the many questions about it which I am so anxious and impatient to have answered, but I will make sure that Kistner lets me have the manuscript without an hour's delay. And just fancy now how grand it will be when we get that kind of thing before all the Kings of the French. I do believe the Leipzigers will get too proud, and yet, I should be happy for their sakes. You see I can write of nothing else to-day. Good bye, let me hear from you soon. Ever yrs.,

F. M.



Mendelssohn's Study. (From a water-color made by Felix Moscheles a few days after the composer's death.)†

LEIPZIG, Jan. 17, 1846.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—

Your last letter and that of your wife gave me the greatest pleasure, for they seem to hold out a promise that our wish to have you here shall be fulfilled. I do hope and trust we are not mistaken. On the day that brings your consent I will drain my best bottle of wine, and cap it with a cup of champagne. I hasten to answer your questions, having duly consulted my wife and her account books, with the following result. The

* Moscheles's Sonate symphonique, opus 112, for two performers, which he and his daughter Emily had played at the court of Louis-Philippe, to whom it was dedicated.

† The pictures on the walls of the study were by Mendelssohn's own hand, and the busts on the book-case, those of Goethe and Bach.

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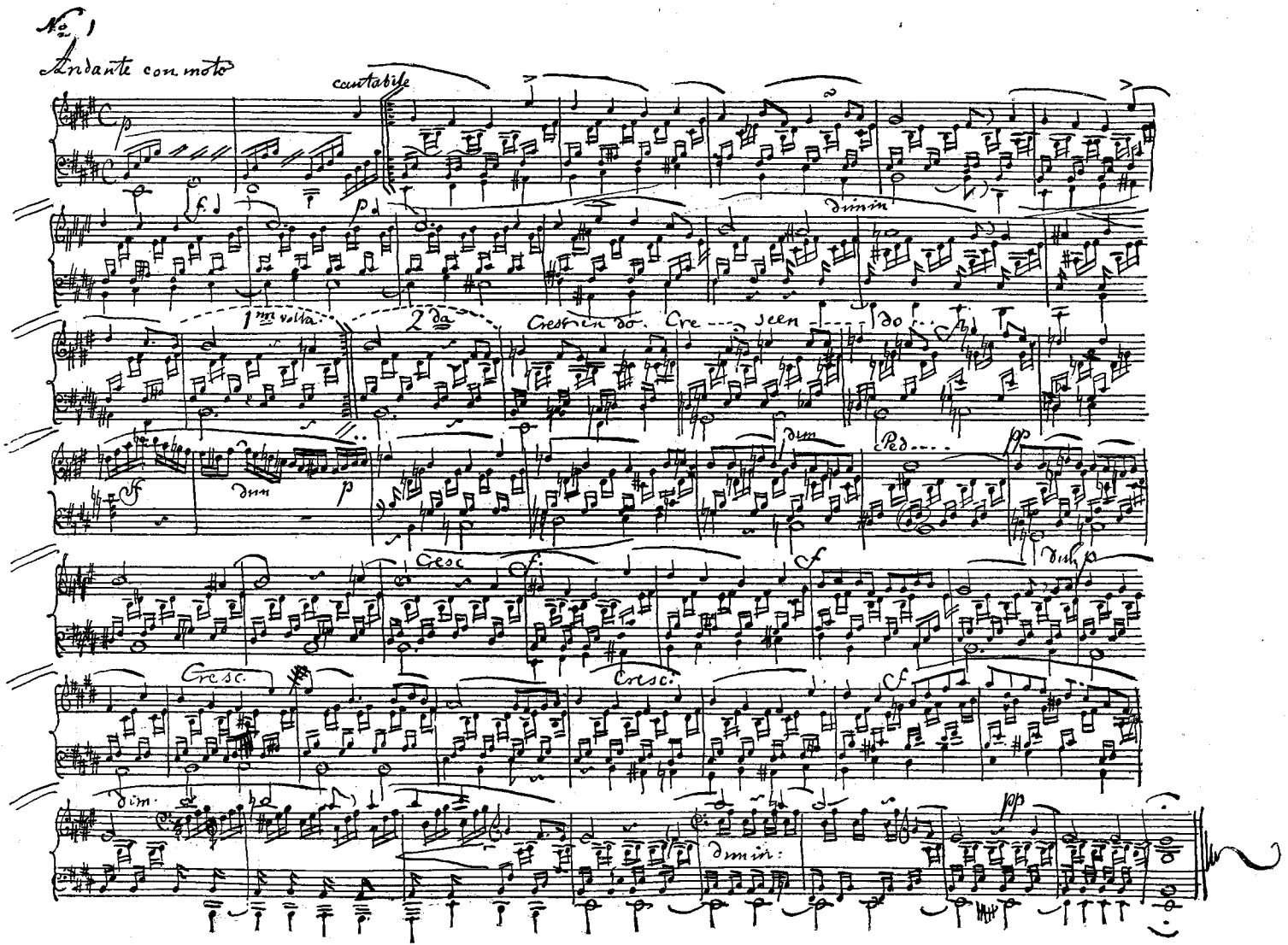

First Page of the Original Draft of Mendelssohn's "Melodies" (Songs without Words)—the Original in Possession of Felix Moscheles.

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price of a flat consisting of seven or eight rooms, with kitchen and appurtenances, varies from 300 to 350 Thalers. For that sum it should be handsome and cheerful, and as regards the situation, it should leave nothing to be desired. Servants would cost about 100 to 110 Thalers per annum, all depending, to be sure, on what you require. Male servants are not much in demand here, their wages varying from 3 to 12 Thalers per month. A good cook gets 40 Thalers, a housemaid 32. If you add to this a lady's-maid, who could sew and make dresses, you would reach about the above mentioned figure. Should you require, in addition to this, a man servant, that, to be sure, would increase the expense, but, living as others do here, I think you would scarcely need one. Wood, that is fuel for kitchen, stoves, etc., is dear, and may amount to 150 or 200 Th. for a family of five, with servants. Rates and taxes are next to nothing; 8 or 10 Th. a year would cover all. In a word, I think you would live very well and comfortably on 1800–2000 Th. It is difficult to fix the terms for your lessons, even approximatively, for there is no precedent in Leipzig to go by. Madame Schumann-Wieck had 2 Th., but at that price found only two pupils, and those mostly among foreigners spending a short time here. I think that would be different with you, and am confident that if you chose to say 1½ Th., you would be overrun by applicants; the same would probably be the case at 2 Th., and so I return to what I said in my last letter. I believe that, putting together the salary from the Conservatory and what you would make by private lessons and the publication of compositions (even if you published ever so little, but I trust it would be ever so much), your income would suffice for your expenditure, and it would still be open to you to draw on your capital, or to leave it to bear interest. I do not think I have in any way looked at things in too favorable a light in giving you these estimates. I certainly made them after due consideration, and in accordance with my experience of this place.

Now I have but to add that I have no doubt your furniture will be allowed to pass free of duty (in fact, I do not mind making bold to guarantee that at once); further, that I have certainly composed a *Lauda Sion* for a Church Festival at Liège, and, finally, that we are all well, and thinking of you, and expecting with the greatest impatience your next letter which is to bring us the welcome news that you are coming.

Ever yrs.,

F. M.

LEIPZIG, Feb. 11, 1846.

Hurrah, your decision is taken, you are coming! Let every one of these lines rejoice. A more welcome piece of news I have not received since I have been here, and one that promises so rich a harvest for all of us. There was a flutter of excitement such as I have never witnessed in our ranks when I produced your letter at the board meeting the other day. I had kept it all to myself to lay before the directors on that occasion, and when I announced that I had received your answer, and here it was, with your acceptance, black on white—they were for answering at once, but, as there were several of them, it took a few days, so that you get their letter with mine to-day. The leave of absence for three months not only, but anything and everything you may desire will, I am sure, be agreed to. In fact, it is in everybody's interest that you should be made perfectly comfortable, and I believe that you will be suited, and will not be unfavorably impressed by the difference between the stirring metropolis and our petty provincialism. This much is certain, that you nowhere can find better intentions and a heartier desire on all sides to make you feel at home than here, since the Fates have decreed that you shall return to Germany, and as you cannot, in this most excellent, but somewhat peculiar country, hope to escape a certain amount of gossip and twaddle, whichever place of abode you may select, I think you will have no reason to regret your choice having fallen on Leipzig, and I trust you will like it better and better every year. My personal feelings I cannot adequately express. How could I tell you what it is to me when I think that

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Die Schrift ist verfertigt von Emily Moscheles, d. 29ten Mai 1832.
Das Gedicht ist von Carl Klingemann 37 Bury Street St. James
Die Arabesken sind erfunden und die Klexse ausgeführt von Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy
Journal in London
BLAVE TEVFEL
EIN GRENADIERMARSCH
LAST ROSE
MALINCONICO
Glückwunsch zum 30sten Mai 32.
Heil dem Manne, der nach oben
Heitren Sinnes weiter schreitet,
Den nicht Tadeln oder Loben,
Den das eigne Schaffen leitet.
DAEMONEN
Sinfonia
MOSCHELES Sinfonie
ES B CES
REINGESTIMMT
PUBLICUM 1829
ALLASCOZESE 1830
THE FALL OF PARIS
PLVME, LVNE, CHANDELLE!
WIE EIN JVNGER BERLINER SICH UEBT

Mendelssohn's Congratulations to Moscheles on the Latter's Birthday.—(See note on page 345.)

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you are really coming, that you are going to live here for good, you and yours, and that what seemed a castle in the air is about to become a tangible reality—that we shall be together, not merely to run through the dissipations of a season, but to enjoy an intimate and uninterrupted intercourse. I shall have a few houses painted rose colored as soon as you are really within the walls. But it needs not that; your arrival here will give the whole place a new complexion. But what is the use of my scribbling, when you are coming, and we can thank you verbally? Not that that is necessary; you know too well without words how overjoyed we are. Cécile will write a few words for herself. Now you must soon let me have a long, domestic, unmusical letter, like my last one, so that we can arrange and settle various things for you before you arrive. Isn't it delightful that we have got to that point already?

Your second letter with the Birmingham news just comes too. They have truly done well in securing you as a conductor, and how splendid it would be if we could meet there. About my Elijah, however, I shall not be able to decide anything before the middle of next month. The fact is my health frequently leaves much to be desired, and all this conducting and performing often fatigues me greatly. At such times I scarcely believe I shall be strong enough to go through a musical festival again. If I possibly can, I most certainly shall go; but as there is considerable doubt of my being able to do so, I am doubly glad to know the matter in your hands, feeling sure that thus all must go well.

The letter to Jenny Lind I have sent to Berlin, and when I see her a few weeks hence I will put it strongly to her; but I scarcely believe she will be at liberty to accept. It is wonderful how she is sought after on all sides; I believe her engagements are fully made up to the end of the year.

Beethoven's "Ruins of Athens," or rather my selections from that work, would be appropriate, but they have not yet appeared in print. I believe Ewer & Co. have the score and the copyright. Pischek, I trust, you will be able to secure; he would be an important acquisition. More of all that, next time. For to-day, good bye. Once more thanks and—Hurrah! You are coming!

Ever yours,

F. M.

This last letter touches upon another of the great events of the later part of Mendelssohn's life: the bringing out of his "Elijah" at the Birmingham festival of 1846. About the gradual growth of this oratorio, about the troubles and joys of writing it, Mendelssohn is, as usual, silent in his letters to Moscheles. The first mention he makes of it is in a letter, dated Leipzig, November 30, 1839, in which we find the following:

"I want to write a new concerto, but, so far, it is swimming about in my head in a shapeless condition. A new oratorio, too, I have begun, but how it is to end, and what is to come in the middle, Heaven only knows."

This is all; and he hardly alludes to the subject again until the letter we have just read. From this point on, however—his mind being set at rest on that other engrossing topic: Moscheles's coming to Leipzig—his letters are full of it. To be sure, what he writes is purely in the way of business, but none

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NOTE TO FAC-SIMILE ON PAGE 344.—"The drawing," Mendelssohn says, "is in Emily's hand, the poem by Klingemann, the design invented and the ink-blots executed by Felix Mend. Bartholdy." In his design we find "The young Berliner" (meaning himself) practicing a piece that Moscheles has dedicated to him. Further on "Respect" for the drums that for once in a way are in tune, the "Blue Devils" that stand for "Melancholy," the "Last Rose of Summer," on which Mendelssohn had written variations. The "Demons" refer to one of his "Studies." Next Moscheles is conducting his symphony. The Scotchman with his bagpipes illustrates the "Anticipations of Scotland," a piece dedicated to Sir Walter Scott. The stirring theme of the "Alexander Variations" is supposed to bring about the "Fall of Paris," and finally the popular song "Au clair de la lune" comes in as being the theme of some brilliant variations. The following is a translation of the verses framed by the drawing, made for Mr. Moscheles by a well-known writer:—

"Hail to the man who upward strives
Ever in happy unconcern;
Whom neither blame nor praise contrives
From his own nature's path to turn."

Twelve years later (May 30, 1844) he drew a second page of the illustrated catalogue, in celebration of Moscheles's birthday. "The writing," he says, "is again Emily's, the poem Klingemann's, the design is again invented and the ink-blots are left out, by Felix Mendelss-Bartholdy." The following is a translation of the stanza contained in the second drawing:

"On and still on the journey went,
Yet has he kept us all in view—
Working in age with youth's intent,
In living—fresh, in loving—true."

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the less interesting for that. The following letters throw, at least, some light upon certain phases of the life of a composer, and of the history of a great work, that are too often hidden from the public. Here we get one or two welcome glimpses behind the scenes.

LEIPZIG, April 20, 1846.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—

Many thanks for your last letter, which I received yesterday. Although I dare say you have heard through Klingemann that I hope to complete my oratorio, I write to-day to tell you so. If my health continues as satisfactory as it is at present, I feel confident I can be ready in time, and will give some sheets to the copyist within the next few days, with a view to forwarding them to you without delay. Towards Whitsuntide, I trust, the chief pieces of the first part, and some of the second, will be in your hands. That will be soon enough, will it not? I am still undecided whether I will have the parts printed, as Mr. Moore desires. Why should they not be copied out just as well?

If, contrary to expectation, I should not have finished, I have enough other manuscript in readiness, so that I might, as Mr. Moore suggests, conduct one or the other new piece of mine. My Athalia, for instance, is now in England, and, if I am not mistaken, is being translated by Bartholomew; so, if the worst comes to the worst, those choruses could be sung; but, as I said before, I trust that will not be necessary, and, if it is not otherwise desired, I most surely mean to go to Birmingham. How delightful to see you all again! Excuse my writing so hurriedly; I am quite incapable of putting together a sensible letter, and—But just one more question: Is it not quite time that you should give me your orders for Leipzig? That you will be here by next autumn I take for granted, and my wife and I ought to set about making all the necessary preparations. So please let us know.

Thanks for your kind and friendly words in reference to my work, and one thousand thanks for that beautiful four-hand sonata of yours, the proofs of which I corrected, and then got as a present into the bargain. I only wish the time had come already when we shall sit together at the pianoforte and play it.

Best love to your wife, from

Yrs. ever,

FELIX.

LEIPZIG, 8 May, 1846.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—

In about a fortnight I hope to send you the score of the first part of my oratorio (with the exception of some of the solo numbers), that is to say, considerably more than half of it. The choruses of the second part will, I trust, be in your hands in June, the rest to follow early in July. I should much like Bartholomew to make the translation, occasionally taking Klingemann's advice. Could that be managed? Then I absolutely require a first-rate high baritone. Can such a one be found? And what I most require now is an answer to my last letter, saying that you are all well and happy, and thinking of me.

Yrs. ever,

F. M.

LEIPZIG, May 11, 1846.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—

I see by Mr. Moore's letter, which you enclosed, that he would rather have the parts printed. I have no objection, but the question arises whether an English firm would be ready to publish them under the conditions that Simrock agreed to, viz., that any alterations that I might think necessary should be made in the plates, even if that necessitated new ones being engraved. Will you be so kind as to talk this point over with Mr. Buxton, of Ewer & Co., to whom I should best like to give the manuscript for publication. As there are so many copies required in Birmingham (42 sopranos, 20 violins, etc.) I have no doubt of his assent.

Then there is another point on which I want your help, or at least, your advice. I mean the question of terms for the work (Choral Edition, etc.). What do you think I ought to ask for it in England? I wished Mr. Buxton to make me an offer, as I had had some applications for the copyright from other quarters, and, while giving him

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the preference, I should not like him to be the loser, nor to lose myself, by the transaction. He, however, leaves the matter entirely in my hands, and says he will be agreeable to whatever I propose. What do you think, in justice to him and to myself, I ought to ask? This matter ought to be settled before the parts are printed, but now please let me have definite instructions by return of post whether I am to send the score only, or a copy of the parts also. If, as Mr. Moore desires, I am to send the latter, that will not prevent my forwarding the score of the first part of the oratorio to you in ten or twelve days, so that the translation can be made from that, while the parts can be copied from my manuscript.

If, after all, there is no baritone to be got, the whole thing falls to the ground, and the oratorio cannot be performed. Is neither Pischek, Staudigl nor Oberhofer "possible," as the French say? The latter, I believe, does not know English, so it rests with the two others. Good-bye, don't forget instructions about house-hunting in Leipzig. Please keep the enclosed, it too concerns the Birmingham festival. Excuse trouble and haste. As ever, yrs,

F. M.

P. S. How would it be if I had the orchestra parts printed in Germany, and brought them over with me? The vocal parts, at any rate, would have to be printed in England on account of the English words.

LEIPZIG, May 23, 1846.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—

As I am leaving here this evening for the Rhine, and as I have not yet heard from you in answer to my last letter, I send to-day a complete copy of the first part of my Elijah to Messrs. Hüttner & Co., Ewer's correspondents in Hamburg, to be forwarded to you through Mr. Buxton. I enclose also a copy of the words. This, and the score, please place at once in Mr. Bartholomew's hands for the purpose of translation. Should I hear in the meanwhile that the parts are to be copied here, that can be done from the original manuscript that I keep, and I have instructed my copyist to hold himself in readiness to begin, if required to do so during my absence.

One request—please don't let the score go any farther than Mr. Bartholomew, whom I believe to be perfectly reliable, and impress upon him that it should not be shown to anybody, nor leave his hands. Until I know whether eventually Mr. Buxton publishes it, I should not like it to be given to him. Less still to others. I need not add another word, for I know how particular you are in such matters.

May there be something in my score that pleases you, and may you at least recognize my good intentions, and reward them with your usual kindness and friendship. Ever yrs.,

F. M.

LEIPZIG, June 26, 1846.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—

The occasion of these lines is a passage in Mr. Moore's letter in which he says "Nearly the whole of the Philharmonic Band are engaged; a few only are left out, who made themselves unpleasant when you were there."

Now I strongly object to this restriction, and, as I fancy you can exercise your authority in the matter, I address my protest to you, and beg you to communicate it to Mr. Moore. There is nothing I hate more than the reviving of by-gone disputes; it is bad enough they should have occurred. This one of the Philharmonic is, as far as I am concerned, dead and buried, and may, on no account, have any influence on the selection made for the Birmingham festival. If men are to be rejected because they are incompetent, that is not my business, and I have nothing to say in the matter; but if it is because "they made themselves unpleasant when I was there," I consider that an injustice, against which I protest. Any further disturbance on the part of these gentlemen I am sure is not to be feared. That, at least, is my belief, shared probably by all concerned. So you will sincerely oblige me by having the selection made exactly as if I were not coming to England. The only consideration that can be shown me is not to take me into consideration at all. You will do me a favor by putting this very strongly

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to Mr. Moore, and requesting him to let the matter drop. If my wishes are to be complied with, the incident must herewith end. Should it be otherwise, I shall write another dozen letters in protest against what I should consider a vindictive spirit of vindictiveness. Excuse all this. Ever yrs.,

F. M.*

LEIPZIG, July 12, 1846.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—

In answer to your letter, let me say without delay, that, the last time I passed through Birmingham, the touch of the organ appeared to me so heavy that I should not venture to perform upon it in public. If, however, it is materially improved, I shall be happy to play one of my sonatas, but I should not wish this to be announced before I had tested the organ myself.

With great pleasure, or rather with—well you know what it is for me to sit at the pianoforte with you, and it needs no words to assure you that I am at all times ready. You decide, please, what it shall be; my head is quite full of Elijah just now. The double concerto by Bach is beautiful, but not brilliant; that by Mozart rather the other way. Anyhow, I will bring the former. But I must really be excused as regards playing a solo. As it is, I feel the strain of conducting more than I used to, and I am no longer capable of playing a solo, and conducting a new piece of mine at the same concert. Some other instrumental number had better be put on the programme; that seems to me to be more appropriate, too, than having two pieces for the piano-forte. Now let me know soon which day is fixed for the festival, as Mr. Moore has not yet informed me; also who is going to sing the solos in my oratorio. When St. Paul was performed in Birmingham, it was followed by a selection from Handel's oratorios; I much disapproved of this, and trust it is not to be the case now.

Please answer all these questions, and tell me which is the latest date you can allow for my arrival; earlier I shall not be able to come, but I hope I may find time to remain a little afterwards. In the course of next week I will send the last part of the manuscript. It is not yet settled whether my wife goes with me, but I think she will. With kindest messages, Ever yrs.,

F. M.

LEIPZIG, July 28, 1846.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—

Many thanks for your letter of the 18th, giving me the dates of the festival and of the rehearsals. Your and Mr. Moore's former letters have not stated this definitely, but now I know them, and can make my plans accordingly, and will be in London on the 17th, in good time for the rehearsal of the 20th. I should be glad if the solos could be rehearsed at the pianoforte on the 19th.

As the morning performances are to last three hours, the Elijah alone, which, according to my calculation, takes two hours, will not be sufficient. But then, I hope it can be so arranged that a whole piece, not a selection, be given in addition to it, in the same way as the Stabat Mater stands on the programme for the first day. To be sure, it must rest with the Committee whether they will give one or two pieces before, but however that may be, don't let us have a ragout afterwards. If there must be three hours, do pray arrange it so that a single piece of three quarters of an hour's duration be chosen. Besides, it would be a pity to spoil a programme which, as a whole, has a certain look of distinction about it.†

And now I hope and trust we may soon meet again. Best love to all. My Cécile, I am sorry to say, will not be able to accompany me. Too many reasons stand in the way of her doing so.

Yours ever,

F. M.

* Mendelssohn had conducted the Philharmonic Concerts in London during the season of the year preceding. On one occasion he arrived late at a rehearsal, owing to unavoidable causes, and was so discourteously received by some of the members of the orchestra that he laid down his baton, and refused to go on. Some of the directors present succeeded, not without difficulty, in pacifying him; the offenders were requested to leave the hall, and he was finally persuaded to resume his office.

† In spite of all Moscheles could do, Mendelssohn's wishes were disregarded. After the oratorio, Mario sang an air from Mozart's "Davidde Penitente," Grisi an air by Cimarosa, and a chorus by Handel brought the concert to an end. That Mendelssohn should have had to expostulate, and in vain too, against such a programme is a good indication of the state of musical taste in England at the time. Many of us can, no doubt, remember similar enormities in this country twenty or thirty years ago, and perhaps the time for them is not quite past yet.

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LEIPZIG, Aug. 9, 1846.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—

Once more a line, as our letters have crossed, to say that I hope to be in London on the 17th, travelling via Ostend and Dover. All else about Miss Bassano, etc., verbally. I have just gone through the orchestra parts of the oratorio, and have corrected a number of mistakes, whereby I hope to have saved you much time. Good bye—soon to meet. Yrs. ever,

F. M.

"Elijah" was given for the first time on August 28; on the 29th Moscheles wrote to the composer:

"Your visit to Birmingham, and the production of your 'Elijah' have opened a new world of art to me; your work has made an impression on my mind that can never be effaced. If I did not tell you so, last night, when so many were pressing forward to congratulate you, it was because I fancied I felt more, and had more to say than they. Besides, I preferred writing to tell you how deeply impressed I am, for, if I do so verbally, you will only give me that obsolete answer that dates from your boyhood: 'There is much room for improvement; give me your advice, and so forth.' And that, from you to me, is out of place. Improve, correct as much as you think right; tell me why and wherefore you make this or that alteration. Let me learn from you, and gratefully acknowledge that it is so. You might well put Beethoven's motto: 'Man, help thyself'* in your coat of arms, for God has endowed you with rare gifts, that permit you to approach Him in the true spirit of devotion and reverence."

Mendelssohn's immediate reply to this was as follows:

* This refers to an incident that happened when Moscheles, then only twenty, was living in Vienna. In 1824 Beethoven's "Fidelio" was brought out, and Moscheles was commissioned to arrange the pianoforte score. In his diaries of those days we find various entries, recording his visits to Beethoven. The alterations suggested by the master were made with all due care and deference, and the MS. of the completed pianoforte score was finally left at Beethoven's rooms. On the last page Moscheles had written: "End, with the help of God." When the MS. was returned, four characteristic words were found to have been added in Beethoven's bold and all but illegible handwriting: "*Mensch, hilf dir selber*" (Man, help thyself).

HOBART PLACE, Eaton Sq.,
29 Aug., 1846.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—

Your letter, which I just receive, makes me truly happy. Let me thank you cordially for the friendly sympathy and the indulgence with which you have listened to my music.

Your kind words of praise are more to me than words from any other quarter, and a great deal more than I deserve, according to my own estimation. Thanks, thanks! That is all I can say just now, although I should like to add so much; but I will wait until we meet in a day or two, or perhaps until we are taking some quiet stroll together around the city walls of Leipzig, or elsewhere. Thanks again, and may you ever preserve your friendship and kind indulgence for me. Yrs. for ever and a day,

F. M.

On October 21, 1846, Moscheles, with his family, arrived in Leipzig, and he immediately entered upon the performance of his duties at the Conservatory, as Professor of pianoforte playing and composition. But that daily intercourse to which Mendelssohn had looked forward so earnestly was much interrupted in the beginning, neither was it destined to last long. During the winter of 1846–47 Mendelssohn had to give considerable time to Berlin; the following summer he spent away from Leipzig, and when he returned, on September 17, it was only to die, seven weeks later. The last note he wrote to Moscheles, not quite a month before his death, was:

LEIPZIG, Oct. 7, 1847.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—

As you kindly promised me your visit for to-morrow afternoon, could you not make it convenient to stay and spend the evening with us? And would not your wife, Mr. and Mrs. Roche, Serena, Felix, and Clara join you then and take tea with us? That arrangement would give great pleasure to Cécile and the children.

Now I hope you will all think as I do, and say, yes, and delight

Yours (in the singular and plural)

F.

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THE DAY OF THE CYCLONE.

By Octave Thanet.

IT was a warm day. Perhaps but for that it might not have happened, since Captain Barris is a most temperate man. Unluckily the day was warm, very warm, and Archy was tired with a long ride in the "accommodation train;" and a vision of a glass of beer—cool, foaming, pleasantly stinging—rose before him. He had just been stationed at Rock Island Arsenal, and all his knowledge of the town of Grinnell was the fact that he had inherited some property within its limits. Quite innocently, therefore, he stared about him for some sign of refreshment.

The street was like a hundred rural streets in the West—straight, broad, and shaded by young trees.

All the wooden cottages might have been designed by the same prosaic architect.

Some of them looked a little rusty; many of them shone with new paint. They all had trim gardens in front, oases of verdure in the midst of the dust. Between the dwellings, every now and then, there would come a great gap of untilled fields where no mower disturbed the riotous plantain, and burdock and jimson weeds held a kind of squalid revelry over a heap of tin cans. The contrast between this unkempt domain and the tidiness of the dwellings was queer; but it was as Western as the sea of prairie around the town, or the fierce sun above.

No quiver in the hot air blurred the shadows of the maple leaves on the sidewalks. A few farmers' wagons crawled tediously through the glare. Just ahead of Archy was the solitary other footman in sight. He was a big man, thin, but built on the large and sinewy plan. Though it was so warm, his gray head was covered with a soft black felt hat, and he wore the heaviest of boots. To make matters more equal, he carried his black coat on his arm and had unbuttoned his old-fashioned waistcoat. He walked slowly, with the round shoulders and uneven gait of a man accustomed to watch the ground.

So little did Archy know of the interior of Iowa that he marched up to this old man and asked where he could get a glass of beer.

His answer was the view of a gaunt and weather-beaten visage and a portentous frown.

"Kin I tell you where ye kin get a glass of beer?" repeated the man, who frowned as the keen gray eyes under the beetling brows took in Archy's elegant figure, from the white Derby hat of the period to his immaculate gaiters. "No, young man, I cayn't; and I'd advise you to quit huntin' up beer, or ye won't wear sich good clo'se long. Anyhow, ye won't find no beer in Grinnell."

"What's the trouble with Grinnell?"

"The trouble is, its a prohibition town; and prohibition in Grinnell does prohibit. There ain't a saloon in the place. Ye cayn't git a drop of intoxicatin' liquor, not a drop——"

Here his underjaw fell, his eyeballs fixed themselves in a dismal stare; and the didactic forefinger, which had been sawing the air, was paralyzed midway, so that it pointed straight at the red-faced man reeling round the corner. The look and the swagger of him were unmistakable.

"Perhaps *he* could tell me," said Archy.

He made the old man a very fine bow and walked away, smiling.

But when he returned to Grinnell, a year later, he was more serious. "I daresay Rachel's father is another of the same sort," he reflected; "if not—by Jove, that would be too much, though!"

He laughed a little lugubriously. Rachel was beautiful enough, and, what was better, sweet and good enough to justify any man's passion; and he was as much in love as a man can well be; but he thought of her people with a qualm.

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"I grant that Rachel is an angel"—so his mother had talked—"and the angels are above social distinctions; but her father and mother?"

"Her mother is presumedly an angel, too," Archy had replied, "she has been dead these ten years."

"Well, there are her father and two brothers. And she told me that there was a cousin visiting them whom her father was going to marry. *She* comes from Vermont; but I don't believe the boys have ever been out of Grinnell in their lives. You can't judge these people by the Ramsays, Archy; the Ramsays have been everywhere. It was only a freak of Mr. Ramsay sending Ethel to Grinnell. Archy, I feel sure her people are *impossible!*"

"I shan't marry her people," Archy had said, lightly.

But now, with some misgivings, he scanned the elderly men coming home to their midday dinners, anyone of whom might be *her* father. Sedate, prosperous-looking men they were, very like men of their years in a New England village, except for a slight Western negligence of dress.

"Ramsay is right," mused Archy; "Grinnell is a Puritan colony in the prairie."

He was in the College campus, now. The ugly, square stone building he judged to be the college hall, and from the number of heads at the windows he surmised that a tall brick building was a kind of dormitory. The pretty cottages about must be the professors' houses, and the young men and maidens among the trees must be the students. He thought that the youths had rather a rustic air, but some of the girls were admirably pretty, and the ripple of their gayety spread to the faces of the passers-by.

"But not one of them," was his comment, "can compare with Rachel—Hallo! here's the house."

A door-plate left him in no doubt. The house was of wood, of two stories, and had two bay-windows and a piazza. It was painted gray, and the blinds were red. There was a garden before it full of rose-bushes, and the roses were in bloom. Archy grew a little dizzy; he had not seen Rachel for a week; he would see her in a moment, and being a modest, true-hearted young fellow, very much in love, his soul abased itself before this delicate and radiant creature whom he was daring to make his own.

"My white rose," murmured the lover, "I am not worthy, but I will try."

"Cayn't ye make nobuddy hear ye? That gong's intended to ring," remarked a harsh, deep voice at his elbow. An old man had come around a bay-window to find Archy smiling tenderly at the door-plate. It was the same old man whom he had met before.

"I am looking for Mr. Jared Meadowes," said Archy, whose heart sank down to his boots.

"Well, you've found him."

Inwardly Archy groaned, outwardly he bowed and said, "I am Captain Barris."

"Walk in," said Meadowes, throwing the door open, but with no gleam of cordiality on his face.

He strode on before, Archy thinking how familiar his back looked, for he was in his shirt-sleeves. He had also dispensed with shoes, and his white socks glimmered in the obscurity of the hall. Archy followed him into a pretty room, and took the chair pushed forward. The old man seated himself opposite, planted his hands on his knees in the fashion of a rustic photograph, and proceeded to subject the young officer to a grim and leisurely scrutiny. Decidedly it was not a promising welcome.

However, one cannot sit indefinitely staring at one's prospective father-in-law, so Archy cleared his throat and began. He presumed Mr. Meadowes knew the object of his visit. He had met Miss Meadowes at her friend Miss Ramsay's.

"Six weeks ago," interrupted the old man, "and now ye want to marry her."

A trifle disconcerted Archy next tried to explain his position and prospects. "He was in the army, stationed at Rock Island Arsenal. The quarters there——"

"That's all right," said the old man, "I've been on the Island. Big thing. Big arsenal. But I want to hear 'bout *you*."

"Oh, I? I am twenty-eight years of age. My father was in the army, General Barris. He was killed in the war. It is rather an army family. My mother

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is a Massachusetts woman. She was a Miss Saltonstall."

"Dependent on you?"

"She has about half a million dollars from her father. I have one sister, who is married and lives in New York. She is not dependent on me either. My mother lives with me. She—everybody thinks my mother a charming woman."

"But Rachel ain't goin' to marry your mother. Cayn't seem to git ye to talk 'bout yourself. Ramsay gives you a fine send off in his letter; but things don't strike him and I just the same. I guess you're a desirable husband as the world looks at things; but I ain't one of the world's people. Never was. You ain't the kind of husband I'd pick out for my daughter. Nor yours ain't the kind of life I'd choose for her. But if you're a good man, and likely to make her happy, I won't stand in the way. It's nature, I s'pose. I took her mother off to Kansas, 'way from her folks, an' now you want to take her, an' she's glad to go; but 'tain't nature I should be glad to have her. Well, now, s'posin' you stop to dinner an' give me a chance to sorter size ye up; an' if I like the look o' ye I'll go down to Rock Island, and if you're satisfactory all 'round, it will be time to talk of marrying."

"I shall wait until after dinner, then," said Archy, smiling.

No answering smile relaxed the other's iron features as he replied: "All right. Make yourself to home. I'll go tell the folks."

He left Archy in a frame of mind about equally compounded of irritation, amusement, and consternation. The young man could not help laughing as he pictured his mother's horror when she should see Meadowes. "Well, anyhow, I don't blame him for not wanting to give up Rachel," he thought, gazing about the room for some trace of this one sweet presence. He rightly judged the soft hues of the walls and draperies, and the pretty feminine fancies of wicker-work and ribbon to be of her choosing; but he gave old Meadowes full credit for the plaster group representing the signing of the Emancipation Proclamation, and for a huge, pale engraving of Lincoln in the bosom of his family. Above the mantel-piece hung a water-color portrait, sumptuously framed, with a jar of roses before it like an offering before a shrine. Plainly, it was the important object in the room. The portrait was a man's head. The features, the brows and the contour of the face, which was clean shaven, reminded Archy of those multitudinous busts in the Vatican. Like them, also, was the singularly calm and determined expression. But the blue eyes were mild, sad, and dreamy. Archy had risen for a nearer view when the inmates of the house appeared. They were Rachel, her future stepmother, and her two brothers. The future stepmother was introduced as Miss Baker. She resembled Rachel in figure and carriage, rather than in features or coloring; and Archy had a fancy that her gentle, faded face looked a good deal as the late Mrs. Meadowes's might have done at the age of—say forty. But, naturally, his glance only lingered a polite instant before it sought Rachel. Her lover had often compared Rachel to the wild flowers growing in the clefts of New England rocks. Her extraordinary beauty was of that fragile type which has a pathos in its very charm. Really, Rachel was both healthy and happy, and her father loved to boast of her prowess in mathematics at the Grinnell College; yet whoever looked on her exquisite, pale face, with its wistful eyes and sensitive mouth, felt an involuntary sympathy, well enough interpreted by Archy's mother's remark: "That is the kind of girl who can break her heart!" She was a creature to whom one is gentle by instinct. Nevertheless, such creatures have their own strength. She was graceful because she could not help it, and had a natural sense of beauty. Archy felt a fond pride as the lovely shape approached. Nothing more than a white frock and some red roses; but how they suited her.

By this time he was back in his chair, beaming with great friendliness upon the two youths, Ossawatomie ("Is he named for an Indian chief?" wondered Archy) and Jared. They were twin brothers, two years younger than Rachel; both tall, slim, and shy; having their sister's fascinating combination of bronze hair and dark-brown eyes, but with feat-

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ures which were a softened copy of their father's. Jared did not open his lips; but Ossawatomie made some timid advances. To help on the lagging talk Archy spoke of the water-color. "It was painted on East," said Ossawatomie, "from a daguerreotype. It is John Brown."

"The Queen's John Brown, or John Brown's body?" Archy asked, with his fatal levity.

"That, sir," said a deep voice, "is John Brown of Ossawatomie, the noblest man that ever died for liberty!"

Archy had not seen him approach, and who can hear the footfall of socks? There he stood in the doorway, forefinger uplifted, as grim and dark a figure as ever sent a witch to the gallows. "Well, sir," he continued, "what is *your* opinion of him?"

"He was a hero, certainly," said Archy, "whatever his mistakes."

"*What* mistakes?"

"Well, Harper's Ferry. And that Missouri affair where they dragged men out of their cabins and shot them in the hearing of their wives and children——"

The old man interrupted him as usual: "Brown wasn't on that raid. But that ain't sayin' he condemned it; he didn't. And you needn't waste much pity on them men. They had blood on their own hands, every one of them; they had murdered Free State men; and they were judged, condemned, and killed for it, as they had ought to be. That's all there is to that affair. Those border ruffians used to ride over into Kansas, and slay, and steal, and burn. They'd come over and vote, and make our laws for us. Then they'd shoot us 'cause we objected. Didn't ye never hear of the sack of Lawrence? A neighbor of mine was shot down, right before his wife, by three men. Three to one, those were their odds. I know all about it, for I was one of Brown's men. I was only a stripling, but I had the luck to be in four fights, and I got a bullet in my leg that, like's not, saved my life, for else I'd a gone off with Brown to Harper's Ferry, so I guess I owe one good turn to a border ruffian. But, I tell you, I didn't thank him for it when I read in the papers how those he counted on failed him, and he was trapped and lay wounded in prison, and then how he—died. I'd lay on my bed and cry, 'cause I couldn't be there and fight it out with him. Say, sir, you that call Harper's Ferry a *mistake*, say, did you ever read the letters he wrote when he was in prison in Charleston?"

"No, I don't think I have; I don't remember them," said Archy, meekly.

"Then you better, 'fore ye discuss Brown and his mistakes again," said Brown's old follower. It was a welcome diversion to have Rachel, who had left the room for a second, return, to announce dinner. Archy managed to get near enough to her for a whisper; but she only gave him a frightened glance and said, "*Please* don't talk about Brown to pa until you know more. Ossie's named after him. Pa thinks the world of him!"

The meal began ominously. Archy had been praising the pretty town.

"We owe our prosperity to our liquor laws," said Mr. Meadowes. "Humph, did ye find any beer that day?"

So he had remembered! Archy, blushing in spite of himself, said, "No, he hadn't tried."

"You drink to home, I s'pose. Have wine on the table?"

Archy confessed to an occasional glass of claret with his dinner.

"Them boys," said the old man, slanting his thumb at the twins, "them boys ain't never touched a drop of spirituous liquor in their lives."

"Indeed," said Archy, trying to throw a sympathetic accent into the word.

"Yes, sir. And the majority of the boys here have the same habits. That's the great advantage of a prohibitory law; it makes a town safe to raise boys in. I wouldn't raise a family in Davenport if you gave me my home."

"But Davenport is a delightful place, don't you know, Mr. Meadowes; and, in spite of their saloons, there isn't a town in Iowa with a smaller percentage of criminal business."

"All the same," Meadowes retorted, sardonically, "we'll try to improve it a bit. We are goin' to pass a law that will wipe out the saloons all over Iowa. P'raps you don't believe sich a law kin be enforced?"

"Well, it never has been. Why, don't you try high license?"

"Because I don't believe in compro-

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mising with evil. That's why! I fought slavery in my youth, an' I'm fighting rum in my old age. And I've been a no-compromise man straight through. I learned that from old John Brown. There wasn't much compromising about *him*. It was a grand thing to see him in battle. And they say it was grander to see him die. And yet there wasn't a man was gentler or kinder-hearted. He never took no thought of himself. Look at that letter he wrote his wife from the prison, beggin' her not to come to him, 'cause it would use up all her little stock of money, and she might be insulted or hard treated. But I'm wandering. Brown's only a fanatic to you. He was not of this world, and the world martyred him, an' you compromise men stood by consenting unto his blood. You're a high-license man yourself, I take it. Believe in doing evil that good may come, hey?"

"Oh, no," said Archy, smiling. Somehow during the last few moments his thoughts had grown kinder to the loyal old partisan. "Oh, no, I merely choose between a little evil and a great deal. I'll take less than the earth. But, really, Mr. Meadowes, I haven't studied the subject enough to discuss it. Can't you ask me something easy?"

Ossie ventured to laugh. Jared frowned. "What are your politics?" said the old man, sternly.

"I am not sure that I have any. Sometimes I am a Republican, and sometimes a Democrat. I believe I was a Democrat last."

Now, in the interior of Iowa Republicanism is, still, a species of religion.

A gasp of dismay ran through the circle.

"Those are your opinions, are they?" said the old man, sternly. "A trimmer. Well. Will you have any more meat?"

Archy declined, and Mr. Meadowes only spoke to him once again during the meal. The once was when he observed Archy shredding his salad with his fork. "Ain't ye got no knife?" called he. "Lowisa"—to the red-haired maid—"give Captain Barris a knife."

"He's got a knife," the girl said sharply; "there's your knife!"—pushing the blade at Archy, who silently cut up his lettuce. But Rachel reddened up to her eyes.

The dinner was excellent. I don't know how many hours Rachel and Miss Baker had spent in the kitchen with "Lowisa." The linen was dainty, there were flowers on the table, and the cut-glass tumblers, and the carafe. Rachel had tripped out of the room with a happy smile, thinking: "Archy will see that we can have pretty things too."

But now, seen through a stranger's eyes, everything was wofully changed.

The oilcloth, to which her father clung because he had always had an oilcloth on his dining-room floor ever since he was married; that preposterous sideboard, and those portraits of Mr. and Mrs. Meadowes which a gifted sign-painter had done just before they left Kansas—did Archy notice them, was he laughing at them? Even the table appointments were not an unmixed triumph. Jared asked, where was the "water pitcher?" "Lowisa" forgot the white apron that had been furnished her. She piled the dishes noisily into dizzy towers, and it was almost an interposition of Providence that she didn't slay Mr. Meadowes outright, as she swung the meat platter above his head, with the carving-knife prancing on the edge, while he sat below, like an unconscious Damocles. It was no use trying to catch "Lowisa's" eye; her mind was on the sweets in the kitchen, and you must speak to the point, and in a good round tone, too, or she would glare at you and say, "*How?*" Rachel thought of Mrs. Barris's dinners, the beautiful room, the glittering table, the noiseless service. Every rough gesture of her father's was like a blow. She could have groaned when he brandished his knife at Archy, in the courage of his opinions, or mopped his face with his napkin. His blunt discourtesy was worse than anything else. "How could he? how could he?" she kept saying to herself, in a spasm of mortification. Yet, all the while, she was angry with her lover. That indefinable thrill of kindred, of the blood that is thicker than water, was sending hot flushes of mingled shame and indignant affection to her cheeks. What could Archy know of her father, of his heroic devotion to principle, his honesty, that was a proverb in the town, and how

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under that harsh exterior was the tenderest, faithfullest heart—why, though he talked so fiercely about saloon-keepers, he had half-supported Gus Timm's family after they sold him out and poured the barrels into the street! What did Archy know, sitting there so easily, sneering at his spiritual betters?

Meanwhile poor Archy, ignorant of this tumult of feeling, was congratulating himself on having kept his temper so well.

The dinner, at last, came to an end. Instantly Meadowes spoke to Rachel, "I want to see you a minnit, daughter."

They went out together; Ossie and Miss Baker exchanged a sorrowful glance; and Miss Baker said, "Won't you please step into the parlor, Captain Barris?" in much the same tone in which one would say, "Won't you walk into the silent tomb?"

The air had grown close and warm. Jared flung off his coat without ceremony. Ossie sat on the piano-stool making aimless half-circles of motion and looking dejected. Miss Baker essayed a few commonplaces on the late magazines; but her eyes kept wandering to the door, and Archy's best efforts at sprightliness fell flat; in fact, his listeners gazed on him more and more compassionately. It was a distinct relief, after half an hour of this, to see old Meadowes reappear. Simultaneously, as though they were puppets on a single string which he had pulled, the others jumped up and filed out of the room.

Archy felt a dismal presentiment. It was no false prophet; in the fewest and curtest sentences Meadowes told him that his proposal must be rejected. "I've looked ye over and ye wun't do," said he, "you're a drinkin' man——"

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Meadowes, I was never under the influence of liquor in my life. I don't care for the stuff."

Unconsciously Archy had squared his shoulders, he had risen on Mr. Meadowes's entrance, and was still standing. The old man looked at him—a gallant figure, erect, athletic, with his fair skin flushing, his handsome head thrown back a little, and his frank blue eyes sparkling. Old Meadowes drew an abrupt sigh. "I didn't say you got drunk," he replied; "I said you was a drinkin' man, a moderate drinker, if you like that expression better——"

"*Very* moderate."

"I don't take no stock in moderate drinkers; if they're too cold-blooded to go to perdition themselves, they lead other people there, and I ain't sure but that's worse. You are a Democrat and an aristocrat. Ramsay says you ain't a professor of religion—jest a sort of 'piscopal. We ain't got an opinion in common."

"I beg your pardon, we have *one*, your daughter——"

"That ain't the same thing, even. You think you're in love with her now, but when you find her principles interferin' with your amusements, and your fine friends are laughing at you behind your back, you'll git angry with her. I would have more hopes of ye if you'd stood up fair and square for the bad things you believe in; there'd be some chance of convertin' you to righteousness; but you're like the Lacedamonians the 'postle talks of. Ye shew what was in ye at the dinner-table. Ye didn't want no disputin'; oh, no, you was willin' to make any concessions, till ye'd got Rachel 'way; then I guess you'd sing another song. But I tell you, Captain Barris," he drew himself up to his full height, his countenance grew rigid, and he made a single downward stroke with his forefinger, "I tell you, I'd ruther see my innocent child dead, right here, than married to a cold-hearted, unprincipled, sneerin' aristocrat that will break her heart or else ruin her principles."

"You can hardly expect me to take this as final," said Archy, coldly.

"Oh! ye kin see Rachel, if ye wanter," the old man answered. All at once he looked desperately tired and spoke wearily, quite without anger, "It will be an additional pain to her; but you've both got it to go through, and ye kin talk it over together. I'll call her. Good-by, Captain Barris. I expect ye wun't care for it, but I'm sorry for you." He extended his hand. Archy felt the same odd movement of friendliness for the stanch old soul which he had felt before, struggling up to the surface of his sensations through all the anger and sting of the moment.

"No, Mr. Meadowes," said he, "I

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can't shake hands, for I mean to do my best to persuade your daughter to marry me."

"Try," said the old man, stonily, walking off.

Then Rachel came. She looked white and miserable and had a package in her hands. Archy would not look at her face; he caught her in his arms, whispering, "You won't be so cruel, my love, it's nonsense my giving you up—I can't!"

"You *must*," said Rachel, trembling, but trying to release herself; "please let me go, Captain Barris."

The young man stepped back rather an exaggerated distance. He looked at her steadily. "You don't mean that you will throw me over like *this*," said he.

Rachel made a great effort and controlled her voice. It was just the soft, caressing, plaintive voice that one would expect of her; but now it was on that level of intonation which comes when the will has to hold every word steady lest it turn into a sob. "My father," said she, "it's all true what my father says; we are altogether different. The people you go with laugh at the things I have been taught were the most important. They call earnest Christian people 'prigs'; and your mother was so surprised when I told her I belonged to the W. C. T. U., and said, 'Oh, my dear, don't; that sort of thing *stamps* one!' She made me feel as though I had confessed to having been in jail. Captain Barris, your mother is ashamed of me. And you would be if you married me. You *are* ashamed of my folks—" She choked with the remembrance of the torture of the dinner-table.

Archy looked at her in a confusion of anger, pity, and despair. "But, Rachel," he cried, vehemently, "you knew all about this before, when you promised to marry me. What does all this r— stuff matter when we love each other? Come, my darling, when you know us better you will find we have our principles, too, though we may seem to make light of them."

"They are different; *everything* is different. I was afraid always, but I—You hadn't seen my father, then; I told you if he consented. But he would be wretched——"

"You would rather make *me* wretched than him?"

Rachel was standing; she sat down before she answered, faintly, "Yes."

"Then," said he, "when you told me that last evening on the island that you——"

"Please don't," she whispered; and she said aloud, "Jared!"

Archy did not know that she felt herself fainting, and her cry to her brother, passing by the door, was only because of this. He thought that she wanted to cut the interview short. He was stung to the quick.

He caught up his hat and bowed. "In that case," said he, "I will not prolong an interview that seems to distress you. I wish you every good fortune, Miss Meadowes."

Not daring to raise her eyes she dizzily lifted the package in her lap. But he had turned his back. The poor girl had put a few tear-stained words between the lids of her Bible, and placed it with his notes and the trifling gifts which she had allowed him to give her; the little bundle slipped from her limp fingers, and, just as Archy's footsteps pounded along the walk, Rachel's head sank on her brother's arm in the first swoon of her life.

Archy went striding down the street. Well, to this day he has a little tightening of the throat recalling the next few hours. He was in a fever of wrath and anguish; furious with Rachel, who could give him up so tamely, raving at himself for flinging up his chance in a fit of temper. Then he essayed a cynical gayety, and felt his eyes smarting with tears because he had remembered some trumpery incident of the past weeks and the cadence of Rachel's laugh. Ah! haven't the most of us just such moments to remember, with their sickening oscillations of love and anger and despair! How long Archy walked he could not tell, but when he resumed a saner mood enough to look about him, he was among the low hills, covered with wheat and oats, outside the town, and night was falling. Clever alienists have their patients walked to exhaustion sometimes, and perhaps lovers, who are in a measure insane people, may be helped the same way. At any rate, by this time Archy's sweet tem-

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per had acquitted Rachel. He even had a glimmer of the truth, and he began to hope again.

He turned himself about, resolved to walk past the Meadowes' house. He would not call, but if by accident——

As he passed through the College campus he heard a girl's laugh.

"See how funny the sky looks!" she said to the young man beside her. "Look —you are not looking at all!"

"I have something better to look at," said he.

Archy brushed past them impatiently. Yet it was a strange sky. Although the sun had set, the western sky, up to the zenith, burned with a lurid radiance. Funnel-shaped clouds, inky black, dipped into this unearthly brilliancy. While Archy looked he became aware of the utter stillness of the air. Not a bird's chirp, not the hum of an insect. He had a peculiarly ghastly sensation, like one who feels for a pulse and there is no throb. "What a cursed night!" he muttered. It was the night of the 17th of June, 1882. He went on. He passed the Meadowes house.

Then he turned, saying to himself that he would go to his hotel and write to Rachel; he even remembered that he had missed his supper,—when he saw Rachel come out of the house. It was too dark to see her face, but he knew her figure and a certain blue shawl which she used to wear. Afire now with hope and impatience he pursued her. Suddenly that dear form grew dim. The strange light was fading, the black funnels dipped lower, lower into the glow, and the dark tree-leaves began to rustle. Directly, the air vibrated with a horrible grinding noise, compared, afterward, to many sounds, like them all, yet most appallingly different from all. And then —it came! Earth and air were rent into chaos. The tall trees swayed, snapped, fell. Houses were swept from their moorings, and whirled shivering and crashing away. They were chopped into splinters. They were scattered like a handful of dust. There was no more space; the air itself was a tumult of darting shapes, a horror of woful sounds. Archy was within arm's length of Rachel. He caught her waist; he flung her, or they were thrown together, against the roots of a great elm. "Cling!" he shouted; "lie flat and hold on for your life!"

Her head and shoulders being in a hollow of the roots were partially protected, and he could further shield them with his own body. He felt the wind of death swaying their limbs; he was struck heavy blows, he was flogged, battered, stung; his tense muscles were ready to snap with the strain, but he clung with the immense energy of despair. The cyclone shot a hundred objects over his head—rafters, branches, the marble top of a table, a beast with hoofs and horns, the pillows of a bed—there was no counting them. A house to his right was smashed like an egg-shell; a row of houses to his left fell in amid frightful screams. Balls of fire were skimming the ground. A girl's face, the face that he had seen a moment since, flashed by all white and crooked, and vanished. Not a rod away a man ran toward them, screaming. The wind took him and he was gone. Somewhere among the trees a piteous little voice cried, "Mamma, tum! mamma, tum!" Back of him were some people in sore plight who groaned unceasingly, and a woman shrieked, "Oh! my baby." The storm went roaring over them, houses, barns, trees hurled on either side of its track. It struck the College, levelled the brick building like a house of cards, peeled roof and upper story off the stone building, and flung a shower of blinds, glass, shingles, and bricks from the professors' houses.

But surely now the worst was over; they could lie still on the ground, and the voices about them were plainer.

"It's over, thank God!" cried a man's voice.

"Well, it's finished me anyhow," another answered; "my legs are both broke, and my back too, I guess. Anybody got any legs to get up and look after that woman's baby?"

The cyclone had gone; but the wind in its wake was blowing furiously and the rain fell as rain never fell in Grinnell before; in fact, a water-spout had burst. One could scarcely stand for the wind or breathe for the rain. And the darkness was horrible.

Archy managed to get on his feet and to raise Rachel. She held on to his arm,

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sobbing, "Oh! my land! Oh! who is it? What has become of them? Oh! Captain Barris, what has happened?"

It was not Rachel's voice.

At that moment the heavens blazed from horizon to horizon, while a clap of thunder drowned the multitudinous din of human agony. Who that saw it can forget that woful battle-field, struck into sight, then swallowed up in blackness—wreck and carnage such as cannot be pictured, and white faces glaring out of their death-traps. Yet Archy could only see one object, Miss Baker's terrified face. "For God's sake, where's Rachel?" he groaned.

"In the house, and he—he— Oh! look; oh! look!"

Through the sheet of rain, as the lightning flashed again, they both looked. The house was gone.

Miss Baker showed herself the stronger of the two now; it was she who suggested that they might have reached the cellar.

"Let us go," said Archy; "but I can't leave that baby up in the tree. Wait a moment!"

The little captive luckily was so wedged in the branches (held fast by his frock, which was torn in two and rolled round a limb as though the cyclone had deliberately tied him), that he was merely bruised a little, and easily released by the simple expedient (suggested by Miss Baker) of cutting off the buttons and pulling him out of the dress. Archy stumbled across to the cellar, and at the first sound of the child's voice a woman caught him and wept over him. She said that they were all out of the cellar. Only one was badly hurt, and he was calling to them to leave him and go to others who could be helped.

"I wish we could stay," said Miss Baker; "but we must go on, Mrs. Dane. Our house is gone. And Rachel and Mr. Meadowes——"

"Oh! God help you," said the woman, "go, do go!"

Though they used all possible speed they had to go slowly, the ground being full of great holes where trees had been uprooted or fence-posts torn out, and encumbered, moreover, with the trunks of trees, and rafters and piles of brick, and splintered furniture of every kind and shape. Once Archy stumbled over a dead horse, very comfortably disposed on a feather-bed. His next stumble banged his knees against a kitchen stove.

A second later a lantern was flashed in their eyes, and a wild-faced man shouted, "Is Thomas Reynolds's house down?"

They could not tell him, and he ran by with his wild face behind his lantern. Somehow, this increased their anxiety. Indeed there was something very ghastly and awful about the way they would be suddenly close to a fellow-creature in dire misery, and, in the space of a thought, he would be gone, and the rain and the blackness about them again. During all this while, also, there was no diminution of the uproar of shrieks, yells, groans; rather its volume was swelled by new voices, because helpers were seeking for the wounded and the dead, and shouted their presence. Lanterns now twinkled in every direction. The men of Grinnell were very generally in the business streets when the cyclone came, and this part of the town had escaped. They heard the storm and saw it break. As soon as they could stand in the gale they were out with lanterns. A second and a third man passed Archy. The fourth man wrested Miss Baker from his arm, crying, "God be praised! Here, hold these," he said, thrusting an axe and lantern at Archy. The action, it appeared, was to free his arms, that he might embrace Miss Baker, which he did most tenderly. Of course it was old Jared Meadowes.

"Rachel?" gasped Archy.

"Rachel's all right, safe and sound, thank God," Meadowes replied; "we got into the cellar. But you, Lida——"

"I should have been killed but for Captain Barris," said she, solemnly; "I never could have held on but for him."

The old man wrung Archy's wrist; he couldn't wring his hand, since the right held the lantern and the left the axe.

"She's to be my wife," said he, hoarsely. "I thought I'd lost her."

He made no other attempt at thanks, seeming to think that sentence explained everything. "But my boys, Lida," he continued, "they're both up to the College. I must go to them. Kin *you* take her home?"

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"Nobody need take me home," said Miss Baker, who had acted with unexpected spirit and coolness all along. "I know every step of the way, and I ain't a mite hurt. You both go along; you are needed here, and I don't need you. You only hinder me; I cayn't hold up my dress or nothing, getting over the logs, with you 'round!"

She would not even take the lantern, protesting that they would need it in their work, which was so much the case that they did not insist; and so they parted. The two men turned back to the College. They had not proceeded very far before Meadowes began to swing his lantern, yelling, "Hello, Ossie! This way!"

A young fellow, bounding recklessly over the logs, stopped with a cry of joy; palpably Ossie. He explained hurriedly that there were five students under the ruins of the brick building, and at least three buried under the roof of Central College. He himself had leaped out of a window as he felt the building lurch. He was bruised and cut, but he came down all right by the bell. Jared's leg was hurt. Ossie got him out somehow, and he was picking bricks off the other boys; he said that he could do that, since his arms were sound. Ossie must get help and find out about the family. "Run on, my boy," said the father. He looked in an appealing way at Archy. "I guess his eye ain't out, don't you? It's only the eyelid got tore, ain't it? I wouldn't stop him to ask."

"It was only the eyelid. I could see plainly."

The old man drew a deep sigh of relief. "Come on," said he, "you've got mighty good eyes."

Then ensued a night, the most terrible, the most pitiful, and the most noble in Grinnell's history. Well had it been named a colony of Puritans; for that night, amid desolation and horror, these plain people rose to the stature of heroes. Fortitude, serenity in danger, courage, good sense, magnanimous civic devotion, all the rugged virtues of the Puritan were there, and with them an open-handed generosity and a jocose philosophy born of the prairie air.

Archy and old Meadowes worked side by side the night through. They worked amid scenes so awful and so piteous that all the disguises in which we Anglo-Saxons like to muffle up our hearts were torn away.

Archy was prepared to find the old John Brown man a cool, long-headed fellow, brave and patient, in fine, a good comrade; but he did not expect to see him as gentle as a woman with the wounded, and he opened his eyes over the sum which the old man put down on the first subscription paper. "It's a thank-offering to the Lord," said he, solemnly, "for his mercies to me this night."

The two men had worked in the greatest harmony. Indeed, if anything could have amused Archy during those dreadful hours he would have been amused to observe how Meadowes presently came to rely on his quick eyes and strong muscles. Several times the old man jerked a gruff word of approval at the younger one. Finally, he tapped him on the shoulder, saying, "Had 'bout 'nuff of this, ain't ye? I've jest got word from Rachel that our barn's all safe, and she an' Lida have got an oil-stove up, and some hot biscuits and coffee and cold ham ready. It's broad daylight, an' I guess we better quit for awhile. Jared's there; I'd kinder like to see how his leg's comin' on. An' Lida's waitin' to thank you." His tone changed to one of grave and deep feeling. "I ain't rightly thanked ye for that yet, myself," said he.

Now, several times during the last hours it had occurred to Archy that he was sailing into the old man's favor under false colors. There is a well-defined difference between risking your life for another man's sweetheart and for your own.

It was a temptation; he could see Rachel, and the barn, and the steam of the coffee, and the turn of her white throat as she would look up, and her brown eyes shining. Then he said, sulkily, "That's nothing; I—I ought to tell you I mistook Miss Baker for Rachel."

Meadowes's lips twitched with a grin of humorous appreciation. Though a Puritan, he was also a Westerner.

"I'll bet a cooky you've been on pins and needles," said he, "thinking whether you had ought to tell me, or could git

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off without." His face softened. "Lida does feature Rachel, an' they've got the same way of walkin'. 'Twas that first turned my mind on her." He hesitated. "I guess you'd have done 'bout the same if you had known."

"Of course," said Archy, indignantly.

"Then I don't see but what the obligation's just where it was. I'm glad ye spoke, though; glad ye wouldn't take gratitude ye thought didn't b'long to ye. My main objection to *you*, Barris, was your bein' so unprincipled; but I guess you've got a conscience, though it's considerable darkened. You've shown yourself a man to-night. I mistrusted you hadn't much of a heart either; but when I saw you cryin' over that poor little blinded baby tryin' to make its dead mother hear, an' wipin' your eyes on the sly with your fists, not knowin' you was leaving a black mark every time—oh, ye needn't go to rubbin' your face! Bless you, man, you're mud and soot all over, and your coat's bu'st down the back. Your own mother wouldn't know you! But I guess Rachel will. Come along, come along. You and she will just have to settle your concerns yourselves."

It does not need telling that this settlement was satisfactory. Only it was embarrassing that the old man would not let him go to the hotel or give him time for the rudest toilet.

But Rachel threw her white arms about that dreadful coat with a sob of happiness.

"And you won't send me away again?" he whispered. "We are to settle it ourselves, your father says. He and I are great chums. Though I must admit," he added, "it took a cyclone to make us so."

ASHCAKE.

By Thomas Nelson Page.

YES, suh; dat is a comical name;
Hit is so, an' for a fac';
But I knowed one down in Ferginia
Could 'a' toted dat on its back.

"What wuz it?" I'm gwine to tell you—
'Twuz monsus long ago:
'Twuz "Ashcake," suh; an' all on us
Use' to call 'im jes' "Ashcake," so.

You see, suh, my young master he
Wuz a powerful wealphy man—
Mo' plantations 'n hyars on you' head;
Great acres o' low-groun' lan';

Jeems-River bottoms dat use to stall
A fo'-horse plough no time—
An' he'd knock you down ef you jes' had dyard
To study 'bout guano an' lime.

De corn use' to stan' in de row dat thick,
You jes' could follow de balk,—
An' rank! Well, I 'clar' to Gord I'se seen
Fo' coons up a single stalk.

He owned mo' niggers 'n air urr man
About dyah—black an' bright,
He own' so many, before de Lord!
He did n' know all by sight.

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Well, suh, one evelin', 'long to'des dusk,
I seen de master stan'
An' watch a yaller-boy pass de gate
Wid a ashcake in his han'.

He never had no mammy at all—
Leastways, she wuz dead by dat—
And de cook an' the hands about on de place
Use' to see dat de lad kep' fat.

Well, he trotted 'long down de parf dat night,
An' de master he seen him go,
An' he hollered, "Say, boy! I say, what's you' name?"
"Ashcake, suh," says Joe.

Well, hit 'peared to tickle de master much,
An' he called him up to de do';
"Well, dat's a right curisome name," says he;
"But I think hit suits you sho'."

"Whose son is you?" de master axed.
"Young-Jane's," says Joe; "she's dead."
A sperrit couldn't 'a' growed no whiter,
An' "By Gord!" I heard him said.

Well, he took de chile into de house,
Jes' 'long o' dat ar whim;
An' dat-time-out you never see
Sich sto' as he sot by him.

An' Ashcake, he swung his cradle, too,
As clean as ever you see;
An' he stuck as close to de master's heels
As de shader sticks to de tree.

Tell one dark night, when de river wuz out,
De master an' Ashcake Joe
Wuz comin' home an' de skiff upsot,
An' bofe would 'a' drownded sho';

Excusin' dat Ashcake cotch holt master
An' gin' him holt de boat,
An' saved him so; but 'twuz mo' 'n a week,
Befo' *his* body comed afloat.

An' de master, he buried dat nigger, suh,
In de white-folks' grave-yard, sho'!
An' writ on a *white-folks'* tombstone,
Ashcake—jes' "Ashcake," so.

An' de master, he grieved so 'bouten dat thing,
Hit warn long befo' *he* died;
An' dee laid him to sleep in de grave-yard
Not fur from young Ashcake's side.

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FIRST HARVESTS.

By F. J. Stimson.

CHAPTER VII.

ARTHUR SEES THE WORLD.

IT was near the end of the first hour in the New York Stock Exchange. The floor was crowded. A few of the young brokers, who had less business and more time, having executed their orders, were now ready for skylarking and horse-play. But it had been a great "bull" morning, and the greater number, many of whom were older brokers, and had only been attracted personally to the scene as the news of the great battle spread abroad about the Street, were still madly pressing around the painted signs which were set, like standards, to mark the stations of the stocks. The high roof of the hall seemed too close to make the noise endurable; the air itself seemed torn and tired with the cries of the combatants. The rays of light which came down from the high windows were full of shreds and the dust of battle; the worn floor was littered with bits of paper, telegrams and orders, the exploded cartridges of that paper warfare. To the contemplative stranger in the gallery—if any contemplating stranger there had presence of mind and spirit calm enough to remain so—it seemed as if the actors in the scene, rushing madly from one skirmish to another, crying their orders, now unheeded, now to a crazy crowd, were the orators or leaders of a vast mob, trying each to work his will upon the multitude. Or he may have thought it a parliament, a congress that had overleapt all rules of decorum, where each member forgot all save the open rush for private gain. But one who understood might still have seen the battle wax and wane; might have seen here the attack and there the repulse, here the concentration of forces and the charge, there the support brought up to the post that showed signs of wavering. And it *was* a battle, of a sort more common now than that of arms; and who shall say, less real than it? Surely, they were fighting for their hearths and for their altars; such altars and such firesides as they had. And many a city palace, and many a country cottage, were hanging with their owners on the outcome of the day. Each magnate of the market, each leader in the fray, stood surrounded by his staff and subaltern officers; while the telegraph boys and camp-followers rushed hither and thither, and nimble clerks hastened from the room with messages and returned with new supplies.

Near the end of the great arena where the chief point of onslaught seemed to be, stood the standard of the Allegheny Central—Allegheny Central, the great railroad that made their houses and their yachts and carriages for hundreds of the rich, and to which some ten thousand of the poor looked for their daily bread. No great corporation had a better name than this: none was surer, none more favored by widows with their mites, by shrewd lawyers, by banks, and by trustees. A greater power, almost, than the people in the States through which it ran, it was well and honestly managed, and little in favor with speculators and those who liked best of all to win by other people's losses, perhaps the easiest way. This stock had therefore been chosen by the flower of the "bull" army, and was the very wedge of their attack. A great crop had been sown upon its line that year; and about the sign of Alle-

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gheny the maddest fight of all was fought. A dense crowd encircled it, a small sea of high hats—some already crushed in the conflict—and a babel of hoarse voices; and even on its outskirts were others madly pushing, pressing to get in. The figures cried went up by leaps at a time—Ninety! Ninety-one! a half! three-quarters! Ninety-two for any part of ten thousand! And the smaller men, who had no thought of purchase at such a time, were drawn in as by a whirlpool, such was the excitement of seeing others get what all were there to make, such was the resistless attraction of success.

Among the men who took no part, but stood curiously, on the outskirts of the fight, were two whose faces and figures would attract you even in that crowd. They were apparently friends; at least, they had come in together. The older was a young man of twenty-four or five, very handsome in his way; that is, he was lithe, graceful, tall, with dark hair neatly cut, a small black moustache, shaped like a gentleman's—it was not the moustache of a gambler, nor yet of an elegant of the dry-goods counter—and, above all, with an indescribable air of high finish and high living. His clothes were beautifully cut; his hands white, his cheeks red, his nervous system evidently in perfect order, and his digestion unimpaired. He came in sauntering, carelessly pointing out the people of interest to his friend; his manner was perfectly indifferent, as he drifted from one sign-post to another, chewing between his lips the green stem of some flower,—as a countryman puts a straw in his mouth when making a horse-trade. He passed by the Allegheny Central and stopped in front of the Louisville and Nashville sign; and no one suspected that he, Charlie Townley, of Townley & Tamms, had just sent brokers into the heat of the fight, by order of headquarters, to sell twenty thousand shares of the Allegheny Central itself. He cast no glance behind him, but was engaged in pointing out to his friend three well-known brokers—one famed for his wit, the other for his wife, and the third, to continue the alliteration, for his wiles. The companion was of different build; but we need not describe him. Arthur Holyoke had arrived in New York the very night before. He had come on from the country with his cousin and her aunt, Mrs. Livingstone, with whom in future Gracie was to live. He had been with Gracie all those weeks since her father's death; but his quick perception had prevented him from speaking to her again of their engagement. Gracie was a girl whose standard of conduct was placed above the plain and obvious right; who would go out of her way to seek duties that were almost romantic, justice more than poetical, motives ethereal, and benefits to others that their better angels might have overlooked. And Arthur was enough of a poet himself to feel that he would not wisely mention love to her for many months at least; not because her father had not approved it, but because he was no longer there to approve.

When Judge Holyoke had written to his sister-in-law about Arthur, Mrs. Livingstone had spoken at once to Mr. Townley, who was an old friend of hers; and he had promptly offered to let Arthur serve an apprenticeship in his own business. Mr. Townley, the old gentleman, that is; for Charlie, despite all his finish and importance, was but a line-officer, representing them actively in the field. He was only a far-off orphan cousin of Mr. Townley's, and a clerk in the firm of Townley & Tamms, on a salary of $2500 a year. But his alertness and his wide-awake air had gained for him the pleasanter duty of representing the firm in its seat in the Stock Exchange; said seat being, as we have seen, a privilege to get standing-room therein if possible.

No one knew all this of Townley. Most of his merely society acquaintances supposed him to be the senior partner's son; even his intimate friends thought of him as the probable heir, in a fair way to be a partner, an impression which Charlie artfully heightened by his extravagant mode of life when away from his boarding-place, his late hours, and his general inattention to all but the showy work of the firm. It was evident that he took far more interest in keeping his dress correct than in the books of the firm; and, the Stock Exchange once closed, no young man of

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fashion could be more safely relied upon for an afternoon of sport, or a ride and dinner at the Hill-and-Dale Club.

But all this Arthur had yet to learn; for the present, he was interested in the battle around him, the conflict of the two spirits, hope and despair, affirmation and negation, enterprise and nihilism, in this safety-valve of traffic, where alone the two forces meet directly, each at touch and test with the other. For the Stock Exchange is a kind of gauge, testing the force of the national store and the national need of money; and the bears, too, have their healthy function, keeping down the fever in the body politic.

In the shriek and roar of all the crowd about them, the young men could hardly converse intelligibly; but that might come after; meantime, Arthur was fully employed in seeing. Few of the men showed evidence of much mental anxiety; opposite them, to be sure, a pale-faced little Jew stood in a corner, nervously biting his lips; but most of the crowd were red-faced, and panting with the physical excitement alone, as if it were a foot-ball match. As they looked on, a fat, good-natured-looking broker with an impudent face and a white hat cocked on one side of his head, came out of the Lake Shore crowd, and with the slightest perceptible wink to Townley as he passed, joined the madder fight about Allegheny Central.

"Ninety-one," said he, "a thousand!"

"Come out of the floor," said Townley to Arthur; "come up-stairs; there's going to be some fun." At first, no one paid any attention to the new-comer; and when our friends got to the gallery, the fat broker was still offering his stock at ninety-one to an unheeding world, and the state of affairs was much the same as before. Only, that at this distance the noise had something in it less human; it was inarticulate, monstrous, and the sight of half a thousand men, struggling, every eye fixed on his neighbor's, made a something awful in the experience, as if they two on-lookers were unseen Valkyrs, looking down upon some battle of the Huns.

"Ninety-one," they heard the new-comer say again; and this time he was answered; for there was a howl of derision, and then a sudden sway in the crowd, and a rush to where he stood. "Ninety and three quarters," said he; "a half," and there was another howl; but by this time the leaders of the inner defence had heard of this flank movement, and their tactics changed. "Ninety!" "Nine and a half!" "Eighty-nine!" "Eight and three quarters!" "A half!"

"Seven, for ten thousand," said the solitary broker, coolly; and the roar doubled in volume, if such a thing were possible; and the rush to sell began, at rapidly dropping figures. The fat, good-natured broker turned away, and started to go, having sold the stock down five points in hardly fifty seconds; when crash! a small soft orange went through the centre of the impudent white hat. With a yell of derision, the crowd turned their fury upon this; whack! crack! flew the unlucky hat, from one fist to another, amid the cheers of the multitude, until a well-directed kick landed it beside Arthur in the gallery. This gave a new object to their humor; and with one accord the assemblage began singing in regular well-tempered cadence, evidently referring to Arthur:

"Lambs! Lambs!
One shorn lamb!"

Arthur, blushing, hurried from the gallery; and Charlie Townley followed him, laughing inordinately.

"They'll get used to you in a day or two, my dear fellow," said he. "They wouldn't have done it if they hadn't seen you with me."

When they got into the corridor below, they met the broker of the ravaged hat. He had got another by this time, and winked, this time with a broad smile, at Townley as they came out. "I did that pretty well, I think?" said he.

"First-rate," said Townley. "How much did it cost?"

"Not over twenty thousand shares, I guess, and twelve at least went to your friends. The boys didn't like it, though, did they?" And the man's mouth grinned wider, as he thought of the scene we have described.

"Charge the hat to the pool," laughed Townley. "Who's selling,—not the Old Man?"

"Tammy, I guess," said the other.

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"Doubt if the Old Man even knows it."

"Ta-ta," said Townley; and they sallied forth, Arthur much wondering at these metropolitan methods of doing business; and Townley completed his duties as host and cicerone by giving him a very elaborate lunch at a down-town club and putting his name down among the candidates for membership. "You needn't feed here unless you like," said he; "but it's so convenient to bring a fellow to." Indeed, Townley had been very friendly to the young countryman; and this was no less than the third club at which he had "put him up" that day. "You can try 'em all, and then make up your mind which ones you'd like to join," said he. At a word of remonstrance from Arthur, he had glibly anticipated all objection. "Now don't talk about extravagance," said he; "I tell you, no fellow ever made money in New York who didn't spend it first." And Arthur had been silenced by this paradoxical philosophy.

Townley's friendship had even extended to providing him with a boarding-place, a room in the house where he himself lodged; and toward this the young fellows took their way, early in the afternoon. Arthur was already tired, with his short and idle day; he was overcome by the rush and the whirl and the magnitude of things. He had heard talked of, had handled, had seen the management of, huge sums of money; he had seen millions in the process of their making; but how to divert a rivulet of the Pactolean stream to himself seemed a greater mystery than ever. It took so much to make so little! Such huge heaps of bullion had to be sweated to yield to the manipulator the clippings of one gold dollar! Truly, on the other hand, Townley talked to him of millions made and lost as if they had been blackberries. It was, "There's old Prime—he made a million in that Pan-handle deal," or "There goes poor old Howard—the shorts in Erie used him up," until Arthur saw that he was seeing here a most instructive process: nothing less than the creation and founding of American families. Here were the people, the progenitors of future castes; the sources of inherited estate, of culture, of consideration; this old man with the battered hat, that sharp-faced young Israelite, were the ancestors, the probable fathers and grandfathers of the men and maidens who were to be "society" in the future Republic; the first acquirers of—not the broad acres, but the city lots—the rich houses, the stocks and bonds, the whole equipment of life, that was (if our laws are maintained) to make sleek the *jeunesse dorée* of the twentieth century. A million! It is not much, in many ways, in most ways that we read about in books and bibles; it is not a factor of the Crusades, nor of the War of the Roses, nor yet (as we are informed) of the kingdom of heaven. But most things that Townley saw were multiples of it; and now Townley carefully avoided reading books; for even General Gordon, you remember, writing from Khartoum to posterity, records the reflection that mankind and his works are governed by his ventral tube. Now of ventral tubes, a million is the deity; books should, as they used to, speak to souls. And Arthur, thinking of all this, who had marvelled first at all their eagerness, now wondered rather at their carelessness; of these men, taking and losing such things so lightly.

Arthur could not have had a better cicerone than Charlie Townley. He knew his New York like the inside of his pocket; its streets, its ways, its women, its wiles, its heroes and its favorites; its eating places, drinking places, breathing places; its getting up and its lying down. When they passed Fourteenth Street, his manner changed very apparently; the æsthetic overcame the practical; the hard shine of millions was displaced by the softer radiance of women's eyes. Many of these same eyes were, in their turn, riveted by the display of women's wares in the shop-windows about Union Square, which gave Townley the opportunity of gazing at his ease; although, it must be owned, if any of these eyes looked up and met his own, he seemed little disconcerted.

They stopped and made a call at the Columbian Club, which was crowded with men, breaking the long journey homeward to their firesides, domestic or otherwise. And as, in some country hamlet of the Middle Ages, we can fancy

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the little ale-house, standing on the heath, midway; Jock and Dickon are plodding home tired from the long day's plowing; behind this one smoking chimney the cold November sky lowers drearily, the last pale tints of the tired day are fading, and the common is bare, and the naked moorland left to the wolves; and the two men stop in a moment at the Cat-and-Fiddle to have a bite and a sup, a cup around the tavern-fire, and a bit of human companionship, to talk about the price of corn, and of Hodge the tinker's son and Joan his sweetheart, and the doings of the new squire, whose round brown towers peep from the coppice of the distant park—so, too, here in our New York, the jaded men drop in, and chat about the price of stocks, their neighbor's horses and his wife, and have a glass of bitters round the fire. Townley took vermouth, lamenting bitterly that his health permitted nothing stronger; but other paler men than he administered brandy-cocktails unto themselves, or pick-me-ups of gin. Here Charlie brushed himself, and took his silver-headed cane; and again the pair sallied forth upon their journey, crossing Madison Square and striking up the Avenue. Many damsels, richly robed, now lit up the long way; there is usually a received type at any period for the outdoor gorgeousness of womankind, and this year it was blue—a walking-suit of blue, from neck to heel, close-fitting, and all of velvet. Dozens and scores of velvet gowns they passed, and Arthur noticed that his guide, philosopher, and friend looked at many of them as if they were familiar sights, but bowed to few. Now there had been many, in Union Square, to whom he had nodded, at the least. He seemed to read Arthur's thoughts, for he said:

"These are all off-side girls. You don't see the others out at this time."

"What do you mean?" said Arthur.

"Why, they're not in society, you know." And he lifted his hat to one of them, who had given him a most *empressé* bow, including in it Arthur. "There's one of the prettiest girls in town," said he, meditatively; "Kitty Farnum. They're awfully rich, too; old Farnum's got no end of money." This thought seemed to depress Charlie for a minute, and they walked on in silence. Now Arthur had met Miss Farnum at a New Haven ball, where she had been a very proud belle indeed.

"There," said Townley, at last, as they crossed a side-street, "is Mrs. Levison Gower's." There was a certain reverence in his tone, as he said this, that his voice had not yet shown in all that day, and Arthur looked with a proper admiration, though not clearly understanding why, at the house we have already described.

Their lodgings were near by (so Townley always spoke of the boarding-house where he lived), and the young men separated to dress for dinner. Arthur had been rather surprised that so elegant a person lived in a boarding-house at all; but the fact was, Townley preferred to use his money elsewhere than at home. But he never dined with the other inhabitants; in fact, his acquaintance with them was extremely slight, as he always breakfasted in his room; and to-night he put a finishing touch upon his hospitality by inviting Arthur to a very pretty little dinner at the Piccadilly Club. But after this, Townley had an engagement, and Arthur was left to his own devices. He smoked his cigar and read the evening paper; then he began an article in the *Edinburgh Review*, took up the *Spectator*, and ended with *Punch*; after which he became unoccupied, and his spirits drooped visibly.

By this time several men had strolled in; there was much laughing and gay spirits; around him were all the luxuries of mind and body that the inventive bachelor mind has yet devised for the comfort of either such part of himself. But as Arthur leaned back in the deep, throne-like leather chair and sipped (if one may so say) his *reina victoria*, his consciousness went back to a certain sunny hillside, with the light of the rich autumn morning, and the joyous beat of the hoofs upon the dewy grass.

He had been to see Gracie only the day before; but he drew on his overcoat and walked around to the Livingstones. A light was in the second-story window of the high house; and he rang the bell hopefully.

"Mrs. Livingstone?"

"Not at home," said the man, gravely.

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"Is—is Miss Holyoke in?"

"The ladies are out, sir," said the man, decidedly.

"I will not leave a card," said Arthur, answering the man's gesture; and he walked sadly back to the club-house.

Surely, Arthur felt, the forms of life and the trammels of the great city were coming home to him.

CHAPTER VIII.

ARTHUR SEES MORE OF THE WORLD.

THE firm of Townley & Tamms were of the oldest and best-known bankers and brokers in the Street. Mr. Townley had been known in New York over fifty years; he had a taste for art, and was a director in the Allegheny Central Railroad. Tamms was a newer man; a younger man with a square head, stiff red beard, broad stubby fingers, and great business ability. Arthur was expected to be there a little after nine in the morning, which made it necessary for him to breakfast at the boarding-house on Fifth Avenue at sharp eight. Most of the other men did the same, except Townley, who had his coffee in his room.

These men were not interesting; in fact, they seemed to Arthur singularly unattractive. Their faces were all chopped or rough-hewn into one prevailing expression, as rows of trees by the sea-shore are bent the same way by the wind. It would be best described as a look of eagerness; their eyes were sharp and piercing, and they even ate their breakfast eagerly. They all seemed common to Arthur; and he one of them, reduced to his lowest terms of expression, a unit of population, nothing more. They were all hurrying through breakfast, folding their napkins, putting on their great-coats, and going down town for money, and for nothing else; so was he. To be sure, he had a woman he loved at the end of it; but so, perhaps, had they.

Arthur rose impatiently, leaving his second egg, and passed out, receiving a clipped or half-audible "good-morning" from most of his fellow-boarders; the sort of salutation that hurried men may give who must still dimly remember or recognize, while they may regret, the necessity for small social courtesies. He put on his overcoat, and started walking down the Avenue.

There was no reasoning himself out of it, his spirits drooped; not with the sentimental and romantic melancholy of a young man (which is a sort of pleasant sadness, and results in nothing worse than pessimistic poems, nocturnal rambles, and a slightly increased consumption of narcotics and stimulants), but with that more practical, less tolerable, discontent which the grown man has in moments when the conviction is irresistibly borne in upon him that his position in the world is not a brilliant one, and his worth, to make the best of it, is unappreciated. For those who choose to be sad over these things there is no remedy. And in New York, he felt himself—number one million three hundred and fifty-six thousand two hundred and two.

Arthur had, too, a strong desire to go and see Gracie, much as a child wants to go to its mother's lap and cry. But how much farther off she seemed than if they had stayed at Great Barrington! It was impossible, of course, for him to see her; she had insisted that there should be no announced engagement between them. He doubted even if Mrs. Livingstone knew of it. But how long it would be before they could be married, before they could live in a house—in a house like that one there, for instance! And Arthur waved his cane unconsciously at a house on the corner of Thirty-second Street, in which, though ugly enough outside, it seemed to him it might be reasonably possible for him to maintain his own identity and their dignity of life. Then he remembered that Townley had pointed it out to him the day before as Mrs. Levison Gower's house, and that he had been introduced to her at Lenox. Probably she would not remember him now.

Going to the office, he sought that corner of a desk which was in the future to be his station in the world. Townley arrived late, and gave him a hasty nod; it was a busy day, and he had been up late in the night at the first ball of the season. Arthur's work that

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day consisted in writing letters for the firm, following Mr. Tamms's hastily pencilled instructions; but the first letter he wrote of all was not signed by the firm signature, and it bore the address "Miss Holyoke, care of Mrs. Wentworth Livingstone, 6 W. ——th Street, City." Such letters as these it is that make the world go on; and truly they are more important than even the foreign mail of Messrs. Townley and Tamms. This relieved his mind, and the daily labor for his daily bread coming happily in to sweeten his meditations, he got fairly through to four o'clock, when Townley proposed that they should go to drive.

Arthur protested his duty to his employers.

"Nonsense," said Charlie; "the governor knows you've got to get into harness by degrees. Besides, he doesn't pay you anything for your services—and they arn't worth anything, yet," he added. The last argument was unanswerable.

Charlie's cart (it is quite impossible for us, who have known him nearly two days, to call him Townley any more) was very high, very thick, and very heavy, and was purchased in Long Acre; the horses, which answered the same description, were also imported; and the harness, which corresponded to the cart in thickness and heaviness, came from Cheapside. Townley's coat, clothes, top-hat, whip, and gloves were all native of Bond Street or Piccadilly; and in fact, the only thing about him which was produced fairly beyond the London bills of mortality was the very undoubted case of green Havana cigars that he offered to Arthur the moment they had left the Park. They drove up Fifth Avenue, past the same procession of pedestrians they had seen the day before, and Arthur could not but note how much more interesting they seemed to their fellow-creatures from the summit of their dog-cart, and how the interest had become mutual as they entered the Park and joined the procession of T-carts, phaetons, and victorias. He admired the dexterity with which Charlie kept the tandem-reins and the whip properly assorted in his left hand, while the right was continually occupied in raising his hat to pretty women who had bowed.

The Hill-and-Dale Club, the newly established country institution, a sort of shrine or sacred grove whither city folk betook themselves to commune with nature, was in Westchester County, not far from the historic banks of the Bronx. An old country mansion, former quarters of Continental generals, rendezvous of Skinners and Cowboys, had been bought, adorned, developed, provided with numerous easy chairs and sporting prints; and lo! it was a club. The wide lawn in front was turned into a half-mile track for running races; a shooting range and tennis-grounds were made behind; and you had a small Arcadia for mundane pleasures. Here could tired mortals loaf, chat, eat, drink, smoke, bet, gamble, race, take exercise, and see their fellow-creatures and their wives and cattle. Expatriated Britons found here a blessed spot of rest, a simulacrum of home, where trotting races were tabooed, where you were waited on by stunted grooms, and could ride after your hounds, and always turned to the left in passing. Before this Elysium did Charlie pull up, and throwing the reins to a stable-boy, led Arthur to the inner Penetralia. After inscribing his name in the club book (making the fourth, thought Arthur) they went to the smoke-room, where they met a dozen of the fellows (some of whose faces seemed already familiar to him) and executed the customary libation. Here Charlie stood boldly up to a composite ambrosia of which the base was brandy, saying that he thought a fellow deserved it after that drive. Some conversation followed; but I sadly fear 'twould not be worth the trouble of reporting in cold print. Then Charlie proposed they should go look at the stables; and they did.

"That is the beast for you," he said, pointing to a gaunt, fiery-eyed creature with a close-cropped tail. "Vincent Duval is going abroad, and you can have him for four hundred."

"But, my dear fellow, I can't——"

"Nonsense, Holy," said Charlie familiarly falling into the nickname that then and there sprang full-grown like Minerva from his inventive brain. "Look

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here, young fellow, I want to give you some advice. Let's go in and smoke on the piazza." They found easy seats above the broad green lawn, half across which reached already the shadows of a belt of huge bare forest trees that rimmed in the western end; and there, inspired by tobacco and the beauty of the scene, did Charles Townley deliver himself as follows:

"My dear boy, we live in a great country; and in a free country a man can make himself just what he likes. You can pick out just the class in life that suits you best. This is the critical moment; and you must decide whether to be a two-thousand-dollar clerk all your life, a ten-thousand bachelor, or a millionaire. If you rate yourself at the two-thousand gauge, the world will treat you accordingly; if you spend twenty thousand, the world, sooner or later, will give it to you. There's Jimmy De Witt, for instance; after the old man busted, he hadn't a sous markee—what was the result? He had an excellent taste in cigars and wine, knew everybody, told a good story—you know what a handsome fellow he is?—no end of style, and the best judge of a canvas-back duck I ever saw. Everybody said such a fellow couldn't be left to starve. So old Duval found him a place as treasurer of one of his leased railroads down in Pennsylvania, where all he has to do is to sign the lessee's accounts; he did this submissively, and it gave him ten thousand a year. Then we made him manager of the Manhattan Jockey Club—that gave him six thousand more; then he makes a little at whist, and never pays his bills, and somehow or other manages to make both ends meet. And now they say he's going to marry Daisy Duval. Do you suppose he'd ever have been more than a poor devil of a clerk, like me, if he'd tried economy?" And Charlie leaned back and puffed his cigar triumphantly.

"But I mean to pay my bills," said Arthur.

"Well, he will, too, in time," said Charlie.

Arthur smiled to himself, and reflected that the corruptions of New York were rather clumsy, after all, and its snares and temptations a trifle worn-out and crude; but he said nothing, and by this time their tandem was brought around and they whirled off to the city. When they got home, he found a note:

"Mr. and Mrs. William H. Farnum request the pleasure—Mr. Holyoke's company—small party, Thursday the twenty-eighth," etc., etc.

He tossed it over to Charlie. "Since you're such a social mentor, what must I do to that?" said he.

"Decline it, of course," said the other; "I've got one myself; you see, they saw us together. You mustn't show up, the first time, at the Farnums."

Arthur was nettled. "I shall do nothing of the kind," said he. "I shall accept it."

"As you like," laughed the other, good-naturedly. "I shall accept, too, as far as that goes; but you needn't go. They can put it in the newspaper that I was there, if they like." Arthur opened his eyes; what sort of young nobleman, then, was his friend, disguised as a clerk upon a salary?

"Perhaps you object to my calling on the Livingstones?" said he, with biting sarcasm.

"Not at all—the Livingstones are all right," said unconscious Charlie. "But don't go to-night; come to the opera with me. In fact, you can't make calls in the evening any more, you know."

"What opera is it?"

"I don't know," said Charlie, serenely. "What does it matter?"

Arthur had nothing to reply to this; and the opera turned out to be "Linda." But Charlie was right; the audience proved more interesting. Here was a dress parade of all that was most fashionable in New York; for it was a great night, the first of the season, and every one was anxious to put herself *en évidence*. Townley was out of his seat three quarters of the time; and Arthur paid little attention to what was going on on the stage. The wicked marquis came, saw, and sought to conquer; the sentimental young heroine sighed and suffered, repelled both the marquis and his diamonds, and fled from the wilds of Chamounix to the seclusion and safety of Paris; and the jewelled ladies in the boxes (familiar with this tale) gave it now and then their perfunctory atten-

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tion, recognizing that all this drama was being well and properly done, the correct thing, according to the conventions of the stage. Directly opposite him, in one of the grand-tier boxes, were three women who attracted his eyes unwittingly. Two of them were young girls, and both were beautiful; one, with heavy black hair and fair young shoulders, sitting quietly; the other not quite so pretty, but with an indescribable air of complete fashion, a blonde with the bust of a Hebe, talking with animation to quite a little group of male figures, dimly visible in the back of the box; and the third a woman of almost middle age, with the figure of a Titian Venus and hair of an indescribable ashen yellow. Surely he knew that face?

"Who is that in the box opposite—the middle one, I mean, with the two beauties?"

Charlie lifted his opera glass, and then as quickly dropped it. "She would thank you," he said, "for your two beauties. She is the only married woman of her set who isn't afraid to have pretty young girls about her. That's Mrs. Gower, and she's looking at you, too."

Arthur looked up and met her eye; she made a very slight but unmistakable inclination of her head, and Arthur bowed.

"You're in luck, young 'un," said Townley. "Now you've got to go and speak to her."

"Have I?" said Arthur. "I know her very slightly."

"She doesn't seem to think so, and you needn't remind her of it?" said Charlie, the worldling; and Arthur, having noted the number of the box from the end of the row, started on his quest. He came to the door that seemed to be the seventh in number from the stage, and paused a minute with his hand upon the knob. What young man's heart, however much its pulsations may be dedicated to another, does not beat awkwardly when he is on the point of addressing three lovely women, two of them quite unknown, the other nearly so? Then again, suppose he had counted wrong, and not got into the right box?

His hesitation was cut short by the sudden opening of the door and the exit of a gentleman from within. Before it closed, Arthur had plunged boldly into the dark anteroom, and was blinking earnestly out from it, somewhat dazzled by the blaze of light and the gleam of the three pairs of white shoulders in front.

"Ah, Mr. Holyoke, I hoped you would come—Mr. Wemyss, Mr. Holyoke—Miss Duval, Mrs. Malgam, Mr. Holyoke, of—"

"Of New York, I believe," said Arthur, bowing, and accepting the chair which the gentleman addressed as Wemyss had given up, at a look from Mrs. Gower. Certainly, Mrs. Gower had charming manners, he thought; and it was very pleasant of her to be pleasant to him.

"Of New York? I am so glad—I knew that Great Barrington was only your summer home, but I had feared that you were wedded to Boston. Where is Miss Holyoke?" Mrs. Gower added, without apparent malice; and Arthur cursed himself inwardly as he felt that he was blushing.

"She is living with her aunt, Mrs. Livingstone," said he. And then, with a wild attempt at changing the subject, "Do you like 'Linda,' Miss Duval?"

(Crash! went the big drums; whizz, whizz, in cadence came the fiddles. The wicked marquis, who had also turned up in Paris, was at his old tricks again.)

"I think it is perfectly sweet," said Miss Duval. "Patti does it so well!"

"It must be very pleasant for her to have you here," said Mrs. Gower, innocently. "I was so sorry to hear of poor Judge Holyoke's death. And so you have come to settle in New York? How delightful! Let me see—I have not seen you since last summer, at Lenox, have I?"

"It is very kind of you to remember me," said Arthur.

"Or was it Lenox?" Mrs. Gower went on. "I remember seeing Miss Holyoke one day as I drove by, in Great Barrington," she added, naïvely.

Arthur felt that she was watching him, and was seeking for a reply, when fortunately Linda came forward, almost under the box, and told in a long aria, with many trills and quavers, with what scorn she repelled the marquis's advances; the marquis, in the meantime, wait-

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ing discreetly at the back of the stage until she had had her *encore* and had flung madly out of his ancestral mansion. This being the musical moment of the evening, all paid rapt attention; and when the last *roulade* was over Mrs. Gower rose and they all proceeded to help with opera cloaks and shawls. "Mr. Holyoke, you must come and dine with me—are you engaged—let me see—a week from Friday?"

"You are very kind," said Arthur. "No, I think not."

"Then I shall expect you—at half-past seven, mind,"—and our hero had the felicity of walking with Mrs. Gower to her carriage, the others coming after them, with the two young ladies. The carriage-door closed with a snap, leaving Arthur with Wemyss and the other man, whom he did not know. Wemyss seemed to feel that their acquaintance had come to an end; so there was nothing left for Arthur but to return to Charlie Townley.

"What the deuce is Mrs. Lucie up to now?" thought he, when Arthur had recounted to him his adventures; but he said nothing; and Arthur was left for the last act to give his entire attention to the stage. Virtue triumphed, and Vice (who, as represented in the person of the lively marquis, seemed to be a pretty good sort of fellow after all—an amiable rascal, the kind of chap of whom you would feel inclined to ask, What would he like to drink?) was duly forgiven; and he showered his diamonds as wedding-gifts upon the bride. So that Linda, thrice fortunate Linda, not only followed the paths of virtue, but got her lover and the diamonds into the bargain; and with this moral and a Welsh rarebit Arthur and his friend sought home and pleasant dreams.

CHAPTER IX.

ARTHUR GETS ON IN THE WORLD.

THERE should never be more than six at a dinner, unless there are fourteen. You can have your dinner either a parlor comedy or a spectacular play: but you must choose which you will have. Mrs. Gower was well aware of this; and hers consisted of a leading lady, a first young lady, a *soubrette*, a virtuous hero, a heavy villain, and a lover. With these ingredients, you may have a very pleasant dinner; but you must be a sufficiently skilful observer of humanity to detect the *rôles*. For people say that there are not such *rôles* any more, and that we are all indifferent and good-natured and none of us heavy villains.

Arthur was too inexperienced for this; or, like all young men, he also supposed that all these characters were conventional fictions of the stage. He did not believe in villains. Perhaps it would repay us to formulate Arthur's views, as those of a respectable young New Englander of good education and bringing-up, with whose fortunes in life our book is largely concerned. Roughly expressed, they might be put in canons, much as follows:

I. The world is in the main desirous of realizing the greatest good of the greatest number.

II. Unfortunate necessities—the primal curse of labor, or what not—occupy the greater part of the time of the greater number with sustaining life; so the leisure of the fortunate few is doubly pledged to the discovery and attainment of the object before mentioned.

III. Money is a regrettable necessity; but its acquirement, even from the selfish point of view, is but a means to an end. That end, where personal, is the enjoyment of the pleasures of life—*i.e.*, literature, art, refined society, travel, and health. The larger end is intelligent charity, or public work.

IV. Vice exists, like vermin, as a repulsive vulgarity.

V. Crime exists pathologically—*i.e.*, it is either an abnormal disease, or the consequence of a pitiable weakness.

VI. Honesty is the first virtue of the greater number; honor, which is honesty with a flower added, is the peculiar virtue of a gentleman.

VII. Gentlemen are honorable and brave; ladies are like Shelley's heroines, or the ladies in the Idylls of the King.

VIII. The chiefest quality of humanity is love; and the object of all human endeavor is to observe and avail itself of the love of that being which is not humanity.

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So much for his ethics; and, as we have said Arthur was a poet, it may not come amiss to add an approximation of his theory of æsthetics. This was, in brief:

IX. All beauty is the visible evidence of the love of God; nature is a divine manifestation; and literature, art, and music are the language in which humanity may reply. Thus, in particular, all highest poetry is but this—the discovery of the love of God.

Such were his tenets, the standard of Arthur's exalted moments, as he supposed them then to be of others. In trying to live by them, he knew that he was weak, as all men are. Of all the people whom he knew, Gracie Holyoke alone seemed always to observe them.

So it may well be that Arthur did not, on that night, justly estimate the worth of those about him. He had, simply, a very enjoyable dinner; he was innocently pleased with the glitter of the glass, the sparkle of the diamonds, the richness of the china, the beauty of the women, the finish of their talk; it was a venial sin for him to like the food and wines,—but there was perhaps one other ingredient in his pleasure, the subtilest of all, which escaped him. Leaving this, for his account, let us speak of the others.

And here we may save space and the wearied reader's attention; for they had no ethics and no æsthetics; and their philosophy of life was simple. Probably their sensual sin was not so great as Arthur's—for terrapin and duck were a weariness to most of them—but in the *summum bonum* they all agreed. To be not as others are, and have those others know it—such was their simple creed. Jimmy De Witt was on the whole the most innocent; his being yearned for horses and yachts, even if they were not all the fastest; and he was not a bad fellow, a great friend of Lucie Gower himself, and so sitting *in loco conjugis*, for the husband of the hostess was absent. To him came next Mrs. Malgam, who was—but all the world, yea, even to the uttermost bounds thereof where the society newspapers do permeate, knows all about Mrs. Malgam. Upon De Witt's other side, convenient, Miss Duval—Daisy Duval, grand-daughter of Antoine of that ilk who kept the little cigar-store down on Chambers Street; then Arthur, on Mrs. Gower's right; and on her left Caryl Wemyss again, a modern Boston Faust, son of the great poet who was afterwards minister to Austria; his son, thus born to the purple of diplomacy, had lived in Paris, London, and Vienna, executed plays, poems, criticisms, music, and painting, and, at thirty-five, had discovered the hollowness of things, having himself become perfect in all of them. So he became a critic of civilization—and this is how he was not as other men—for it was the era of the decadence, and he the Cassandra who foresaw it. Mrs. Gower, our leading lady, made the sixth.

From being the lonely Cinderella of an unexplored fireside, Flossie had grown to be one of the most famed and accomplished hostesses in all New York. She had the tact of knowing what topics would touch the souls of the men and move the women's hearts, and of leading the conversation up to these without apparent effort or insolent dictation. She could make Strephon talk to Chloe, or Marguerite to Faust, without taking the awkward pair by the elbows and knocking their heads together. And all this sweetly, simply, while reserving the preferred *rôle* to herself, as a carver justly sets aside for his own use his favorite bit of venison. Ordinarily, these six people—four of them, surely—would have talked about other people and their possessions; but Mrs. Flossie rightly fancied that Arthur, knowing little of the world, could only talk about books, or at most, about the world in the abstract. Taking up the talk where it was left at the opera, an early speech from Arthur to the effect that he did not mean to go much into society gave her the necessary opening.

"You must not do so," said she. "Society is as important to a young man as work. Is it not, Mr. Wemyss?" (One of the charms of this woman's cleverness was that indefinable quality of humor which consists in the relish of incongruities; her reference to Wemyss for the uses of work, for instance.)

"Society is sour grapes to those beyond its pale," said Wemyss, "but those who can value it press from it the wine

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of life." (Wemyss gave a little laugh, to indicate that he did not mean to be taken as a prig.) "Seriously," he added, "no person of wide intelligence can afford to ignore the best society of a nation, whatever it be, for it represents its essence and its tendency. It is the liquid glass of champagne left in the frozen bottle, and has more flavor than all the rest; it is the flower, which is at once the present's culmination and the future's seed."

"Oh, that is so true!" cried Daisy Duval. Miss Duval would have made the same remark had Mr. Wemyss asserted that abuse of stimulants was the secret of Hegel. The others stared rather blankly. Arthur had never considered it quite so seriously; and to Mrs. Malgam and Jimmy De Witt, interpreting it esoterically, society needed no more explanation than the Ding an Sich.

"Then again," said Wemyss, "did you ever go to a party of the people? I don't mean at Washington—there they get a little rubbed off—but at home. Well, I went to one, once—some people who had lived for many years in the house next to mine on Beacon Street—and I do assure you, it was *triste à faire peur;* they thought you were flippant if you even smiled, and took offence, like awkward boys and girls, at the least informality. One longed for a Lovelace, *si ce n'était que pour les chiffonner.* Now, in the world, one's manners are simple, easy; you have some liberty; people don't take offence —*il n'y a jamais de mal en bonne compagnie.* But the trouble with society in this country is," he continued, "that it has no meaning. Now it must have a meaning to be interesting; it must mean either love or politics. In France, if not in England, it has both. But here, all the meaning of it stops when one is married."

"Thank you," said Flossie.

"Madame," said Wemyss, "you are one of the three sirens, singing in the twilight of the world. But in this dark night about you, society exists only to make all young men get married. In the old time, it had a more serious reason for being. In courts where there was a social element in politics, intrigues were always quasi-political; parties were made at evening parties, and ministries were entered from boudoirs; you met the Opposition in his salon, and embraced a minister's principles with—"

"Look out, Mr. Wemyss," said Mrs. Gower, playfully.

—"when you paid a compliment to his wife. But here, society and politics are worlds mutually exclusive; how would the Governor of the State appear at a dinner-party? Politically, the best people are laid on the shelf, like rare china. Society's only recognized function is to bring young people together; when brought together, they are supposed to join hands and step aside; it is a marriage-brokerage board, and its aim is merely matrimony."

"What a social failure you must be, Mr. Wemyss," said Flossie.

"In America," retorted Wemyss. "But even a man who has not married has some social rights. I like a society of men and women—not of Jacks and Gills. But if I tell Mrs. Grundy her gown is becoming, likely as not she'll call for the police, in this country."

"I think she'll take a bit more than that without bolting," laughed Jimmy De Witt.

"The fact is," said Wemyss, who felt that he was becoming epigrammatic, "all worldly pleasures, from the original apple, rest on the taste of the forbidden fruit. The joys of war, the delights of business, the pleasures of gossip, the satisfaction of swearing,—they're all the fun of breaking some commandment. Voltaire never would have put pen to paper but for the first; the pleasure of art is to worship graven images; the spice of newspapers is the false witness that they bear against your neighbor. And what becomes of fashionable life without the tenth, or a faint and ever-present memory of the seventh? Now all Americans covet their neighbor's bank-account; but they are far too practical to covet their neighbor's wife. Positively, we are too virtuous to be happy: for this Arcadian state of things makes society necessarily dull. Like most of the devil's institutions, it requires considerable red pepper."

Arthur stared at Wemyss, much astonished; but all three ladies seemed to

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take it as very excellent fooling indeed. Even Jimmy looked as if he didn't wholly understand it, but knew it must be very good.

"But it's the paradise of girls. It offers every opportunity to ardent youth. It shows its prizes in a glamour of light and dress-making, just as a Parisian shopkeeper puts gas-reflectors before his window. Bright eyes and white shoulders are garnished in extraordinary silks and satins; a blare of fiddles and trumpets fills up vacancies in their intellect; and thus, with all their charms enhanced, they are dangled before the masculine eye when his discernment has been previously befuddled with champagne!"

"Positively," laughed Mrs. Gower, "we must leave you to your cigars. There's no knowing what you'll be saying next—and before an unmarried lady, too. Daisy, my dear, go out first, and deliver Mr. Wemyss from temptation."

The three ladies rose, and the men drew back their chairs.

"You must really look out, Mr. Wemyss," said Mrs. Malgam; "in one of your lyric moments you'll forget that some girl isn't married, and be engaged before you know it."

Wemyss shuddered. "Ah, my dear lady, I wish I could forget that you were married—"

"Hush, hush," cried Mrs. Gower, rapping Wemyss's knuckles with her fan, "and *soyez sage*, when we are gone."

But when left to themselves, Mr. Wemyss said little besides a word or two about literature and art. His conversation might have been a model to a governess fresh from boarding-school. Jimmy De Witt told a few stories, and Arthur had great difficulty in talking at all. Mr. Wemyss snubbed them both, as was his habit with intellectual inferiors; and after a very short cigar, they all repaired to the drawing-room, where little happened that Arthur saw; for, as all the company save Mrs. Gower seemed to regard him as an interloping hobbledehoy, to be tolerated only as a fantasy of Mrs. Gower's, he shortly and not over-gracefully took his leave.

He walked to the club, and smoked, somewhat nettled with things in general, and full of much desire to punch Mr. Caryl Wemyss's elegant head. Others had had that mood before Arthur; but you see our hero is by no means an exceptional personage. Being, however, the best we have got, we feel bound to see him through. Still, no Loyola would have chosen that dinner to be the time and place to reply to Wemyss with the propositions we have stated for Arthur at the beginning of this chapter; and the young idealist had wisely held his peace.

CHAPTER X.

IN WHICH ARTHUR MEETS A WEARIED SOUL.

Now Mrs. Levison Gower, like Napoleon after Marengo and Austerlitz, was suffering from ennui. This malady of modern times executes its most dangerous ravages, like the gout, only among those who can afford it. It is a sort of king's evil, privileged to the nobility and gentry; and that Flossie Starbuck's healthy constitution ever succumbed to it is testimony—is it not?—to her extraordinary natural refinement: for born to it she certainly was not. She was a woman of some five-and-thirty summers—let us rather say, of some fifteen seasons, as being both politer and more closely descriptive—but with her thick blonde hair and her youthful figure, round and lithe as any girl's, she was divine still in a riding-habit or a ball-dress, and could face the daylight of a north window without flinching. But the fact was, this Marguerite in appearance had been out fifteen seasons; if not so erudite as Faust, she was even more *blasée* with the world; kermesses had become stupid, interesting young men with rapiers and mysterious attendants in red had lost their interest, even jewels had ceased to make her heart beat as of yore: Mephistopheles alone remained eternal.

All the joys of her girl's ambition she had tasted to the full. Every social eminence that she had seen, she had in turn attained. Each one of the diversions of a woman of fashion, she had pushed to its ultimate—gayety pure and simple, haughty and costly exclusiveness, travel and adventure, the patronage of literature and art, even religion and charity.

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But Mrs. Gower had been so unfortunate as to take her greatest pleasure at the beginning of her young life. Compared with that triumphal moment when first, surrounded by ladies with names she had hitherto known only in the newspapers, she had taken her place among the patronesses of the F. F. V. Ball as "Mrs. Levison Gower, Jr."—what were all the second-hand joys of the imagination, of looking at books and pictures, even the more solid satisfactions of houses, opera-boxes, horses and liveries, or of social power? The life of the world was Mrs. Gower's book; she made her own drama; any starveling in a garret could have the other kind. But that earliest pleasure was indeed divine. She had met the enemy, and made them hers. And how the dowagers had scowled at her, at first! The haughty Vans, the poor and lofty matrons of the old manorial families of New York, exemplary, unapproachable, Presbyterian. She had routed them with a flirt of her fan; she had dared their feudal armor with her bared fair breast. Their dowdy daughters had been snuffed out of fashion like candles in electric light; a spark of wit had made them laughable, a glance of her soft eyes had brought their brothers to her feet. Her *chic* had won the day, and soon they all began to copy her. Her phaeton and her ponies replaced the antiquated family rockaways; her style made up for breeding, and largely it was Flossie's work that money in New York became the all-in-all, and blood an antiquated prejudice to jest at. And all the Einsteins and the Malgams and Duvals made haste to cluster under Flossie's standard, wanting such a leader; and we Americans throw up our hats and cry how nice and democratic is the change—do we not? How proud was simple Lucie Gower to find him husband to a goddess! How natural for Caryl Wemyss to worship her, the spirit of his favorite decadence!

But still, that early and delightful triumph had been the climax of her life, as it now seemed; all other pleasures had proved silly or insipid. What gratification was it to her to move in the best society? The whole pleasure lay in getting there. She cared nothing for the best society, except in so far as she could humble it, and make it hers. Secretly, Flossie found more sympathy in her new friends of the Duval set than in the old-fashioned Van Kulls and Breviers of her husband's family. The best people bored her. But the Duvals were nothing if not amusing, and had a truly French horror of the *ennuyeux*.

But she was a leader of it; there was still some satisfaction left in that. Her leadership was unquestioned; through whatever will-of-the-wisp of folly she chose to lead the dance, the many (and these the richest, newest, and most prominent) would follow. Mrs. Malgam alone could for a moment contest her prominence—"Baby" Malgam, whose fashionable inanity and lazy beauty had proved almost as good cards as Flossie's cleverness. And the further she went, the faster would her people follow; for the Duvals and Einsteins were wild to *écraser*, by ostentation of their wealth, all those whose position rested on the slightest shadow of superiority that money could not buy. All these people, Flossie knew, would hail her as a leader and grovel at her feet; she, who represented an older style than theirs, if she would be with them and of them. And the old style of things, which had satisfied her for fifteen years, was just now, certainly, beginning to bore her. The drama of her life lacked action.

Well: whither should she lead? What next? Charity, intellect, art, and dancing had been worn to the last thread; hounds and horses were in, just now; and society, in pink coats and silk jockey-caps, was making nature's acquaintance on Long Island and in Westchester County. But what on earth or in the waters under the earth was to come after this, Mrs. Gower did not yet know. Still, it was comforting to feel that when she *did* know, it would be done; this was certainly a pleasure; perhaps the only real one left to poor Flossie in her years of disillusion. As a *parvenue*, she was never tired of having her will over those who had been born her superiors; and it is a delightful novelty that in these days of no prejudices a *parvenue* need no longer climb to the level of society, but will find it both less troublesome and more tickling to the vanity to pull society down to her.

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The free fancy of Mrs. Gower's matron meditation was interrupted by the entrance of a *deus* with a *machina*—in other words, by a footman with Mr. Caryl Wemyss's visiting-card.

"Is Mrs. Gower at home?" said the footman; and he commanded larger wages for the subtle infusion of "her ladyship" he was able to give to a plain American patronymic if used in the third person. He also had calves; and made no other than a financial objection to silk stockings, if required.

"Let him come in," said Flossie; and she drew a footstool to her and disposed herself more at ease, before the wide wood-fire.

Wemyss entered perfectly. There were two manners of meeting ladies most in vogue at this time, which may perhaps be described as the *horsey* and the *cavalier*. Of the former, which was perhaps the more fashionable, Jimmy De Witt was an excellent example; he would have come in with a boisterous *bonhomie*, a stable-boy's story, or a blunt approval of Flossie's pretty ankle, which was being warmed before the fire; but Wemyss affected the old-fashioned, and was pleased to be conscious that his manners were, as he would have said, *de vieille roche*. He took her hand and bowed deeply over it, as if he wanted to kiss it, but did not dare; then, drawing a low ottoman in front of the fire, he sat down, as it were, at her feet.

"Well, Mr. Wemyss, how did you find Boston?" said Mrs. Gower, by way of beginning.

"Boston, my dear Mrs. Gower, is impossible. There used to be some originals, but now there are only left their country acquaintances, or their self-imposed biographers, who feebly seek to shine by their reflected light. Emerson might do, for the provinces; but Emerson's country neighbors! Their society is one of *ganaches* and *femmes précieuses*—oh, such precious women!—of circles, coteries, and clubs, with every knowledge but the *savoir faire* and every science but the *savoir vivre!*"

"But," said Mrs. Gower, "surely I have seen some very civilised Bostonians, at Newport, in the summer?"

"You have—like a stage procession," said Wemyss with a smile. "And so, if you stand long enough in the window of the club there, and are fortunate, you may, of an afternoon, see Mrs. Weston's carriage and footmen go down the hill; and perhaps, if you smoke another cigar and wait, you may be so happy as to see Mrs. Weston's carriage and footmen going up the hill again. The rest of Boston drive in carryalls."

Mrs. Gower laughed. "Now I always thought it would be such a charming place to live in—so many celebrated people have been there—so many associations—"

"My dear lady, it is consecrated ground if you like," said Wemyss, interrupting. "And a very proper place to be buried in. But I tried living there for three months."

"And so, now, you are going back to Paris?"

"I came on with that intention."

"Why don't you go then?"

"I am afraid it's too late," said Wemyss, looking at his watch. "My steamer sails at four."

Mrs. Gower made a little ejaculation of surprise; and then laughed a trill or two. "Mr. Wemyss, you are a great humbug," said she, throwing her head back upon the pink satin cushion, and looking at him from the corners of her half-closed eyes.

"We have to be," said Wemyss with a sigh. "Now there's the trouble of Boston; they can't understand that. And the six or eight of us who do, grow rusty for want of practice."

"But you have one another?"

"We know one another down to the ground. There is no excitement in that; it is playing double-dummy without stakes."

"And so you are going to Paris?"

"And so I was going to Paris."

"But your steamer leaves at four, you say? What are you tarrying here for?"

"*Mais, pour vos beaux yeux*—"

"Mr. 'Olyoke," said the footman from behind the heavy curtains. Wemyss struck his two hands together in mock desperation; but as a matter of fact, the interruption was opportune, for he did not in the least know what to do next. There is a certain point in talk

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beyond which anything not final is an anti-climax.

"Say you are not at home," said he, eagerly.

But Mrs. Gower chose to be very gracious to Arthur. She gave him her hand with the simple cordiality of a schoolgirl. "I am so glad you have not forgotten our drive," said she.

Arthur had quite forgotten it; so he filled up the time by bowing to Mr. Wemyss; a salute which that gentleman received with some stiffness. Mrs. Gower made a very suggestion of a tinkle in a bell that stood at her elbow.

"Horridge, are the ponies ready?"

"Mrs. Gower's carriage his hin waiting," said Horridge, with a respectful gasp or two before the vowels.

"You see, Mr. Wemyss," said Flossie. "I hope you have not missed your steamer. I must not keep you for one moment longer."

"I see I shall have to postpone my trip," said Wemyss. "*Madame!*" (this with much formality).

"*Monsieur!*" (Mrs. Gower quite outdid Mr. Wemyss in her exaggeration of a long curtesy.)

"Now, Mr. Holyoke," said Flossie, when the cosmopolitan had departed, "I am sure you will give me your company for a drive in the park?"

If there is no Englishman who would not enjoy walking down Pall Mall on the arm of two dukes, there is surely no American who would not like to be whirled through the world at the side of Mrs. Levison Gower. They drove for an hour in the park; and Arthur had the pleasure of raising his hat to Jimmy De Witt, Miss Daisy Duval, Mrs. Jack Malgam and Antoine Duval Jr., Killian Van Kull, Charlie Townley, and many others unknown to him who bowed to her. She talked to him of books and poetry; of Heine, Rossetti and of Shelley; and the tender tones of her voice would have moved an older man than Arthur to sympathy with her. "I had thought that she was worldly," said Arthur to himself. "There must be some secret in her life I have not yet discovered," (this was very possible, seeing he had only been with her three hours)—"some great suffering or repression which makes her wear this fashionable garb as an armor to veil her wounded heart. It is despair that makes her plunge so wildly into this whirl of company and show; the loss forever of something she once longed for, that drives her to distraction and diversion. Love of pleasure it is surely not."

Ah, poor Arthur, no doctor ever yet of soul or body but gave a biassed diagnosis of a pretty woman's soul. How easy it is to weave romances over soft gold hair! How natural to read poetry and lost loves in the light of lovely eyes that look so sweetly now in yours! So good Bishop Berkeley showed us that we mortals see but an image of external things, an inference from the sensation of our own retina; and we silly men, like idolaters, worship but the image we ourselves create. The lily of the field still draws us, not the potato-flower, worthy vegetable. And we fondly assume that the lily cares nothing for its vestment; that it toils not, nor spins, and has its eye upon the stars alone.

Arthur now really felt that he was a friend of Flossie Gower's. His favorite poems were all hers, and she quoted from many of them, with sighs. She had shown to him what the cynic world had never seen, the regrets and longings that lay beneath the pearls and laces that clothed her heart's casement; the true woman, not the fashionable figure known to others. How pleasant it was, to have a friend like her; one whose own life was over, and had all the more sympathy, for that, with lives of others. She asked him to come and see her whenever he liked; and Arthur thought how comforting it would be, to go to this woman for sympathy and advice, so much older than he, and yet so young at heart!

So seriously did Arthur think all this, that it quite jarred upon him when Charlie met him on his return and boisterously complimented him. "Well, old man, you are going it, and no mistake!" (Mrs. Gower's name was pronounced *Go-er*, which gave opportunity for endless puns.) "I say, old fellow, you come down fresh from the pastures like what-d'ye-callem — Endymion — Adonis, or the other masher—and sail to windward of the whole squadron!"

Arthur shook Townley off a little im-

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patiently, and refused to dine at the club, as he requested. But, taking dinner alone, with the other boarders, he could not but say to himself that they were not pleasing to him; their minds seemed narrow and their ways uncouth. They were more affable than on the first day, perhaps because it was the evening, not the morning; there was even a certain clumsy attention in the manner of one or two of the younger men, as if they would laugh at his stories, were he to tell any. After dinner, he read a novel in his study with a cigar, feeling comparatively comfortable in the rooms, which already seemed less strange to him; and at eleven o'clock he went to Miss Farnum's party. (One always spoke of Miss Farnum, Miss Farnum's house, Miss Farnum's dinners—not her mother's.) Townley, true to his intention previously expressed, was not there; the dressing-room was full of very young men, pulling on gloves and chattering; one older gentleman with a fine pair of shoulders and an honest face was in the corner next Arthur, and attracted the latter by his looks. "I wonder where they keep their brushes," was all he said; but he said it pleasantly; and Arthur and he walked down together.

Miss Farnum, who was a marvellously beautiful young woman, met them almost at the door. "Ah, I see you know one another already," said she.

"But we don't," said the stranger, smiling; and Arthur was introduced to him as Mr. Haviland. Then Miss Farnum turned to present Arthur to her mother; which formality over, our hero found himself very much alone; and he naturally drifted away into a corner, where he found Mr. Haviland awaiting him. It was pleasant enough to stand there and watch the influx of young beauties; girl after girl came in, in clouds of pink or white, bowed and curtesied at the door, and drifted into the comparative quiet of the main dancing-room, where they eddied around by twos and threes, waiting to be accosted by simpering youth. Haviland was very civil to him, and introduced him to many of them; so that Arthur found himself walking and dancing first with a blonde in blue or white, next with a *brune* in pink or yellow; they were all lovely, but it was difficult to permanently differentiate their natures in one's mind.

The ball was a very brilliant one, and the rooms were full; many of the ladies were pretty, and all seemed rich and well educated. But there was an indefinable spirit of unrest, of effort at shining, of social anxiety, which struck Arthur as a new note in his New York social experiences; and Charlie Townley's patronising remarks recurred again to him. When he went back to Miss Farnum, her reception duties were over; they had a waltz together, and then wandered into a conservatory for cool and rest.

"How different it all seems from New Haven," was Arthur's first remark; and she said yes, it did; and asked him if he were really living in New York, and if it was not Mr. Townley with whom she had seen him walking the other day.

"Mr. Townley is a great friend of mine, you must know; and I think it is too bad of him not to come to-night. And, by the way—whom were you with in the park this afternoon?"

"With Mrs. Gower," said Arthur.

"Mrs. Gower? Mrs. Levison Gower? Was it? I didn't see—" and no one would have guessed that the acquaintance of the lady mentioned was yet an unrealised dream to Miss Farnum. She led Arthur off soon after, and presented him to some of her most particular friends; Arthur was so fortunate as to secure one of these young ladies—Miss Marie Vanderpool—for the german; and they had seats very near the head. Altogether, Arthur was in the high tide of social favor; and nearly every one whom he met talked to him of Mrs. Gower, and he marvelled a little that that lady—who had spoken almost tragically to him of her loneliness—should have so many dear and admiring friends. When he went home, it was with three or four tinsel orders at his button-hole; and Haviland, whose coat-collar was yet undecorated, met him in the hall.

"Are you going the same way?" said he to Arthur; and when it turned out that they were, he asked him to drop in and have a cigar. Haviland knew that Arthur was a stranger in the city; and it soon turned out that they had one or

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two acquaintances in common. Then, as is the way of men, their conversation drifted to the last pretty face they had seen—Kitty Farnum. "She is a great friend of mine, and I stayed until the end on her account," said Haviland; "though I don't dance." They stopped at Haviland's house; and entering, Arthur was inducted into the most delightful bachelor rooms, down stairs, filled with books, weapons, and implements for smoking.

"Yes," said Haviland, speaking of Miss Farnum; "and it's a great pity to see her going as she is now. Why" (he went on, in answer to an inquiring look from Arthur), "she is wild upon getting into society, as she calls it, or her mother is for her. There is a girl, rich, beautiful, refined, well educated, and she positively looks up to a set of people the whole of whom aren't worth her little finger, as if they were divinities."

"It certainly seems very funny, if it's true," said Arthur.

"Funny?" fumed Haviland, "I assure you they are as much her inferiors as they would have her theirs. Fashion is a vulgar word, and fashionable people are a fast, vulgar set; fast, because they are too empty-headed and uncultivated to enjoy any pleasure of taste or intellect, and vulgar because they are too stupid to understand any other superiority than that of mere display."

Haviland spoke almost savagely, intemperately, as it seemed to Arthur, about such a trivial thing. "Can he be in love with her?" thought he; and he wondered why he told him all this.

"It's her mother," Haviland went on, "she has brought her up to marry some fine Englishman, and wants to get New York at her feet first."

And Arthur, who had noticed how intimate Haviland had seemed with Kitty Farnum that evening, thought that he had discovered his secret. Their conversation then took a serious turn, to their mutual profit and pleasure; and when Arthur finally went home, the night was going away, and the business of the day beginning. He liked Haviland better than any man he had met, thus far, in New York. But still, his ideas were changing.

THE TRAGEDY.

SONG.

By Charles Edwin Markham.

Oh, the fret of the brain,
And the wounds and the worry;
Oh, the thought of love and the thought of death—
And the soul in its silent hurry.

But the stars break above,
And the fields flower under;
And the tragical life of man goes on,
Surrounded by beauty and wonder.

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BEGGARS.

By Robert Louis Stevenson.

I.

IN a pleasant, airy, up-hill country, it was my fortune when I was young to make the acquaintance of a certain beggar. I call him beggar, though he usually allowed his coat and his shoes (which were open-mouthed, indeed) to beg for him. He was the wreck of an athletic man, tall, gaunt and bronzed; far gone in consumption, with that disquieting smile of the mortally stricken on his face; but still active afoot, still with the brisk military carriage, the ready military salute. Three ways led through this piece of country; and as I was inconstant in my choice, I believe he must often have awaited me in vain. But often enough, he caught me; often enough, from some place of ambush by the roadside, he would spring suddenly forth in the regulation attitude, and launching at once into his inconsequential talk, fall into step with me upon my further course. "A fine morning, sir, though perhaps a trifle inclining to rain. I hope I see you well, sir. Why, no, sir, I don't feel as hearty myself as I could wish, but I am keeping about my ordinary. I am pleased to meet you on the road, sir. I assure you I quite look forward to one of our little conversations." He loved the sound of his own voice inordinately, and though (with something too off-hand to call servility) he would always hasten to agree with anything you said, yet he could never suffer you to say it to an end. By what transition he slid to his favorite subject I have no memory; but we had never been long together on the way before he was dealing, in a very military manner, with the English poets. "Shelley was a fine poet, sir, though a trifle atheistical in his opinions. His Queen Mab, sir, is quite an atheistical work. Scott, sir, is not so poetical a writer. With the works of Shakespeare I am not so well acquainted, but he was a fine poet. Keats—John Keats, sir—he was a very fine poet." With such references, such trivial criticism, such loving parade of his own knowledge, he would beguile the road, striding forward up-hill, his staff now clapped to the ribs of his deep, resonant chest, now swinging in the air with the remembered jauntiness of the private soldier; and all the while his toes looking out of his boots, and his shirt looking out of his elbows, and death looking out of his smile, and his big, crazy frame shaken by accesses of cough.

He would often go the whole way home with me: often to borrow a book, and that book always a poet. Off he would march, to continue his mendicant rounds, with the volume slipped into the pocket of his ragged coat; and although he would sometimes keep it quite a while, yet it came always back again at last, not much the worse for its travels into beggardom. And in this way, doubtless, his knowledge grew and his glib, random criticism took a wider range. But my library was not the first he had drawn upon: at our first encounter, he was already brimful of Shelley and the atheistical Queen Mab, and "Keats—John Keats, sir." And I have often wondered how he came by these acquirements; just as I often wondered how he fell to be a beggar. He had served through the Mutiny—of which (like so many people) he could tell practically nothing beyond the names of places, and that it was "difficult work, sir," and very hot, or that so-and-so was "a very fine commander, sir." He was far too smart a man to have remained a private; in the nature of things, he must have won his stripes. And yet here he was without a pension. When I touched on this problem, he would content himself with diffidently offering me advice. "A man should be

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very careful when he is young, sir. If you'll excuse me saying so, a spirited young gentleman like yourself, sir, should be very careful. I was perhaps a trifle inclined to atheistical opinions myself." For (perhaps with a deeper wisdom than we are inclined in these days to admit) he plainly bracketted agnosticism with beer and skittles.

Keats—John Keats, sir—and Shelley were his favorite bards. I cannot remember if I tried him with Rossetti; but I know his taste to a hair, and if ever I did, he must have doted on that author. What took him was a richness in the speech; he loved the exotic, the unexpected word; the moving cadence of a phrase; a vague sense of emotion (about nothing) in the very letters of the alphabet: the romance of language. His honest head was very nearly empty, his intellect like a child's; and when he read his favorite authors, he can almost never have understood what he was reading. Yet the taste was not only genuine, it was exclusive; I tried in vain to offer him novels; he would none of them, he cared for nothing but romantic language that he could not understand. The case may be commoner than we suppose. I am reminded of a lad who was laid in the next cot to a friend of mine in a public hospital, and who was no sooner installed than he sent out (perhaps with his last pence) for a cheap Shakespeare. My friend pricked up his ears; fell at once in talk with his new neighbor, and was ready, when the book arrived, to make a singular discovery. For this lover of great literature understood not one sentence out of twelve, and his favorite part was that of which he understood the least—the inimitable, mouth-filling rodomontade of the ghost in Hamlet. It was a bright day in hospital when my friend expounded the sense of this beloved jargon: a task for which I am willing to believe my friend was very fit, though I can never regard it as an easy one. I know indeed a point or two, on which I would gladly question Mr. Shakespeare, that lover of big words, could he revisit the glimpses of the moon, or could I myself climb backward to the spacious days of Elizabeth. But in the second case, I should most likely pretermit these questionings, and take my place instead in the pit at the Blackfriars, to hear the actor in his favorite part, playing up to Mr. Burbage, and rolling out—as I seem to hear him—with a ponderous gusto,

> Unhousel'd, disappointed, unanel'd.

What a pleasant chance, if we could go there in a party! and what a surprise for Mr. Burbage, when the ghost received the honors of the evening!

As for my old soldier, like Mr. Burbage and Mr. Shakespeare, he is long since dead; and now lies buried, I suppose, and nameless and quite forgotten, in some poor city graveyard.—But not for me, you brave heart, have you been buried! For me, you are still afoot, tasting the sun and air, and striding southward. By the groves of Comiston and beside the Hermitage of Braid, by the Hunters' Tryst, and where the curlews and plovers cry around Fairmilehead, I see and hear you, stalwartly carrying your deadly sickness, cheerfully discoursing of uncomprehended poets.

II.

The thought of the old soldier recalls that of another tramp, his counterpart. This was a little, lean and fiery man, with the eyes of a dog and the face of a gypsy; whom I found one morning encamped with his wife and children and his grinder's wheel, beside the burn of Kinnaird. To this beloved dell I went, at that time, daily; and daily the knife-grinder and I (for as long as his tent continued pleasantly to interrupt my little wilderness) sat on two stones, and smoked, and plucked grass, and talked to the tune of the brown water. His children were mere whelps, they fought and bit among the fern like vermin. His wife was a mere squaw; I saw her gather brush and tend the kettle, but she never ventured to address her lord while I was present. The tent was a mere gypsy hovel, like a sty for pigs. But the grinder himself had the fine self-sufficiency and grave politeness of the hunter and the savage; he did me the honors of this dell, which had been mine but the day before, took me far

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into the secrets of his life, and used me (I am proud to remember) as a friend.

Like my old soldier, he was far gone in the national complaint. Unlike him, he had a vulgar taste in letters; scarce flying higher than the story papers; probably finding no difference, certainly seeking none, between Tannahill and Burns; his noblest thoughts, whether of poetry or music, adequately embodied in that somewhat obvious ditty,

> Will ye gang, lassie, gang
> To the braes o' Balquidder:

—which is indeed apt to echo in the ears of Scottish children, and to him, in view of his experience, must have found a special directness of address. But if he had no fine sense of poetry in letters, he felt with a deep joy the poetry of life. You should have heard him speak of what he loved; of the tent pitched beside the talking water; of the stars overhead at night; of the blest return of morning, the peep of day over the moors, the awaking birds among the birches; how he abhorred the long winter shut in cities; and with what delight, at the return of the spring, he once more pitched his camp in the living out-of-doors. But we were a pair of tramps; and to you, who are doubtless sedentary and a consistent first-class-passenger in life, he would scarce have laid himself so open; —to you, he might have been content to tell his story of a ghost—that of a buccaneer with his pistols as he lived—whom he had once encountered in a seaside cave near Buckie; and that would have been enough, for that would have shown you the mettle of the man. Here was a piece of experience solidly and livingly built up in words, here was a story created, *teres atque rotundus*.

And to think of the old soldier, that lover of the literary bards! He had visited stranger spots than any seaside cave; encountered men more terrible than any spirit; done and dared and suffered in that incredible, unsung epic of the Mutiny War; played his part with the field force of Delhi, beleaguering and beleaguered; shared in that enduring, savage anger and contempt of death and decency that, for long months together, bedevil'd and inspired the army; was hurled to and fro in the battle-smoke of the assault; was there, perhaps, where Nicholson fell; was there when the attacking column, with hell upon every side, found the soldier's enemy—strong drink, and the lives of tens of thousands trembled in the scale, and the fate of the flag of England staggered. And of all this he had no more to say than "hot work, sir," or "the army suffered a great deal, sir," or "I believe General Wilson, sir, was not very highly thought of in the papers." His life was naught to him, the vivid pages of experience quite blank: in words his pleasure lay —melodious, agitated words—printed words, about that which he had never seen and was connatally incapable of comprehending. We have here two temperaments face to face; both untrained, unsophisticated, surprised (we may say) in the egg; both boldly characterised:—that of the artist, the lover and artificer of words; that of the maker, the seeër, the lover and forger of experience. If the one had a daughter and the other a son, and these married, might not some illustrious writer count descend from the beggar-soldier and the needy knife-grinder?

III.

Everyone lives by selling something, whatever be his right to it. The burglar sells at the same time his own skill and courage and my silver plate (the whole at the most moderate figure) to a Jew receiver. The bandit sells the traveller an article of prime necessity: that traveller's life. And as for the old soldier, who stands for central mark to my capricious figures of eight, he dealt in a specialty; for he was the only beggar in the world who ever gave me pleasure for my money. He had learned a school of manners in the barracks and had the sense to cling to it, accosting strangers with a regimental freedom, thanking patrons with a merely regimental deference, sparing you at once the tragedy of his position and the embarrassment of yours. There was not one hint about him of the beggar's emphasis, the outburst of revolting gratitude, the rant and cant, the "God bless you, Kind, Kind gentleman," which insults the

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smallness of your alms by disproportional vehemence, which is so notably false, which would be so unbearable if it were true. I am sometimes tempted to suppose this reading of the beggar's part, a survival of the old days when Shakespeare was intoned upon the stage and mourners keened beside the death-bed; to think that we cannot now accept these strong emotions unless they be uttered in the just note of life; nor (save in the pulpit) endure these gross conventions. They wound us, I am tempted to say, like mockery; the high voice of keening (as it yet lingers on) strikes in the face of sorrow like a buffet; and the rant and cant of the staled beggar stirs in us a shudder of disgust. But the fact disproves these amateur opinions. The beggar lives by his knowledge of the average man. He knows what he is about when he bandages his head, and hires and drugs a babe, and poisons life with *Poor Mary Ann* or *Long, long ago;* he knows what he is about when he loads the critical ear and sickens the nice conscience with intolerable thanks; they know what they are about, he and his crew, when they pervade the slums of cities, ghastly parodies of suffering, hateful parodies of gratitude. This trade can scarce be called an imposition; it has been so blown upon with exposures; it flaunts its fraudulence so nakedly. We pay them as we pay those who show us, in huge exaggeration, the monsters of our drinking-water; or those who daily predict the fall of Britain. We pay them for the pain they inflict, pay them, and wince, and hurry on. And truly there is nothing that can shake the conscience like a beggar's thanks; and that polity in which such protestations can be purchased for a shilling, seems no scene for an honest man.

Are there, then, we may be asked, no genuine beggars? And the answer is, Not one. My old soldier was a humbug like the rest; his ragged boots were, in the stage phrase, properties; whole boots were given him again and again, and always gladly accepted; and the next day, there he was on the road as usual, with toes exposed. His boots were his method; they were the man's trade; without his boots he would have starved; he did not live by charity, but by appealing to a gross taste in the public, which loves the limelight on the actor's face, and the toes out of the beggar's boots. There is a true poverty, which no one sees: a false and merely mimetic poverty, which usurps its place and dress, and lives, and above all drinks, on the fruits of the usurpation. The true poverty does not go into the streets; the banker may rest assured, he has never put a penny in its hand. The self-respecting poor beg from each other; never from the rich. To live in the frock-coated ranks of life, to hear canting scenes of gratitude rehearsed for twopence, a man might suppose that giving was a thing gone out of fashion; yet it goes forward on a scale so great as to fill me with surprise. In the houses of the working class, all day long there will be a foot upon the stair; all day long there will be a knocking at the doors; beggars come, beggars go, without stint, hardly with intermission, from morning till night; and meanwhile, in the same city and but a few streets off, the castles of the rich stand unsummoned. Get the tale of any honest tramp, you will find it was always the poor who helped him; get the truth from any workman who has met misfortunes, it was always next door that he would go for help, or only with such exceptions as are said to prove a rule; look at the course of the mimetic beggar, it is through the poor quarters that he trails his passage, showing his bandages to every window, piercing even to the attics with his nasal song. Here is a remarkable state of things in our Christian commonwealths, that the poor only should be asked to give.

IV.

There is a pleasant tale of some worthless, phrasing Frenchman, who was taxed with ingratitude: "*Il faut savoir garder l'indépendance du cœur*," cried he. I own I feel with him. Gratitude without familiarity, gratitude otherwise than as a nameless element in a friendship, is a thing so near to hatred that I do not care to split the difference. Until I find a man who is pleased to receive obligations, I shall continue to question the tact of those who are eager to confer

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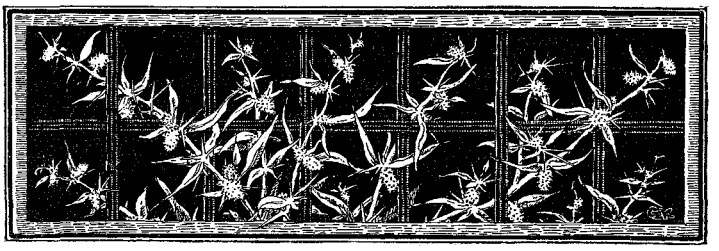
them. What an art it is, to give, even to our nearest friends! and what a test of manners, to receive! How, upon either side, we smuggle away the obligation, blushing for each other; how bluff and dull we make the giver; how hasty, how falsely cheerful, the receiver! And yet an act of such difficulty and distress between near friends, it is supposed we can perform to a total stranger and leave the man transfixed with grateful emotions. The last thing you can do to a man is to burthen him with an obligation, and it is what we propose to begin with! But let us not be deceived: unless he is totally degraded to his trade, anger jars in his inside, and he grates his teeth at our gratuity.

We should wipe two words from our vocabulary: gratitude and charity. In real life, help is given out of friendship, or it is not valued; it is received from the hand of friendship, or it is resented. We are all too proud to take a naked gift: we must seem to pay it, if in nothing else, then with the delights of our society. Here, then, is the pitiful fix of the rich man; here is that needle's eye in which he stuck already in the days of Christ, and still sticks to-day, firmer, if possible, than ever: that he has the money and lacks the love which should make his money acceptable. Here and now, just as of old in Palestine, he has the rich to dinner, it is with the rich that he takes his pleasure: and when his turn comes to be charitable, he looks in vain for a recipient. His friends are not poor, they do not want; the poor are not his friends, they will not take. To whom is he to give? Where to find—note this phrase—the Deserving Poor? Charity is (what they call) centralized; offices are hired; societies founded, with secretaries paid or unpaid: the hunt of the Deserving Poor goes merrily forward. I think it will take more than a merely human secretary to disinter that character. What! a class that is to be in want from no fault of its own, and yet greedily eager to receive from strangers; and to be quite respectable, and at the same time quite devoid of self-respect; and play the most delicate part of friendship, and yet never be seen; and wear the form of man, and yet fly in the face of all the laws of human nature:—and all this, in the hope of getting a belly-god Burgess through a needle's eye! O, let him stick, by all means; and let his polity tumble in the dust; and let his epitaph and all his literature (of which my own works begin to form no inconsiderable part) be abolished even from the history of man! For a fool of this monstrosity of dulness, there can be no salvation: and the fool who looked for the elixir of life was an angel of reason to the fool who looks for the Deserving Poor!

V.

And yet there is one course which the unfortunate gentleman may take. He may subscribe to pay the taxes. There were the true charity, impartial and impersonal, cumbering none with obligation, helping all. There were a destination for loveless gifts; there were the way to reach the pocket of the deserving poor, and yet save the time of secretaries! But, alas! there is no color of romance in such a course; and people nowhere demand the picturesque so much as in their virtues.



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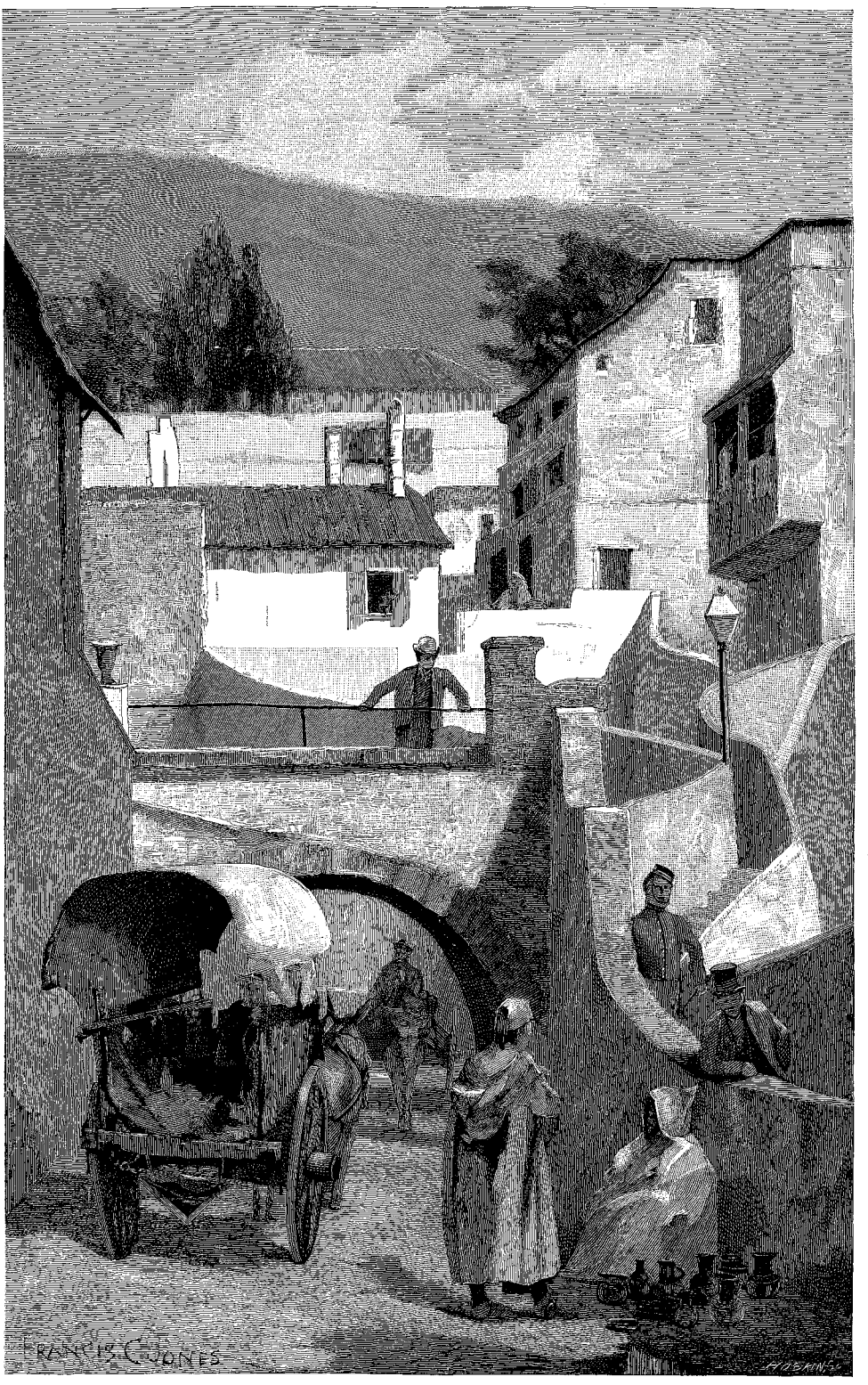

A STREET IN GIBRALTAR.

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